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BURT FRANKLIN RESEARCH AND SOURCE WORKS SERIES No. 50

Old English Jest-Books

VOL. II

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Shakespeare Jest-Books

COMPRISING

Merie Tales of Skelton.

Jests of Scogin. Sackfull of Newes.

Tarlton's Jests.

Merrie Conceited Jests of George Peele.

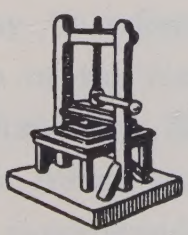
Jacke of Dover.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes

BY

W. CAREW HAZLITT

BURT FRANKLIN RESEARCH AND SOURCE WORKS SERIES No. 50



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INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THE object of the Editor has been to bring together in the following pages, in a cheap and accessible form, the principal collections of Jests which appeared in this country during the 16th and 17th centuries; and the present volume may be regarded as a companion to the *First* Part, comprising *A C. Mery Talys*, and *Mery Tales & Quicke Answeres*. The reader who desires further notices of Skelton and Tarlton, may be referred to the Rev. A. Dyce's edition of the former, and to the introduction prefixed by Mr. Halliwell to *Tarltons Jests & Newes out of Purgatory*, printed under his superintendence in 1844 for

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the Shakespeare Society. Besides considering that such details were uncalled for on the present occasion, the editor perceived no advantage, and a certain want of fairness in the reproduction of other men's labours, to which he had nothing or next to nothing to add; and he has therefore contented himself with furnishing such few notes and illustrations as seemed necessary to elucidate the text.

Two curious illustrations of the former popularity of fools and jesters in England seem to be furnished by a passage in one of the *Paston Letters*, under date of 1490, where a vessel called "The Fool," is described as having been met at sea, and by an entry in Henslowe's *Diary*, 1591–1609 (under 1593), shewing that there was a house, probably in the neighbourhood of Henslowe's theatre, which bore the sign of *The Foole's Head*.[1]

[1] Henslowe's *Diary*, by Collier, p. 1. and *note* 2. See also *The Puritan*; *or, the Widow of Watling Street*, 1607, Act 1, Scene 3.

In his *Court and Character of K. James*, 1651, Sir Anthony Weldon affords an edifying insight into the astounding buffooneries to which even gentlemen of family were not ashamed to descend, in order to propitiate their royal master.

It may perhaps be desirable to observe that neither Skelton, nor Tarlton, nor Peele, nor Hobson, had any concern whatever in the authorship of the Jests or Tales which pass under their name, and which were for the most part the composition of hack-writers, always at hand, then as now, to avail themselves of the popularity of any name or of any incident to replenish their pockets. To whom the Editorship of the *Merie Tales of Skelton*, and of *Tarlton's Jests* ought to be given, we have no means of telling; the Jests of Scogan, Scogin, or Scoggin, as the name is variously spelled, purport to have been collected by Andrew Borde; and the compiler, or rather inventor, of the *Pleasant Conceits*

of Old Hobson, was the same Richard Johnson who, in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, published that famous book, *The Seven Champions of Christendom.* In the Introduction to his *Philosophers Satyrs*, 1616, Robert Anton seems to point, in the following passage, at the hack-writers of his time, who made money out of the eccentricities or irregularities of celebrated persons by publishing their "jests" immediately after their death, as well as at those who made in a similar manner a commodity of their own frailties or adventures. "How poore a graduate is learning," says he, "when it keeps acts *in tenebris*, and murders the Presse with fellonious pamphlets stolne frō the imperfections of their dearest friends, nay, purloined frō their own scabbed dispositions & ulcerous inclinations."

For the gross coarseness which more than occasionally occurs in *Scogin's Jests*, it may be pleaded as an apology, that they were col-

lected for publication upwards of 300 years ago, at a period of our literature and history, when neither the employment of indelicate expressions, nor the performance of indelicate acts, was thought to be inconsistent, even in the highest circles, with morality and virtue; and that moreover, when Borde prepared these Jests for the press, they were already nothing but a posthumous, and probably, as Holinshed intimates, an exaggerated record of the exploits of a person who belonged to a Court still less scrupulous in these respects than that of Henry VIII. Certainly there is not very great superiority of refinement in some of the Jests attributed to Tarlton and Peele; but the fact is that the state of English manners in the time of Elizabeth was not altered so much for the better as might be expected; nor was it till a comparatively recent period that any marked improvement took place. Whether we are more moral now than our forefathers were, is rather too trite a question to dwell upon; but at all events the plainness

of speech formerly in vogue has long ceased to be tolerated, and we will even go so far as to doubt whether many of Scogin's or Skelton's mad pranks would not have shocked severely the ear and taste of the early Georgian era. After all, there is nothing in our old jest-books which approaches in obscenity some of the matter contained in *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, and other foreign compilations of the kind.

Not only the early Puritanical Divines, but preachers generally, from the reign of Henry VIII. downward, delivered severe denunciations against jests and jesters, and indeed, every kind of light literature was involved in the censure. In his *Balme from Gilead to recover Conscience, a Sermon preached at Paul's Crosse*, Oct. 20, 1616, Samuel Ward of Ipswich says :—"As for the Players, and Jesters, and Rimers, *and all that rabblement*, tell them thou wilt one day be in earnest with them, and though thou suffer them to persecute

thee upon their stages, and shew their wit, and break their jests on thee now, thou wilt owe it them," &c.

However ardent in his search, or prodigal of his money, the book-collector would find it next to impossible to procure all the originals of the pieces assembled together in this and the companion volume.

MERIE TALES OF SKELTON.

Merie Tales Newly Imprinted & made by Master Skelton Poet Laureat. ¶ Imprinted at London in Fleetstreat beneath the Conduit at the signe of S. John Euangelist, by Thomas Colwell. [12*mo. n.d.*]

Reprinted in Mr. Dyce's *Skelton*, 1843, 2 vols.—Of these tales there has, so far as is known, been only one edition. In 1566-7, Thomas Colwell paid fourpence for his licence to print "a boke intituled sertin mery tayles of Skeltons," and there can be little doubt that the tract appeared in the same year. It was probably popular at the time, and it is somewhat singular that there is no trace of its republication. The bibliography of the fugitive literature of the xvth and xviith centuries is however so imperfect, that it would not greatly surprize us, if chance should hereafter bring to light some other, and even perhaps some earlier, impressions of these Merry Tales. For Skelton died in 1529, and it seems barely likely that so many years would be suffered to elapse before a collection of his reputed jests, made like the present for the nonce, and often of questionable genuineness, was committed to the press. The Tales have been reprinted exactly as they stand in the old edition and in Mr. Dyce's edition of the Poet's works. Perhaps in some respects a chronological arrangement would have been preferable; for it is evident that the stories are strung together without any regard to order of time, some referring to the early part of Skelton's career, while others profess to relate incidents in his clerical life at Diss in Norfolk, of which, as it is sufficiently well known, he held the living.

Here begynneth certayne merye tales of Skelton, Poet Lauriat.

¶ *How Skelten came late home to Oxford from Abington.* Tale i.

Skelton was an Englysheman borne as Skogyn was, and hee was educated & broughte vp in Oxfoorde : and there was he made a poete lauriat. And on a tyme he had ben at Abbington to make mery, wher that he had eate salte meates, and hee did com late home to Oxforde, and he did lye in an ine named y^e^ Tabere whyche is now the Angell, and hee dyd drynke, & went to bed. About midnight he was so thyrstie or drye that hee was constrained to call to the tapster for drynke, & the tapster harde him not. Then hee cryed to hys oste & hys ostes, and to the ostler, for drinke ; and no man wold here hym. Alacke, sayd Skelton, I shall peryshe for lacke of drynke ! what reamedye? At the last he dyd crie out and sayd : Fyer, fyer,

fyer! when Skelton hard euery man bustle[1] hym-selfe vpward, & some of them were naked,[2] & some were halfe asleepe and amased, and Skelton dyd crye: Fier, fier! styll, that euerye man knewe not whether to resorte. Skelton did go to bed, and the oste and ostis, & the tapster with the ostler, dyd runne to Skeltons chamber with candles lyghted in theyr handes, saying: where, where, where is the fyer? Here, here, here, said Skelton, & poynted hys fynger to hys moouth, saying: fetch me some drynke to quenche the fyer and the heate and the drinesse in my mouthe: & so they dyd. Wherfore it is good for euerye man to helpe hys owne selfe in tyme of neede wythe some policie or crafte, so bee it there bee no deceit nor falshed vsed.

(1) Orig. reads *bustled.*

(2) This is an allusion to the old practice of sleeping without night-linen, which was not uncommon till a comparatively late period. Thence came the phrase "to sleep in naked bed." Garments termed *nightgowns*, indeed, were known in Shakespeare's time:

"Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers."—*Macbeth.*

And in Heywood's *Woman Kil'd with Kindness*, 1607:

"*Mrs. A.* A nightgown for my husband; quickly there!
It is some rheum or cold."

But the article of dress mentioned in these passages was, no doubt, a dressing gown rather than the nightgown now in use. In *A Merry Jeste of a Shrewde and Curste Wyfe lapped in Morelles Skin* (circa 1550), the bride wears a *smock*, and the bridegroom a *shirt*:—

"And they wrestled so long beforne,
That this they had for their greate meade:
Both shyrt and smock was all to torne.'

¶ *How Skelton drest the Kendallman in the sweat time.* Tale ii.

On a time, Skelton rode from Oxforde to London with a Kendalman, and at Uxbridge they beyted.[1] The Kendallman layd hys cap vpon the borde in the hall, and he went to serue hys horse. Skelton tooke y^e^ Kendalmans cappe, and dyd put betwixte the linyng & the vtter syde a dishe of butter; and when the Kendalman had drest hys horse, hee dyd come in to diner, and dyd put on hys cappe (that tyme the sweating sycknes was in all Englande).[2] At the last, when the butter had take heate of the Kendallmans heade, it dyd begynne to run ouer hys face and aboute hys cheekes. Skelton sayde: Syr, you sweate soore; beware y^t^ you haue not the sweatynge sycknesse. The Kendalman sayde: by the mysse, Ise[3] wrang; I bus[4] goe tyll bed. Skelton sayd: I am skild on phisicke, & specially in the sweatynge sycknesse; that I wyll warant any man. In gewd faith, saith the Kendallman,

(1) Put up at bait.

(2) This may refer to the Sickness in 1485, 1 Hen. VII., which was much severer than those of 1506, &c. See Stow's *Annales*, edit. 1633, fol. 471, and a note by Mr. Halliwell in *Letters of the Kings of England*, 1848, i. 313.

(3) I am.

(4) Must.

do see, and Ise bay for your skott[1] to London. Then sayde Skelton: get you a kerchiefe, and I wyll bryng you abed; the whiche was donne. Skelton caused the capp to bee sod in hoat lee,[2] & dryed it: in the mornyng Skelton and the Kendalman dyd ride merely to London.

¶ *Howe Skelton tolde the man that Chryst was very busye in the woodes with them that made fagots.* Tale iii.

When Skelton did cum to London, ther were manye men at the table at diner. Amongest all other there was one sayde to Skelton: be you of Oxforde or of Cambridge a scoler? Skelton sayd: I am of Oxford. Syr, sayde the man, I will put you a question. You do know wel that after Christ dyd rise from death to life, it was xl days after ere he dyd ascend into heauen, and hee was but certaine times wyth hys discyples; and when that he did appeare to them, hee dyd neuer tary longe amongest them, but sodainely vanished from them; I wold fayne know (saith the man to Skel-

(1) I will pay for your charge.

(2) *i.e.* boiled in hot lye. *Lye* is a preparation consisting of water and alkaline salt, used for washing purposes. It is sometimes pronounced as if spelled *lee*.

ton) where Chryste was all these xl dayes. Where hee was, saythe Skelton, God knoweth; he was verye busye in the woods among hys labourers, that dyd make fagottes to burne heretickes, & such as thou art, the whych doest aske suche diffuse questions. But nowe I wyll tell thee more; when hee was not with hys mother & hys disciples, hee was in Paradyce, to comforte the holye patriarches and prophets soules, the which before he had fet[1] out of hell. And at the daye of hys ascencion, hee tooke them all vp wyth him into heauen.

¶ *Howe the Welshman dyd desyre Skelton to ayde hym in hys sute to the kynge for a patent to sell drynke.*[2] The iiii Tale.

Skelton, when he was in London, went to the kynges courte, where there did come to hym a Welshman, saying: Syr, it is so, that manye dooth come vpp of my country to the kyngs court, and some doth get of the kyng by patent a castell, and some a parke, & some a forest, and some one fee,

(1) Fetched.

(2) This is not the only jest directed against the monstrous system of patents and monopolies, which flourished from the earliest times. In the *Mery Tales and Quick Answeres*, a French king makes a broomseller's fortune in this manner; and in his *Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson*, 1607, Johnson makes Queen Elizabeth grant him the monopoly of lucifer-matches.

and some another, and they dooe lyue lyke honest men; and I shoulde lyue as honestly as the best, if I myght haue a patyne for good dryncke; wherfore I dooe praye you to write a fewe woords for mee in a lytle byll[1] to geue the same to the kynges handes, and I wil geue you well for your laboure. I am contented, sayde Skelton. Syt downe then, sayde the Welshman, and write. What shall I wryte? sayde Skelton. The Welshman sayde: wryte *dryncke.* Nowe, sayd the Welshman, wryte *more dryncke.* What now? sayde Skelton. Wryte nowe, *a great deale of dryncke.* Nowe, sayd the Welshman, putte to all thys dryncke *a littell crome of breade,* and *a great deale of drynke* to it, and reade once agayne. Skelton dyd reade: *dryncke more dryncke, & a great deale of dryncke, and a lytle crome of breade, and a great deale of dryncke to it.* Then the Welsheman sayde: put oute *the litle crome of breade,* and sette in *all dryncke, and no*

(1) The paper on which a suit or petition to the Crown or to a great personage was presented was generally so called. In his *Edward IV.*, 1600, Part I. (Shakesp. Soc. ed. p. 84), Heywood represents Jane Shore, after her elevation, as looking on the bills of those who came to seek her intercession with the king:—

"*Rufford.* Mistress, I fear you have forgot my suit.
Jane. Oh! 'tis for a licence to transport corn
From this land and lead to foreign realms.
I had your bill; but I have torn your bill;
And 'twere no shame, I think, to tear your ears."—
Edward IV. Part I. Act V. Sc. IV.

breade: and if I myght haue thys sygned of the kynge, sayde the Welsheman, I care for no more, as longe as I dooe lyue. Well then, sayde Skelton, when you haue thys signed of the kyng, then wyll I labour for a patent to haue bread, that you wyth your drynke, and I with the bread, may fare well, and seeke our liuinge with bagge and staffe.

¶ *Of Swanborne the knaue, that was buried vnder Saint Peters wall in Oxford.* Tale v.

THERE was dwelling in Oxford a stark knaue, whose name was Swanborn; and he was such a notable knaue that, if any scoler had fallen, out th'one wyth th'other, the one woulde call th'other *Swanborn*, the whyche they dyd take for a worser woorde then knaue. Hys wyfe woulde diuers tymes in the weeke kimbe[1] his head with a iii footed stoole; then hee woulde runne out of the doores wepinge, and if anye man had asked hym what he dyd aile, other whyle he woulde saye hee had the megrym in hys head, or ells, there was a great smoke wythin the house: & if the doores were shut, hys wyfe woulde beate him vnder the bed, or into the bench hole, and then he woulde looke out at the cat hole; then woulde his wife

(1) Comb. This is still in use as a familiar colloquialism.

saye: lookest thou out, whoreson? Yea, woulde he saye, thou shalt neuer let me of my manly lookes. Then with her distaff she would poore in at hym. I knewe him when that he was a boye in Oxforde; hee was a littell olde fellowe, and woulde lye as fast as a horse woulde trotte. At last hee dyed, and was buried vnder the wall of S. Peters church. Then Skelton was desyred to make an epitaphe vppon the churche wall, & dyd wryte wyth a role, saying

Belsabub his soule saue,
Qui iacet hic hec a knaue:
Jam scio mortuus est,
Et iacet hic hec a beast:
Sepultus est amonge the weedes;
God forgiue him his misdeedes![1]

¶ *Howe Skelton was complayned on to the bishop of Norwich.*[2] Tale vi.

Skelton dyd keepe a musket[3] at Dys, vpon the which he was complayned on to the bishop of

(1) In the original and in Dyce this is printed as prose.

(2) This story is told with a slight variation in *A C. Mery Talys*, where it is the fortieth of the Series. Of the scandalous lives of the clergy in Skelton's time this is no place to speak. Latimer, in his *Fourth Sermon upon the Lord's praier* (Sermons, edit. 1635, fol. 148) urges the Priests "to goe to their Bookes, not to spend their times so shamefully in hauking, hunting, and keeping of ale-houses," and in the *Ship of Fools*, edit. 1570, fol. 2, we find:—

"For if one can flatter, and beare a Hauke on his fist,
He shalbe made Parson of Honington or Clist."

(3) The signification required by the context is, no doubt, the true one

Norwych. The byshoppe sent for Skelton. Skelton dyd take two capons, to geue theym for a presente to the byshop. And as soone as hee had saluted the byshopp, hee sayde: my lorde, here I haue brought you a couple of capons. The byshop was blynde, and sayde: who bee you? I am Skelton, sayd Skelton. The byshop sayd: a hoare head? I will none of thy capons: thou keepest vnhappye rule in thy house, for the whyche thou shalt be punished. What, sayde Skelton, is the winde at that doore?[1] and sayd: God be with you, my lorde! and Skelton with his capons went hys way. The byshop sent after Skelton to come agayne. Skelton sayde: what! shal I come agayne to speake wythe a madde man? At last hee retourned to the byshop, whyche sayde to hym: I would, sayd the byshop, that you shoulde not lyue suche a sclaunderouse lyfe, that all your parisshe shoulde not wonder & complaine on you as they dooe; I pray you amende, and hereafter lyue honestlye, that I heare no more suche woordes of you; and if you wyll tarye dynner, you shall be welcome; and I thanke you, sayde the byshoppe,

here. The French use the word *mousque* to denote a rascal (either in a playful or opprobrious sense), and *mousquette*, or *musket*, may be an obsolete phrase of the same origin, meaning a loose woman. I do not remember to have seen the word elsewhere. See the next tale.

(1) Similar to the modern saying *Is that the way the wind blows?*

for your capons. Skelton sayde: my lord, my capons haue proper names; the one is named Alpha, the other is named Omega; my lorde, sayd Skelton, this capon is named Alpha, thys is the fyrst capon that I dyd euer geue to you; and this capon is named Omega, and this is the last capon that euer I wil giue you; & so fare you well, sayd Skelton.

¶ *Howe Skelton, when hee came from the bishop, made a sermon.* Tale vii.

Skelton, the nexte Sondaye after, wente into the pulpet to prech, and sayde: *Vos estis, vos estis*, that is to saye, You be, you be. And what be you? sayd Skelton. I saye, that you bee a sort of knaues, yea, and a man might saye worse then knaues; and why, I shall shew you. You haue complayned of mee to the bysop that I doo keepe a fayre wench in my house: I dooe tell you, if you had any fayre wiues, it were some what to helpe me at neede; I am a man as you be: you haue foule wyues, and I haue a faire wenche, of the whyche I haue begotten a fayre boye, as I doe thinke, and as you all shall see. Thou wyfe, sayde Skelton, that hast my childe, be not afraid; bring me hither my childe to me; the whyche was doone. And he,

shewynge his childe naked to all the parishe, sayde: how saye you, neibours all; is not this child as fayre as is the beste of all yours? It hathe nose, eyes, handes, and feete, as well as any of your: it is not lyke a pygge, nor a calfe, nor like no foule nor no monstruous beast. If I had, sayde Skelton, broughte forthe thys chylde without armes or legges, or that it wer deformed, being a monstruous thyng, I woulde neuer haue blamed you to haue complayned to the bishop of me; but to complain without a cause, I say, as I said before in my antethem, *vos estis*, you be, and haue be, & wyll and shall be, knaues, to complayne of me wythout a cause resonable. For you be presumptuous, & dooe exalte yourselues, and therefore you shall be made low: as I shall shewe you a famyller example of a parish priest, the whiche dyd make a sermon in Rome. And he dyd take that for hys antethem, the which of late dayes is named a theme, and sayde: *Qui se exaltat humiliabitur, et qui se humiliat exaltabitur*, that is to say, he that doth exalte himselfe or dothe extoll hymselfe shalbe made meke, & he that doth humble hymselfe or is meke, shal be exalted, extoulled, or eleuated, or sublimated or such lyke: and that I will shewe you by this my cap. This cappe was fyrste my hoode, when that I was studente in Jucalico, & then it was

so proude that it woulde not bee contented, but it woulde slippe and fall from my shoulders. I perceyuynge thys that he was proude, what then dyd I? shortly to conclude, I dyd make of hym a payre of breches to my hose, to brynge hym lowe. And when that I dyd see, knowe, or perceyue that he was in that case, and allmoste worne cleane oute, what dyd I then to extoll hym vppe agayne? you all may see that this my cap was made of it that was my breches. Therefore, sayde Skelton, *vos estis*, therfore you bee, as I dyd saye before; if that you exalte yourselfe, and cannot be contented that I haue my wenche still, some of you shall weare hornes: and therefore *vos estis:* and so farewell.

It is merye in the hall,
When beardes wagge all.

¶ *How the fryer asked leaue of Skelton, to preach at Dys, which Skelton wold not grant.* Tale viii.

THERE was a fryer y^e^ whych dydde come to Skelton to haue licence to preach at Dys. What woulde you preache there? sayde Skelton: dooe not you thynke that I am sufficiente to preache there in myne owne cure? Syr, sayde the freere, I am the limyter of Norwych, and once a yeare one of our place dothe vse to preache wyth you, to take the deuocion of the people; and if I may haue

your good wil, so bee it; or els I will come and preach against your will, by the authoritie of the byshope of Rome: for I haue hys bulles to preache in euerye place, and therfore I wyll be there on Sondaye next cummyng. Come not there, freere, I dooe counsell thee, sayd Skelton. The Sundaye nexte followynge, Skelton layde watch for the comynge of the frere: and as sone as Skelton had knowledge of the freere, he went into the pulpet to preache. At last the freere dyd come into the churche with the bishoppe of Romes bulles in hys hande. Skelton then sayd to all hys parishe; see, see, see! and poynted to the[1] fryere. All the parish gased on the frere. Then sayde Skelton: maisters, here is as wonderfull a thynge as euer was seene. You all dooe knowe that it is a thynge daylye seene, a bulle dothe begette a calfe; but here, contrarye to all nature, a calfe hathe gotten a bulle: for thys fryere, beeynge a calfe, hath gotten a bulle of the byshoppe of Rome. The fryere, beynge ashamed, woulde neuer after that time presume to preach at Dys.

(1) Orig. reads *thee*.

¶ *How Skelton handled the fryer that woulde needes lye with him in his inne.* Tale ix.

As Skelton ryd into y^e^ countre, there was a frere that hapened [to come] in at an alehouse wheras Skelton was lodged, and there the frere dyd desire to haue lodgyng. The alewife sayd: Syr, I haue but one bed, whereat master Skelton doth lye. Syr, sayd the frere, I pray you that I maye lye with you. Skelton said: master freere, I doo vse to haue no man to lye with me. Sir, sayd the frere, I haue lyne with as good men as you, and for my money I doo looke to haue lodgynge as well as you. Well, sayde Skelton, I dooe see than that you wyll lye with me. Yea, syr, sayd the frere. Skelton did fill all the cuppes in the house, and whitled[1] the frere, that at the last, the frere was in myne eames peason.[2] Then sayde Skelton: mayster freere, get you tobed, and I wyll come to bed within a while. The frere went, and did lye vpright, and snorted lyke a sowe. Skelton wente to the chaumber, and dyd see that the freere did lye soe; [he] sayd to the

(1) Inebriated.

(2) I do not know what is the origin of this expression; but its meaning is obvious. *Eame* is often used for *Uncle* in old writers. The Rev A. Dyce has suggested to me that the French have the expression "êtr dans les vignes," signifying "to be drunk."

wyfe: geue me a washyng betle. Skelton then caste downe the clothes, and the freere dyd lye starke naked: then Skelton dyd ***** vpon the freeres nauil and bellye; and then he did take the washyng betle, and dyd strike an harde stroke vppon the nauill & bellye of the freere, and dyd put out the candell, and went out of the chaumber. The freere felt hys bellye, & smelt a foule sauour, had thought hee had ben gored, and cried out and sayde: helpe, helpe, helpe, I am kylled! They of the house with Skelton wente into the chaumber, and asked what the freere dyd ayle. The freere sayde: I am kylled, one hathe thrust me in the bellye. Fo! sayde Skelton, thou dronken soule, thou doost lie; thou hast ***** thyselfe; fo! sayde Skelton, let vs goe oute of the chaumber, for the knaue doothe stynke. The freere was ashamed, and cryed for water. Out with the whoreson! sayd Skelton, and wrap the sheetes togyther, and putte the freere in the hogge stye, or in the barne. The freere said: geue me some water into the barne: and there the freere dyd wasshe himselfe, and dydde lye there all the nyght longe. The chaumber and the bedde was dressed, and the sheetes shyfted; and then Skelton went to bed.

¶ *Howe the cardynall desyred Skelton to make an epitaphe vpon his graue.* Tale x.

THOMAS WOLSEY, cardynall and archbyshop of Yorke, had made a regall tombe to lye in, after hee was deade: and he desyred Master Skelton to make for his tombe an epytaphe, whyche is a memoriall to shewe the lyfe with the actes of a noble man. Skelton sayde: if it dooe lyke your grace, I canne not make an epytaphe, vnlesse that I do se your tombe. The cardynall sayde: I dooe praye you to meete wyth mee to morowe at the West Monesterye, and there shall you se my tombe a makynge. The pointment [was] kept, and Skelton, seyng the sumptuous coste, more pertaynyng for an emperoure or a maxymyous kynge, then for suche a man as he was (although cardynals wyll compare wyth kyngs): well, sayd Skelton, if it shall like your grace to creepe into thys tombe whiles you be alyue, I can make an epitaphe; for I am sure that when that you be dead you shall neuer haue it. The whyche was verifyed of truthe.

¶ *Howe the hostler dyd byte Skeltons mare vnder the tale, for biting him by the arme.* Tale xi.

SKELTON vsed muche to ryde on a mare; and on a tyme hee happened [to come] into an inne, wher there was a folish ostler. Skelton said: ostler, hast thou any mares bread? No, syr, sayd the ostler, I haue good horse bread, but I haue no mares bread. Skelton saide: I must haue mares bread. Syr, sayde the ostler, there is no mares bred to get in all the towne. Well, sayd Skelton, for this once serue my mare wyth horse bread. In the meane time, Skelton commaunded the ostler to sadle his mare; & the hosteler dyd gyrde the mare hard, and the hostler was in hys ierkyn, and hys shirte sleues wer aboue his elbowes, and in the girding of the mare hard the mare bitte the hostler by the arme, and bitte him sore. The hostler was angry, and dyd bite the mare vnder the tayle, saying: a w****, is it good byting by the bare arme! Skelton sayde then: why, fellowe, haste thou hurt my mare? Yea, sayde the hostler, ka me, ka thee:[1] yf she dooe hurte me, I wyll displease her.

(1) The most probable meaning of this proverbial expression is, *claw me, and I'll claw thee,* See Nares, voce *ka me,* and voce *claw.*

¶ *Howe the cobler tolde maister Skelton, it is good sleeping in a whole skinne.* Tale xii.

In the parysshe of Dys,[1] whereas Skelton was person, there dwelled a cobler, beyng halfe a souter, which was a tall man and a greate slouen, otherwyse named a slouche. The kynges maiestye hauynge warres byyonde the sea, Skelton sayd to thys aforsayd doughtie man: neybour, you be a tall man, and in the kynges warres you must bere a standard, A standerd, said the cobler, what a thing is that? Skelton saide, It is a great banner, such a one as thou dooest vse to beare in Rogacyon weeke; and a lordes, or a knyghtes, or a gentlemannes armes shall bee vpon it; and the souldiers that be vnder the aforesayde persons [shall bee] fayghtynge vnder thy banner. Fayghtynge! sayde the cobbeler, I can no skil in faighting. No, said Skelton, thou shalte not fayght, but holde vp, and aduaunce the banner. By my fay, sayd the cobler, I can no skill in the matter. Well, sayd Skelton,

(1) This form of *where* or *whereat* is often found in old books. Thus Thynne, in his *Debate Betweene Pride and Lowlines*, n. d. (Shakesp. Soc. repr. p. 35) says:—

> "The woman and the wench were clad in russet,
> Both course and olde, and worne so very neere,
> That ye might see clene through both sleeve and gusset
> The naked skinne, *whereas* it dyd appear."

But about the same time it was used also in its present signification. See Nash's *Pierce Penniles*, 1592, p. 27 (Shakesp. Soc. ed.).

there is no reamedie but thou shalte forthe to dooe the kynges seruice in hys warres : for in all this countrey theare is not a more likelier manne to dooe such a feate as thou arte. Syr, sayde the cobbeler, I wyll geue you a fatte capon, that I maye bee at home. No, sayde Skelton, I wyll not haue none of thy capons : for thou shalte doe the kyng seruice in his wars. Why, sayd the cobler, what shuld I doo ? wyll you haue me to goe in the kynges warres, and to bee killed for my labour ? then I shall be well at ease, for I shall haue my mendes in my nown handes. What, knaue, sayd Skelton, art thou a cowarde, hauyng so great bones ? No, sayde the cobler, I am not afearde ; it is good to slepe in a whole skinne. Why, said Skelton, thou shalte bee harnessed to keepe away the strokes from thy skynne. By my fay, sayde the cobler, if I must needes forthe, I will see howe yche shall bee ordered. Skelton dyd harnesse the doughtye squirell, and dyd put an helmet on his head ; and when the helmet was on the coblers heade, the cobler sayde : what shall those hoales serue for ? Skelton sayd : holes to looke out to see thy enemyes. Yea, sayde the cobler, then am I in worser case than euer I was : for then one may come and thrust a nayle into one of the holes, and prycke out myne eye ; therfore, sayd the cobler

to Master Skelton, I wyll not goe to warre; my wyfe shall goe in my steade, for she can fyghte and playe the deuell wyth her distaffe, and with stole, staffe, cuppe, or candlestycke, for, by my fay, I cham sicke; I chill go home to bed; I thinke I shall dye.

¶ *How Master Skeltons miller deceyued hym manye times by playinge the theefe, and how he was pardoned by Master Skelton, after the stealinge awaye of a preest oute of his bed at midnight.* Tale xiii.

When Maister Skelton dyd dwell in the countrey, hee was agreede with a miller to haue hys corne grounde tolle free; and manye tymes when hys mayden[s] shoulde bake, they wanted of their mele, and complained to their mystres that they could not make their stint of breade. Mystres Skelton, beeynge verye angrye, tolde her husbande of it. Then Master Skelton sent for his miller, and asked hym howe it chansed that hee deceyued hym of his corne. I! saide John [the] miller;[1]

(1) *Jack the miller*, or *Jack Miller*, appears to have been used at a very early period as a familiar phrase. All millers were *Jacks*, it seems, even in the time of Richard II. and from the earliest period, rogues *ex officio*,

"A miller dustypoll than dyde come,
A Joly felowe with a golden thome.

nay, surely I neuer deceyued you ; if that you can proue that by mee, do with mee as you lyste. Surely, sayd Skelton, if I doe fynde thee false anye more, thou shalt be hanged up by the necke. So Skelton apoynted one of hys seruauntes to stand at the mill, whyle the corne was a grindyng. John myller, beyng a notable theefe, would feyn haue deceued him as he had don before ; but, beyng afrayd of Skeltons seruaunte, caused his wyfe to put one of her chyldren into y^e^ myll dam, and to crye : help, help, my childe is drowned ! With that, John myller and all went out of the myll, &

> On his necke a sacke was,
> Many sayd that he with reprefe
> Of all craftes was next a thefe."—
> *Cock Lorelles Bote* (Percy Soc. ed. p. 3).

The old English writers are almost unanimous in their testimony on this point. Gascoigne alludes to it in his *Steel Glas* (1576), 4°, Sign. H 3, *verso ;* and see Taylor's Works, 1630, ii. 119, for a good story of a roguish miller. Brown speaks of *Tom* the Miller :—

> " As *Ballad-mongers* on a *Market-day*,
> Taking their stand, one (with as harsh a noyse
> As ever Cart-wheele made) squeakes the sad choice
> Of *Tom the Miller* with a golden thumbe."—
> *Britannia's Pastorals*, 1613, lib. 2, p. 15 (ed. 1625).

But he quite confirms the account of Chaucer, Gascoigne, and others, as to the knavery of persons of this calling :—

> " *Truth*, quoth the Miller, plainly for our parts,
> I and the *Weaver* hate thee with our hearts :
> The strifes you raise I will not now discusse,
> Betweene our honest customers and us."—
> *Ibid.* lib. 1 (ed. 1625, p. 101).

Skeltons seruaunte, being dilygent to helpe the chylde, thought not of the meale; and the while the myllers boye was redy wyth a sacke, and stole away the corne. So, when they had taken vp the childe, and all was safe, they came in agayne; & so the seruaunt, hauynge hys gryste, went home mistrustyng nothynge; and when the maydes came to bake againe, as they dyd before, so they lacked of theyr meale agayne. Master Skelton calde for hys man, and asked him howe it chaunced that he was deceaued; & hee sayd that hee coulde not tell: for I dyd your commaundement. And then Master Skelton sent for the myller, and sayde: thou hast not vsed mee well, for I want of my mele. Why, what wold you haue me do? sayde the miller; you haue set your own man to watche mee. Well, then, sayd Skelton, if thou doest not tell me whych waye thou hast played the theefe wyth mee, thou shalt be hanged. I praye you be good master vnto me, & I wyll tell you the trutthe: your seruaunt wold not from my myll, & when I sawe none other remedye, I caused my wyfe to put one of my chyldren into the water, & to crie that it was drowned; and whiles wee were helpyng of the chylde out, one of my boyes dyd steale your corne. Yea, sayde Skelton, if thou haue such pretie fetchis, you can dooe more then thys; and therfore, if

thou dooeste not one thynge that I shall tell thee, I wyll folow the lawe on thee. What is that? sayd the myller. If that thou dooest not steale my cuppe of the table, when I am sette at meate, thou shalt not eskape my handes. O good master, sayd John miller, I pray you forgeue me, and let me not dooe thys; I am not able to dooe it. Thou shalt neuer be forgeuen, sayde Skelton, withoute thou dooest it. When the miller saw no remedye, he wente & charged one of hys boyes, in an euenyng (when that Skelton was at supper) to sette fyre in one of hys hogges sties, farre from any house for doyng any harme; and it chaunced, that one of Skeltons seruauntes came oute, and spied the fire, and hee cryede: helpe, helpe! for all that my master hath is lyke to be burnt. Hys master, hearing this, rose from hys supper with all the companie, and went to quenche the fyre; and the while John miller came in, and stole away hys cuppe, & went hys way. The fire being quickly slaked, Skelton cam in with his frendes, and reasoned wyth hys frendes which way they thought the fyre shoulde come; and euerye man made answer as thei thought good; and as they wer resonyng, Skelton called for a cup of beare; and in no wise his cuppe, whyche hee vsed to drynke in, woulde not be founde. Skelton was verye angrie

that his cup was mysynge, and asked whiche waye it shoulde bee gone; and no manne coulde tell hym of it. At last he bethought him of the miller, & sayd: surely, he, that theefe, hath done this deede, and he is worthye to be hanged. And hee sent for the miller: so the miller tolde hym all howe hee had done. Truely, sayd Skelton, thou art a notable knaue; and withoute thou canste do me one other feate, thou shalte dye. O good master, sayde the miller, you promised to pardon me, and wil you now breake your promise? I! sayd Skelton; wythout thou canste steale the sheetes of my bed, when my wyfe and I am aslepe, thou shalte be hanged, that all suche knaues shall take ensample by thee. Alas, sayd the miller, whych waye shall I dooe this thinge? it is vnpossible for me to get theym while you bee there. Well, sayde Skelton, withoute thou dooe it, thou knowest the daunger. The myller went hys way, beyng very heauy, & studyed whiche waye he myght doo thys deede. He hauynge a little boye, whyche knewe all the corners of Skeltons house & where hee lay, vpon a night when they were all busie, the boie crepte in vnder his bed, wyth a potte of yeste; and when Skelton & hys wyfe were fast aslepe, hee all noynted[1] the sheetes with yeste,

(1) Orig. reads *all to noynted.*

as farre as hee coulde reache. At last Skelton awaked, & felt the sheetes all wete; [and] waked his wife, and sayd: what, hast thou * * * * * the bed? and she sayd: naye, it is you that haue doone it, I thynke: for I am sure it is not I. And so theare fel a great strife betweene Skelton and his wyfe, thinkyng that the bed had ben * * * * *; and [they] called for the mayde to geue them a cleane payre of shetes. And so they arose, & the mayde tooke the foule sheetes and threw them vnderneath the bed, thinkynge the nexte morning to haue fetched them away. The next time the maydes shuld goe to washynge, they looked all about, and coulde not fynde the sheetes; for Jacke the myllers boy had stollen them awaye. Then the myller was sent for agayne, to knowe where the sheetes were become: & the myller tolde Mayster Skelton all how he deuised to steale the sheetes. Howe say ye, sayde Skelton to hys frendes; is not this a notable theef; is he not worthy to be hanged that canne dooe these deedes? O good maister, quoth the miller, nowe forgeue mee accordynge to youre promyse; for I haue done all that you haue commaunded mee, and I trust now you wyll pardon me. Naye, quoth Skelton, thou shalt doo yet one other feate, and that shall bee thys: thou shalte steale maister person out of hys bed at midnight,

that he shall not know where he is become. The miller made great mone, and lamented, saying: I can not tel in the world howe I shall dooe, for I am neuer able to dooe this feate. Well, sayde Skelton, thou shalt dooe it, or els thou shalt fynde no fauour at my hands; and therfore go thy way. The miller, beynge sorye, deuysed with himselfe which way he might bryng this thing to passe; and ii or iii nyghtes after, [he] gathered a number of snailes, & greed with the sexten of the churche to haue the key of the churche dore, and went into the churche betwene the houres of a xi and xii in the night, & tooke the snayles, and lyghted a sorte[1] of little waxe candles, & set vppon euerie snayle one, & the snayles crepte about the churche wyth the same candles vpon their backes; and then he went into the vestrey, and put a cope vppon hys backe, & stoode very solemnely at the hye alter with a booke in hys hand; and afterwarde tolled the bell, that the preeste lyinge in the churche yard might heare hym. The preest, hearyng the bell tolle, starte oute of his slepe, and looked out of hys windowe, and, seeing[2] suche a lyght in the church, was very muche amased, and thought surely that the churche had ben on fire, and wente for to see what wonder it shoulde be.

(1) Assortment, number.

(2) Old Edit. reads *sawe*.

And when he came there, he founde the church dore open, and went vp into the quier ; and sawe[1] the miller standyng in hys vestementes, and a booke in hys hand, praying deuoutly, & all the lyghtes in the church, thought surely with hymselfe it was some angeil come downe from heauen, or some other great miracle, blessed hymselfe and sayde : in the name of the Father, the Sonne, and the Holy Ghoste, what arte thou that standest here in thys hollye place ? O, sayde the myller, I am saynt Peter, whych kepe the keyes of heauen gate, and thou knowest that none can enter into heauen excepte I let hym in ; and I am sent oute from heauen for thee. For mee ! quoth the preest ; good saynt Peter, worship[t] maye thou be : I am glad to heare that newes. Because thou hast done good deedes, sayd the myller, and serued God, hee hath sent for thee, afore domes day come, that thou shalt not knowe the troubles of y^e^ worlde. O blessed be God ! sayde the preest ; I am very well contented for to goe : yet if it woulde please God to let me go home and distrybute such things as I haue to the poore, I woulde bee verye glad. No ! sayde the miller ; if thou dooest delite more in thy goodes then in the joyes of heauen, thou art not for God ; therefore prepare thyselfe, and goe

(1) Old Edit. reads *see*.

into this bagge which I have brought for thee. The miller hauyng a great quarter sacke, the poore priest wente into it, thynkyng verylye hee had gon to heauen: yet was very sory to parte from his goodes; [and he] asked saynt Peter how long it wold be ere he came there. The miller sayd he should be there quickly; and in he got the priest, and tied vp the sacke, and put out the lightes, & layed euery thynge in their place, and tooke the preest on his backe, & locked the church dores, & to go: and when he came to go ouer the church stile, the preest was verye heauye, and the miller caste hym ouer the stile that the priest cryed oh. O good seint Peter, sayde the preeste, whyther goe I nowe? O, sayde the myller, these bee the panges that ye must abyde, before you come to heauen. O, quoth the preest, I would I were there once! Vp he got the priest agayn, & caried hym, tyll hee came to the toppe of an hye hyll, a litle from hys house, and caste hym downe the hyll, that hys head had many shrewde rappes, [and] that hys necke was almost burst. O good saynt Peter, said the priest, where am I nowe? You are almost nowe at heauen:—& caried hym with much a-doo, tyll hee came to hys owne house, and then the miller threwe him ouer the thresholde. O good saynte Peter, sayde the preeste, where am I nowe?

thys is the soreste pange that euer I hadde.[1] O, sayde the myller, geue God thankes that thou haste had pacience to abide all thys payne: for nowe thou arte goyng vppe into heauen; and tyed a rope aboute the sacke, and drewe hym vppe to the toppe of the chymnye, and there let him hange. O good S. Peter, tell me nowe where I am, sayde the preest. Marye, sayd he, thou art now in the tope of John millers chimney. A vengeaunce on thee, knaue! sayde the preeste: hast thou made me beleue al this while that I was goyng vp into heauen? well, nowe I am here, an[2] ever I come downe again, I wil make thee to repent it. But John myller was gladd that he had brought hym there; and in the mornyng the sexten rang all in to seruise; & when the people were come to churche, the preest was lackynge. The parish asked the sexten wher the preest was; and the sexten sayd: I can not tell. Then the parrishe sent to master Skelton, and tolde howe their prieste was lacking to saye them seruice. Mayster Skelton meruayled at that, and bethought hym of the crafty dooyng of the miller, [and] sent for John myller; and when the miller was come, Skelton sayd to the myller: canst thou tell wher the parish preest is? The miller vp and told him all togither how

(1) Orig. reads *bidde*. (2) Orig. has &.

he had doone. Maister Skelton, considering the matter, sayde to the miller: why, thou vnreuerent knaue, hast thou hanled the poore preest on this fashion, and putte on the holy ornaments vpon a knaues backe! thou shalte be hanged, an[1] it coste me all the good I haue! John miller fell vppon his knees, and desyred maister Skelton to pardon hym: for I dyd nothynge, sayd the miller, but that you sayd you woulde forgeue me. Nay, not so, sayd Skelton; but if thou canst steale my gelding out of my stable, my two men watching him, I will pardon thee; and if they take thee, they shall strike of thy heade: for Skelton thoughte it better that such a false knaue shoulde lose hys head then to liue. Then John miller was very sad, & bethought him how to bring it to passe. Then he remembred that ther was a man left hangyng vppon the galowes the day before, [and] went preuely in the nyght and tooke him downe, and cut of his head, and put it vpon a pole, & brake a hole into the stable, and put in a candle lighted, thrustyng in the head a lytle & a lytle. The men watching the stable, seynge that, got them selues neare to the hole (thinkinge that it was his head), & one of them wyth hys sworde cutte it of. Then they for gladnesse presented it vnto theyr master, leauynge

(1) Orig. reads &.

the stable doore open. Then John miller went in, and stole away the gelding. Master Skelton, lookyng vppon the head, sawe it was the theues head that was left hangyng vpon the galowes, and sayd: alas, how ofte hath this false knaue deceiued vs! go quickly to the stable agayne, for I thinke my geldyng is gone. Hys men, goyng backe agayn, found it euen so. Then they came agayn, and told their maister hys horse was gone. Ah, I thought so, you doltish knaues! said Skelton; but if I had sent wise men about it, it had not ben so. Then Skelton sent for the miller, and asked hym, if hee coulde tell where hys horse was. Safe ynough, maister, sayde the miller: for hee tolde Skelton all the matter how hee had done. Well Skelton,[1] consyderyng hys tale, sayd, that he was worthie to be hanged: for thou doost excell all the theeues that euer I knew or heard of; but for my promise sake I forgeue thee, vpon condition thou wilte become an honest man, & leaue all thy crafte & false dealyng. And thus John miller skaped vnpunished.

(1) Orig. has *sayd Skelton, consyderyng his tale, sayd.*

¶ *How Skelton was in prison at the commaundement of the cardinall.* [Tale xiv.]

On a tyme, Skelton did meete with a certain frende[1] of hys at Charyng crosse, after that hee was in prison at my lord cardynals commaundement; & his frende sayd: I am glad you bee abrode amonge your frendes, for you haue ben long pent in. Skelton sayd: by the masse! I am glad I am out indeede, for I haue ben pent in, like a roche or fissh, at Westminster in prison. The cardinal, hearing of those words, sent for him agayne. Skelton kneling of hys knees before hym, after long communication to Skelton had, Skelton desyred the cardinall to graunte hym a boun. Thou shalt haue none, sayd the cardynall. Th' assistence[2] desirid that he might haue it graunted: for they thought it should be some merye pastime that he wyll shewe your grace.[3] Say on, thou hore head, sayd the cardynall to Skelton. I pray your grace to let me lye doune and wallow, for I can kneele no longer.

(1) Orig. has *certain frendes.*

(2) The attendants, *i.e.* ceux qui assistaient.

(3) This sentence is badly constructed, but I have left it as it stands in Old Ed. It is quite in the early English style.

¶ *Howe the vinteners wife put water into Skeltons wine.* xv..

SKELTON did loue wel a cup of good wyne. And on a daye he dyd make merye in a tauerne in London: and the morow after hee sent to the same place againe for a quart of y^e^ same wine he drunke of before; the whiche was clene chaunged & brued again. Skelton perceiuing this, he went to the tauerne, & dyd sytte down in a chaire, & dyd sygh very sore, and made great lamentacion. The wife of the house, perceiuinge this, said to master Skelton: howe is it with you, master Skelton? He answered and said: I dyd neuer so euill;—and then he dyd reache another greate syghe, sayinge: I am afraide that I shal neuer be saued, nor cum to heauen. Why, said the wife, shuld you dispaire so much in Godde's mercy? Nay, said he, it is past all remedye. Then said the wife: I dooe praye you breake your mind vnto mee. O, sayd Skelton, I would gladlye shewe you the cause of my dolour, if that I wist that you would keepe my counsell. Sir, said shee, I haue ben made of councel of greater matters then you can shew me. Naye, nay, said Skelton, my matter passeth all other matters: for I think I shal sinke to hell for my great offences; for I sent thys daye

to you for wyne to saye masse withall; and wee haue a stronge lawe that euery priest is bounde to put into hys chalice, when hee doth singe or saye masse, some wyne and water; the which dothe signifye the water & bloude that dyd runne oute Chrystes syde, when Longeous the blynde knyght, dyd thrust a speare to Christes harte; & thys daye I dyd put no water into my wyne, when that I did put wine into my chalys. Then sayd the vintiners wife: be mery,[1] maister Skelton, and keepe my counsell: for, by my faythe, I dyd put into the vessell of wyne that I did send you of to day x gallandes of water; and therfore take no thought, master Skelton, for I warraunt you. Then said Skelton: dame, I dooe beshrewe thee for thy laboure: for I thought so muche before; for throughe such vses & brewyng of wyne maye men be deceyued, and be hurte by drynkinge of suche euell wyne; for all wine[2] must be strong, and fayre, and well coloured; it must haue a redolent sauoure; it must be colde, and sprinkclynge in the peece or in the glasse.

Thus endeth the merie Tales of Maister Skelton, very pleasaunt for the recreacion of the minde.

(1) *i.e.* be cheerful.

(2) Orig. has *wines*.

SCOGGIN'S JESTS.

INTRODUCTION.

The First and Best Part of Scoggins Jests. Full of Witty Mirth and Pleasant Shifts, done by him in France and other places: being a Preservative against Melancholy. Gathered by Andrew Boord, Doctor of Physicke. London. Printed for Francis Williams, 1626, 12°, *black letter.*

In 1565-6, Thomas Colwell paid fourpence to the Stationers' Company for a licence to print the "Geystes of Skoggon," and we need not doubt that the book thus authorized duly appeared. These *Geystes* purported, at all events in later impressions, to be gathered together by Andrew Borde, Doctor of Physic, who died in 1549, and some of whose numerous works came (during his lifetime) from the press of Robert Wyer. It is to be remarked that Colwell, to whom the "Geystes of Skoggon" were, as we have seen, licensed in 1565-6, was Wyer's successor in the printing and bookselling business at the sign of St. John Evangelist, near Charing Cross; and there is room to suspect that the edition issued by Colwell was merely a reprint of an impression by Wyer, of which all trace is now lost. If Wyer printed the work, its publication was, doubtless, subsequent to the appearance of the *Dietary of Helthe* by the same author, of which there

were at least three editions about 1542, as the latter is referred to in the Jests as already in circulation, under the title of "Directions for Health." All the earlier editions of *Scoggin's Jests*, however, seem to have perished; and although an edition, 1613, 12mo., was in the Harleian Collection, the only edition now known, having any pretension to completeness, is that of 1626 described above. A chapman's edition, abridged from the latter, was brought out by Thackeray and Deacon about 1680, of which a reprint was made in 1796, 8vo. for Caulfield. On the title-page of a copy of ed. 1796, now before the Editor, are the initials W. H. I., which are conjectured to be those of W. H. Ireland, who not impossibly had some concern in the reproduction of this old tract.

In the present republication, the edition of 1626, of which the only copy known to the Editor is in the British Museum, has been faithfully followed. In Thackeray and Deacon's 4to, the language is often altered, and sixteen chapters, including (curiously enough) nearly all the Stories against the Clergy, are omitted. Anthony-a-Wood[1] asserts that *Scoggin's Jests* —"an idle thing, and *therefore* unjustly fathered on Dr. Borde"—were *often* printed in Duck Lane; however this may have been, not more than one such impression has reached us. As to the improper ascription,

(1) "After this book (*The Merie Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham*) was printed, there were other books of mirth ascribed to Dr. Borde, on purpose to promote a sale of them, one of which is that called *Scogan's Jests*"—Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* ed. 1813, i. 181.

Wood's word is not worth a great deal, for the author of the *Athenæ* sometimes spoke at random on these matters. Of the hero of these Tales, Holinshed[1] says :—" Scogan, a learned gentleman and student, for a time in Oxford, of a pleasant wit, and bent to merrie deuises, in respect whereof he was called into the court where, giving himselfe to his naturall inclination of mirth and plesant pastime, he plaied manie sporting parts, although not in such uncivil manner as hath beene of him reported." Bale, who calls him " alter Democritus," affirms that he was educated in Oxford, where he became Master of Arts, and that, in addition to his facetious qualifications, he was admirably skilled in philosophy and all other liberal arts and sciences. The same writer places him as flourishing in 1480.[2] It should be noted that there was another Scoggin or Scogan, with whom our jester has been frequently confounded, namely, Henry Scogan, a poet, who lived in the reign of Henry IV., and wrote " A Morall Ballade to the Kinge's Sonnes," printed in the collection of Chaucer's pieces, and another entitled " Flee from the Prese," erroneously ascribed to Chaucer in Urry's edition, though given to the real author in a MS. in C. C. College, Oxford.[3]

(1) *Chronicles*, ed. 1587, i. 110.

(2) *Scriptorum illustrium Majoris Britanniæ Catalogus*, Sæc. xi. num. 70, ed. folio 1557-9. This date is corroborated also in one of the Jests, where Scoggin gives a man a bond for a sum of money, payable on the feast of St. Peter, 1490, for which he ingeniously contrives to substitute 1590, and so postpones the day of payment for a century.

(3) In Harl. MS. 367, is a collection of Poems described as by *John Scogan*, but *John* is clearly an error for *Henry*.

There are several allusions to *Scoggin's Jests* in our early writers. In Laneham's *Letter from Kenilworth*, 1575, the tract is mentioned as being in the library of Captain Cox. In *A Whip for an Ape*, (1589,) one of the Martin Marprelate series of pamphlets,[1] we have this passage :—

> "The sacred sect, and perfect pure precise,
> Whose cause must be by Scoggin's Jests maintained.
> Ye shewe although that purple Apes disguise,
> Yet Apes are still, & so must be disdained."

In the Epilogue to *Wily Beguil'd*, 1606 (but written and acted long before it was printed), *Scoggin's Jests* are thus referred to :—

> "Quick judgments, that will strike at every scale,
> And perhaps such as can make a large discourse
> Out of Scoggin's Jests, or the Hundred Merry Tales."

In a pamphlet by Gabriel Harvey, directed against his literary antagonist Nash, whom he here christens *Signor Capricio*, the writer says :—"And what root so pestiferous as that which in sugred baites presenteth most poisonous hookes. *Sir* Skelton and *Master* Scoggin are but innocents to Signor Capricio!" In 2 Hen. IV. Act iii. Sc. ii., Shallow relates how Falstaff, "when he was a crack," broke Scogan's head at the court-gate. What Shakespeare's idea of Scoggin was, it is not very easy to determine; but there can be little doubt that the pranks and drolleries of the latter were the only qualities which carried his name down to posterity, even if Holinshed be correct in his intimation

(1) This tract is reprinted in Petheram's *Bibliographical Miscellany*, 1859, p. 33; and also in *Notes and Queries*.

that he was not quite so much of a blackguard and buffoon as the Jests represent him to have been. In a play, which they wrote for Henslowe in 1601, William Rankins and Richard Hathway introduced, side by side, the author of *Why come ye nat to Court?* and the hero of the *Jests*, just as they had been previously coupled by Harvey, and were afterward coupled by Jonson; but as the drama produced by Rankins and his coadjutor has not been recovered, it is impossible to ascertain what sort of part Skelton and Scoggin were appointed to fill.

In 1607, appeared *Dobson's Drie Bobbes, Sonne and Heire to Scoggin*,[1] the writer of which, in his address to the reader, says that George Dobson, his hero, "hath proceeded farther in degree than Garagantua, Howleglasse, Tiell, Skoggin, Old Hobson, or Cocle."

Ben Jonson, when he introduced Scoggin, as others had done before him, in company with Skelton, in his *Masque of the Fortunate Isles*, 1624, 4to. possibly had in his recollection the already-cited passage from Holinshed; but the question arises, whether the dramatist was aware that there were two Scoggins, to the latter of whom the adventures described in the Jests are meant to apply. Certainly, the portrait given in Jonson's Masque does not suit the jocose M.A. of Oriel, who is not known to have composed verses in ballad-royal or any other metre, or to have left any literary

(1) For an account of this work, of which there is a copy in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, I have to thank my friend Thompson Cooper, Esq. F.S.A., one of the Editors of the *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*.

remains whatever behind him; while, to a certain extent, it coincides with what is known of the earlier Scoggin. Warton says: "He [John Scogin] was educated at Oriel College, in Oxford, and being an excellent mimic, and of great pleasantry in conversation, became the favourite buffoon of the Court of Edward IV. in which he passed the greatest part of his life." In the *Jests* a good many quasi-biographical particulars are found, but how far these may be worthy of credit, it is difficult to tell. The *Jests* seem to record, in their own peculiar fashion, the history of a man of honest birth and academical education who, by want of money, is reduced to great shifts, and who is not at all scrupulous as to the means of gaining his ends. Possessed of a fair share of what was then termed wit, he obtains an introduction to a country squire (Sir W. Neville), through whose influence he procures a place at Court as royal jester, which he more than once forfeits by acts of misconduct, which offended the not very squeamish tastes of Edward IV. and his queen.

The *Merie Tales of Skelton*, 1567, open with a statement that "Skelton was an Englishman borne, *as Skogyn was*." *John* Scoggin is clearly here intended, and not *Henry*.

The two following notices of Scoggin are taken from the works of John Taylor, the Water-Poet, 1630:—

> "And many more good Bookes I have with *care*
> Look't on their goods, & never stole their ware:

For no booke to my hands could ever come,
If it were but the Treatise of *Tom Thumb*,
Or *Scoggins Jests*, or any simple play,
Or monstrous newes came Trundling in my way:
All these, & ten times more, some good, some bad,
I have from them much observation had."

Taylor's *Motto*, 1622.

"O were my wit inspir'd with Scoggin's vaine,
Or that *Will Summers ghost* had seazed my braine:
Or *Tarlton, Lanum, Singer, Kempe*, and *Pope*.'

Taylor's *Oldcomb's Complaint*.

In *London Chaunticleers*, a Comedy, printed in 1659, the author enumerates among the books at that period cried by the ballad-sellers, the *Wise Men of Gotham*, and *Scoggins Jests*. It is not impossible that even at this comparatively early date the latter had been condensed into a chap-book.

In *Harry White His Humour* (circa 1640) the author, supposed to be Martin Parker, puts into the mouth of his hero the unimpeachable corollary that "if the histories of Garragantua and Tom Thumb be true, by consequence Bevis of Hampton and Scoggin's Jests must needes be authenticall."

At the trial of Elizabeth Cellier for libel, 1793 (see *Notes and Queries*, 1 S. vol. xi. p. 167), one of the witnesses observes:—

"I went to look for one Mrs. Sheldon, that lives in Sir Joseph Sheldon's house; they told me she was in Essex; I went to the coach to send for her."

Whereupon the Judge (Baron Weston) remarks:—

"Why, Scoggin looked for his knife on the house-top!"

It was for a *hare*, and not for a knife, however, that Scoggin looked on the house-top.

The following monkish epitaph on Scoggin is from Harl. MS. 1587 (fol. 193), formerly the property of Cardinal Pole :[1]—

> "Hic jacet in tumulo corpus Scogan ecce Johannis.
> Sit tibi pro speculo; letus fuit ejus in annis.
> Leti transibunt; tristes vitare nequibunt.
> Quo nescimus ibunt, vinosi recto peribunt."

An account of Andrew Borde, from[2] the pen of Mr. M. A. Lower, is printed in Vol. vi of the Sussex Archæological Collections.

(1) In this MS. there are no fewer than five copies of the epitaph on Scoggin, and in Lansdowne MS. 762, there is a sixth, with five additional verses from a later hand, according to all appearance. The variations between these copies is very slight and unimportant. In four of the Harleian copies, the word *recto*, which is very illegibly written, has been corrected with the pen by somebody to *cito*.

(2) The probability is that there was a very slight difference between the Doctor of Physic in Borde's days and the character described in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*:—

> "Ther was also a Doctour of Phisik,
> In al this world ne was ther non him lyk
> To speke of phisik and of surgerye;
> For he was groundud in astronomye.
> He kepte his pacient wondurly wel
> In houres by his magik naturel."

THE PROLOGUE.

THERE is nothing beside the goodnesse of God, that preserves health so much as honest mirth, especially mirth used at dinner and supper, and mirth toward bed, as it doth plainly appear in the Directions for health:[1] Therefore considering this matter, that mirth is so necessary a thing for man, I published this Booke, named, *The Jests of Scogin*,[2] to make men merry: for amongst divers other Books of grave matters that I have made, my delight hath been to recreate my mind in making something merrie. Wherefore I doe advertise every man in avoiding pensiveness, or too much study or melancholie, to be merrie with honesty in God, and for God, whom I humbly beseech to send us the mirth of Heaven. Amen.

(1) The full title of this work is:—"A compendyous Regyment or a dyetary of Helth, made in Moũtpyllier, compyled by Andrew Boorde of Physycke doctour. Imprynted by one Robert Wyer, dwellynge in seynt Martyns parysshe besyde Charynge Crosse, at the sygne of seynt John Evangelyste. For John Gowghe, cum privilegio regali, ad Imprimendum solum." Two editions, both different from the above, and both printed by Wyer, are in the British Museum.

(2) On the title-page to ed. 1626, and in almost all the references to him elsewhere, the name is spelled *Scoggin*, but here and throughout the *Jests*, the form is, with one or two exceptions, uniformly *Scogin*.

I have heard say, that *Scogin* did come of an honest stock or kindred, and his friends did set hin to schoole at *Oxford*, where hee did continue untill the time he was made Master of Art, where he made this Jest :

A Master of Art is not worth a ****,
Except he be in Schooles,
A Bachelor of Law is not worth a straw,
Except he be among fooles.

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(1) Not in Table to ed. 1626. It is in Thackeray's ed.

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The merry Jests, and witty shifts of *Scogin*.

What shift *Scogin* and his Chamber-fellow made to fare well in Lent.

On a time in Lent Scogin consulted with a Chamber-fellow of his, a Collegioner, and said: how shall we do to fare well this Lent? The scholler replyed: I cannot tell, for I lacke mony. Nay, said Scogin, if you will be ruled by me, we will fare well. The scholler answered: I will do as you counsel me. Then Scogin said: faine yourselfe sicke, and goe to bed: grone and cry out for helpe, and call for me to come unto you: which was done. And when Scogin came to his chamber-fellow, he fained himselfe sore sicke. Scogin asked how he did. I am so sicke, quoth he, that I think I shal die. Then said Scogin: bee of good comfort, I see no perill of death in you. O sir, said the scholler, you doe not feele the paines that I feele. I pray you, sir, as my trust is in you, keepe me, and go not from me, untill I am amended: for every Lent is unto me very evill, unlesse that I have some good cherishing; as you see this little sicknesse hath made mee so faint and weak, that I cannot stand

on my legges, and I feare I shall pine away. Not so, said Scogin, be of good cheere, and pull up your heart; here be of your fellowes, which will take the paines to go to the Bowcers[1] of your place, to entreat them to take care of you. When it was known in the colledge, that Scogin's chamber-fellow was so sore sicke, some were afraid that it had been the pestilence, or else some other infectious sicknesse, wherfore Scogin was put in trust both for the keeping, and to doe other necessary things for his chamber-fellow, and had every night the keyes of the Bowcery and Buttery delivered, whereby he provided for breade and drinke, good salt eeles, salt salmon, and other salt fishes, so they did lacke no good cheere, besides fresh fish which came out of the kitchin.

This done, the fellowes of the place would that the patient's urine should be had to the physitian, to know what manner of sicknesse the patient had. Scogin, then being afraid that the physitian wold now know that his fellow was not sicke, said to him: we shal be both shamed and shent, except thou wilt suffer me to burne thy lips and singe thy nose with a candle, and then let me alone with the physitian, for I must have your water to him. Scogin did burne his chamber-fellowes nose and lips,

(1) *i.e.* Bursars.

and had his water to the physitian. The physitian said: he that doth owe[1] this water or urine is a whole man. Nay, said Scogin, that is not so; the man is a sore sicke man, and doth breake out about the lips and nose. Ah, said the physitian, a water or urine is but a strumpet; a man may be deceived in a water: and if he be as you doe say, (said the physitian to Scogin) then hath he a great heat in the liver and in the stomacke. Yea, sir, said Scogin, he dothe complaine of his stomacke. Then said the physitian: you shall have a bill of the apothecarie, and let him take such medicines as shall be there made. Sir, said Scogin, it is but a poore scholler, and he hath little to spend. Then said the physitian, for your sake it shall be but a groat matter; which when he had bought and brought home, he cast the medicine into the fire, saying to his fellow: I have deceived the physician, and now let us make merry, and fill all the pots in the house. After this Scogin shewed the Bowcers and the fellowes, how he was with the physician, and that he had sent the patient medicines: but for all that Scogin said that the physician cannot tell as yet unto what infirmity this matter will turne; but, said Scogin, I feare much the pestilence, which he said, because none should visit the patient.

(1) *i.e.* Own.

This continued untill that Lent was done, and on maundy-Thursday, Scogin said to his chamber-fellow: we wil make our maundy, and eate and drink with advantage. Be it, said the scholar. On Maundy-thursday at night they made such cheere that the scholler was drunke. Scogin then pulled off all the schollers clothes, and laid him stark naked on the rushes, and set a forme over him, and spread a coverlet over it, and set up two tallow candles in candlesticks over him, one at his head, the other at his feet, and ran from chamber to chamber, and told the fellowes of the place that his chamber-fellow was dead: and they asked of Scogin if he died of the pestilence? Scogin said: no, I pray you go up and pray for his soule; and so they did. And when the scholler had slept his first sleepe, he began to turne himselfe, and cast downe the forme and the candles. The fellowes of the house, seeing that Scogin did run first out of the chamber, they and all that were in the chamber, one running and tumbling down on anothers neck, were afraid. The scholler, seeing them run so fast out of the chamber, followed them starke naked; and, the fellowes seeing him runne after them like a ghost, some ran into their chambers, and some ran into one corner, and some into another. Scogin ran into the chamber to see that the

candles should doe no harme, and at last fetcht up his chamber-fellow, which ran about naked like a mad-man, and brought him to bed; for which matter Scogin had rebuke.

What shift *Scogin* and his fellow made, when they lacked money.[1]

After this, Scogin and his chamber-fellow lacked money, and Scogin said: if thou wilt be ruled after me, we will goe to Tame[2] market, where we shall overtake, going or comming, some that drive sheepe; now doe as I shall tell thee, and we will get some money. And as they went to Tame, they did see a man drive sheepe. Then Scogin said to his fellow: goe thou before, and make bargaine with him that the sheepe bee no sheepe, but hogs; and when that thou hast made a full bargaine, aske by whom the matter shall be tried; and say thou: by him that shall next overtake us. The scholler

(1) I know not whether this tale is to be found in earlier books, or related of any one before Scogin's time; but it was one of which compilers of jest-books subsequently made a good deal of use. It is in the *Sack-Full of Newes*, probably printed as early as 1558; and in a MS. temp. Charles I. the property of J. P. Collier, Esq., George Peele the dramatist and John Singer the actor are made the heroes of the adventure, and the authors of the deception on the shepherd. This new version of an old jest was printed by Mr. Collier in his *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, ii. 216.

(2) Thame, in Oxfordshire.

did overtake him that drove the sheepe, and said: well overtaken, my friend; from whence hast thou brought these faire hogs? Hogs! quoth the fellow; they be sheepe. Said the scholler: you begin to jest. Nay, sir, said the fellow, I speake in good earnest. Art thou in earnest? said the scholler; thou wilt lay no wager with me to the contrary! Yes, by the bone of a pudding, I will lay all the money in my purse. How much is that? said the scholler. The fellow said: I have two shillings. Two shillings! said the scholler, that is nothing; wilt thou lay half thy hogs and two shillings; and I will lay as much against it? strike hands, and he that loseth shall pay. Be it, said the fellow. Now, said the scholar, by whom shall we be tryed? The fellow said: we shal be tryed in the towne of Tame. Nay, said the scholar, Tame is out of my way; let us bee tried by him that shall next overtake us. Be it, said the fellow. By and by, Scogin did overtake them, saying: well overtaken, good fellowes. Welcome, master, said the scholler and the fellow. Master, said the fellow, here is a scholler of Oxford hath made a bargaine with me of two shillings and the price of halfe my sheep, that they be hogs that I doe drive before me. Scogin did set up a laughing, saying: alacke, good fellowe, dost thou thinke these be sheepe? Yea, sir, said the

fellow. Alacke, good fellow, thou hast lost thy bargaine, said Scogin, for they bee faire hogs. Then said the scholler: give me my mony, and divide these hogs, for I must have halfe of them. Alacke, said the fellow, I bought these for sheep, and not for hogs; I am undone. Nay, said Scogin, I will be indifferent betweene you both; let the scholler have the two shillings, and take thou the hogs away with thee. The fellow said: blessed be the time that ever you were borne! hold, Scholler, there is two shillings. The fellow was glad he lost not his hogs, which were sheepe.

How *Scogin* deceived the Skinner.

When Scogin had broght to Oxford such things as he had in London, hee lacked furres for his gownes and miniver furres for his hood. Whereupon hee went to an alderman in Oxford, which was a Skinner, and said unto him: it is so that I must proceed Master of Art at the next Act, and I have bestowed my money at London, and now I have need of furres (as you know); wherefore if I shall have of you as much as shall serve me, I will content you with thankes. Then said the alderman: make your gownes and your hood, and send them to me, and they shall be furred as other

masters be. Then said Scogin: you shal have them within these two dayes, and then I pray you make me a bill, what I shall pay for every thing. It shall bee done, said the alderman. When as the gownes and hood were furred, he went to fetch them home, and said to the alderman: I pray you, let me see my charge. The bill was brought forth, and the sum did rise to six pound and odde money. The Alderman said: when shall I have my money? Scogin answered: within these seven weeks, or else the next time that you and I doe meet after the said terme set. The terme of time passed over, and the Alderman sent for his money. Scogin said to the messenger: have me commended to Master Alderman, and tell him, when he and I doe meet I wil contēt him according to my promise. So on a time Scogin went to Carfax,[1] and hee spied the Alderman, and then he returned backe. The Alderman made good footing after him to overtake him, and said unto him: sir, you said that you would pay me my money within seven weekes, or else any time after that we did meet together. It is true, said Scogin, my day is expired, but my promise is not broken. No, said the Alderman, so that you pay me my money now. Now! said Scogin; nay, not so, wee meete not together yet;

(1) Old ed. has *Korfax.*

for now you did but overtake me, and when we doe meet, you shall have your money: but if I can, said Scogin, I will not meet you this seven yeeres, if I can goe backward. Wherefore a plaine bargain is best, and in bargaines making: fast bind, fast find.

How Jacke by playing of the Whiting got his Dinner.[1]

When the sicknesse was at Oxford on a time, Scogin went out of Oxford, and did lye at St. Barthelmewes by Oxford, and hee had a poore scholler to dresse his meate. On a Friday he said to his scholler: Jacke, here is two pence; goe to the market, and buy mee three whitings; the which his scholler did: and when hee was come home, Scogin said: Jacke, goe seeth me a whiting to my dinner. Jack heard him say so, and deferred the time, thinking he should fare ill, when that his master had but a whiting to dinner. At last Scogin said: doth the fish play? Jack said: would you have one play without a fellow? Scogin said: Jacke, thou saist truth, put another whiting into the pan. Then Jack prepared his fish to seeth them. Then Scogin said: Jacke, doth the fish play now? Jack said: I

(1) See *Joe Miller's Jests; or, the Wits' Vade-Mecum*, 1739, p. 21.

trow they be mad, or else wood,[1] for one doth fight with the other, that I have much adoe to keepe them in the pan. Then said Scogin: put the other whiting betwixt them to breake the strife. Jack was then glad, thinking he should get somewhat to dinner, and sod the fish, and had his part.

How Jacke made his Master pay a penny for the herring bones.

On a time, Scogin did send Jacke to Oxford to market, to buy a penny-worth of fresh herring. Scogin said: bring foure herrings for a penny, or else bring none. Jack could not get four herrings but three for his penny: and when he came home, Scogin said: how many herrings hast thou brought? and Jacke said: three herrings, for I could not get foure for a penny. Scogin said, he would none of them. Sir, said Jacke, then will I, and here is your penny againe. When dinner-time was come, then Jacke did set bread and butter before his Master, and rosted his herrings, and sate downe at the lower end of the table, and did eate the herrings. Scogin said: let mee have one of thy herrings, and thou shalt have another of mee another time. Jacke said: and if you will have one

(1) *i.e.* Mad. See Nares' *Glossary*, ed. 1859, *in voce*.

herring, it shall cost you a penny. What, said Scogin, thou wilt not take it on thy conscience! Jacke said: my conscience is such, that you get not a morsell here, except I have my penny againe. Thus contending together, Jack had made an end of his herrings. A Master of Art of Oxford, one of Scogin's fellowes, did come to see Scogin; and when Scogin had espied him, hee said to Jack: set up the bones of the herrings before me. Sir, said Jacke, they shall cost you a penny. Then said Scogin: what, whorsō, wilt thou shame me? No, sir, said Jack, give me my penny again, and you shall have up the bones, or else I will tell all. Scogin then cast down a penny to Jack, and Jack brought up to Scogin the herring bones; and by this time the Master of Art did come in to Scogin; and Scogin bad him welcome, saying: if you had come sooner, you should have had fresh herrings to dinner.

How Jacke by Sophistry would make of two Eggs three.[1]

Scogin on a tyme had two egs to his breakfast, and Jack his [s]choller should rost them; and as

(1) This is a very common story. It is, in a slightly varied form, No. 67 of *A C Mery Tales*, and Johnson has introduced it into *The Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson, the Merry Londoner*, 1607. See note to *C Mery Talys*, p. 96.

they were rosting, Scogin went to the fire to warme him. And as the egs were rosting, Jacke said: sir, I can by sophistry prove that here be three egs. Let me se that, said Scogin. I shall tel you, sir, said Jack. Is not here one? Yes, said Scogin. And is not here two? Yes, said Scogin; of that I am sure. Then Jack did tell the first egge againe, saying: is not this the third? O, said Scogin, Jack, thou art a good sophister; wel, said Scogin, these two eggs shall serve me for my breakfast, and take thou the third for thy labour and for the herring that thou didst give mee the last day. So one good turne doth aske another, and to deceive him that goeth about to deceive is no deceit.

How a Husbandman put his sonne to schoole with Scogin.

THERE was a Husbandman beside Oxford, and he would faine have his son to goe to schoole with Master Scogin, and that Scogin should help to make him a Priest; and to obtain Scogin's favour and good will, the husbandman gave Scogin a horse. Scogin was pleased, so that he would pay for his sonnes boord. The husbandman was contented, and Scogin pleased. The slovenly boy, almost as big as a knave, would

begin to learne his A. B. C. Scogin did give him a lesson of nine of the first letters of A. B. C., and he was nine daies in learning of them ; and when he had learned the nine Christ-crosse-row[1] letters, the good scholler said : am Ich[2] past the worst now? Yea, said Scogin. Then said the scholar : would God Ich were, for dis is able to comber any man's wits alive. Scogin then thought his scholler would never bee but a foole, and did apply him as well as he could to his learning ; but he, that hath no wit, can never have learning nor wisedome.

How *Scogin* and his Scholler went to seek his horse.

On a time Scogin had lost his horse ; wherefore in the morning he called up his scholler, saying : Will, ho. Will heard him call, and would not speake ; at last Scogin said : what, Will, I say, arise, and let us goe look my horse. Will said : master, hold your peace, vor ich am vast asleepe. What ! old luske,[3] said Scogin, arise and meet with me at

(1) Scogin's scholar apparently used a species of *abacus* constructed in the form of the Cross. Nares and others have entertained some doubt as to what was the exact meaning of *Christ-cross-row*, but the above seems to be the most reasonable theory. (2) *i.e.* I.

(3) *Lusk* is frequently used by early writers in the sense of *a lazy fellow* or *an idle lubber*. See new ed. of Nares *in voce*.

Shotover (which is a great wood nigh St. Bartholmewes, beside Oxford). Will followed his master with an evill will, they seeking, one in one place and the other in another place, for his horse. At last Scogin did lewer and whoop to him. Will said, as he was brought out with his father, what a divel will you have now? Scogin said: hast thou found my horse? No, I zay, but Ich 'ave found a better thing What is that? said Scogin. By my vay, said Will, Ich have found a bird's nest. Well, Will, said Scogin, mark the place, and looke out my horse. By my vay, said Will, ch'ill marke the place; vor Ich have **** under the tree, and now would [1] Ich could find another bird's nest, for all your horse. Thus you see a fool will not leave his bable for a thing of better worth.

How Scogin's scholler tooke orders.

When that Scogin had taught his scholler that he with helpe might be Subdeacon, he said to him: thou shalt goe to take orders, and I will goe with thee. And if thou dost stand in any doubt, take heed to my booke, and give an eare to me, and I will helpe thee as much as I can. When all they that should take orders were come to oppositions,[2]

(1) Old Ed. has *ch'ould.* See *Merie Tales and Quicke Answeres*, No. 28.

(2) *i.e.* Examinations.

Scogin did come forth with his scholler, and the Ordinary did oppose him with a verse of the Psalter, which was this: Moab, Agareni, Gebal, Amon & Amaleck, cum habitantibus Tirum. Scogin's scholler was blanke or amazed. Sir, said Scogin to the Ordinary, you shall understand that Moab, Agareni, Gebal, Amon & Amaleck, cum habitantibus Tirum, were unhappy fellowes: for they did trouble the children of Israel, and if they trouble my scholler, it is no marvell; but now I doe tell tell thee, my scholler, be not afraid of Moab, Agareni, Gebal, Amon & Amaleck, cum habitantibus Tirum: for I will stand beside to comfort thee: for Moab, Agareni, &c. can do thee no harm, for they be dead. By reason that Scogin did so oft repeate these words, the Scholler did reade this verse aforesaid; & through Scogin's promise, the Ordinary was content that the Scholler should take Orders, & be Subdeacon. After this, when the orders were given againe, Scogin did speake to his Schollers Father, to send in a letter three or foure pieces of gold. The schollers father was content so to doe, so that his son might be Deacon. Then said Scogin to his scholler: thou shalt deliver this letter to the Ordinary, when he doth sit in oppositions, and as soone as he feeleth the letter, he will perceive that I have sent him

some money, & he will say to thee: *Quomodo valet magister tuus?* that is to say, how doth thy Master? Thou shalt say, *Bene*, that is to say, Well. Then will he say: *Quid petis?* What thing dost thou ask? Then shalt thou say *Diaconatum*, to be Deacon. Then the Ordinary will say: *Es tu literatus?* Art thou learned? And thou shalt say *Aliqualiter*—Somewhat. Now, said Scogin, thou hast no more but these words to beare in mind in Latine, which is to say, *Bene*, *Diaconatum* & *Aliqualiter*. The father and the Scholler were glad, that by Scogins letters & the money he should be Deacon, & [he] went to the oppositions, & delivered his letter with the money. The Ordinary, perceiving money in the letter, said to the scholler: quid petis? that is to say, What dost thou aske or desire? The scholler remembering Scogins words, that the first word was *Bene*, he said *Bene*, that is, Well. When the Ordinary heard him say so, he said: *Quomodo valet magister tuus?* How doth thy Master? The Scholler said: *Diaconatum*, that is to say, *Deacon*. The Ordinary did see he was a foole, and said: *Tu es stultus*, [that is] *thou art a foole*. The Scholler said: *Aliqualiter*, that is to say, *Somewhat*. Nay, said the Ordinary, not *Aliqualiter*, but *Totaliter*, a starke foole. Then the Scholler was amazed, and said: Sir, let me not goe home

without mine Orders, & heere is another Angell of gold for you to drinke. Well, said the Ordinary, on that condition you will promise me to goe to your booke and learne, you shall bee Deacon at this time. Heere a man may see that money is better than learning.

How the Scholler said Tom Miller of Os[e]ney was Jacob's father.[1]

After this, the said Scholler did come to the next Orders, & brought a present to the Ordinary from Scogin, but the Schollers father paid for all. Then said the Ordinary to the Scholler: I must needes oppose you, & for Master Scogins sake, I will oppose you in a light matter. Isaac had two sons: Esau and Jacob; who was Jacob's father? The Scholler stood still, & could not tell. Well, said the Ordinary, I cannot admit you to be Priest untill the next orders, & then bring me an answer. The Scholler went home with a heavy heart, bearing a letter to master Scogin, how his Scholler could not answer to this question: Isaac had two sons, Esau and Jacob: who was Jacob's father? Scogin said to his scholler: thou foole and asse-head! dost thou not know Tom Miller of Os[e]ney?

(1) See *A C Mery Talys*, No. 69.

Yes, said the Scholler. Then said Scogin : thou knowest he had two sonnes, Tom and Jacke. Who is Jack's father? The scholler said : Tom Miller. Why, said Scogin, thou mightest have said, that Isaac was Jacob's father. Then said Scogin : thou shalt arise betime in the morning, & carry a letter to the Ordinary, & I trust he will admit thee, before the Orders shall be given. The scholler rose up betime in the morning, & carried the letter to the Ordinary. The Ordinary said : for Master Scogin's sake, I will oppose you no farther than I did yesterday. Isaac had two sons : Esau and Jacob—Who was Jacob's father? Marry, said the Scholler, I can tell you now that was Tom Miller of Os[e]ney. Goe, foole, goe, said the Ordinary, & let thy master send thee no more to me for orders ; for it is impossible to make a foole a wise man.

How *Scogins* Scholler was made Priest.

The aforesaid Schollers father was sorry that he could not have his sonne made Priest, and made his mone to Master Scogin. Master Scogin said : you must get him his Dimissories[1] to be made Priest in some other Diocese : for our Ordinary will not admit him. Sir, said the Schollers father,

(1) Old Ed. has *Dimissaries.*

get him his Dimissories,[1] & make him a Priest, & I will give you twenty nobles. Sir, said Scogin, let me have the money, & it shall be done. The next Orders after, Scogin & the Schollers father & the scholler did ride all to London, & Scogin went to the Ordinary, & gave him forty shillings to have his Scholler made Priest. The Ordinary said: I must oppose him. Sir, said Scogin, my Scholler is well learned; but hee hath no utterance; wherfore I pray you, at my request, oppose him in *Te Deum*, & his father shal bring him to you. I am pleased, said the Ordinary. On the morrow, the Scholler and his father went to Master Ordinary. The Ordinary said: be you master Scogins Scholler? Yea, sir, said he. Would you be Priest at the beginning of these Orders? Yea, sir, said the Scholler. Then said the Ordinary: I must oppose you, & it shall be in *Te Deum*. I will begin, & answer you me, & say: *Tibi Cherubin & Seraphin incessabili voce proclamant. Sanctus*, said the Scholler. *Sanctus*, said the Ordinary. *Sanctus*, said the Scholler. Holde thy peace, knave, said the Scholler's father; will you checke the Gentleman that is so good to us? The

(1) Old Ed. has *Dimissaries*. A bishop's dimissory letter was necessary in order to authorize the transfer of a matter of ecclesiastical jurisdiction to a different district or diocese from that in which it had originated, or within which it properly lay.

Ordinary did laugh, and said to the Scribe: put this man's name in the Booke to be Priest. Goe, said the Ordinary, & come to-morrow, and the Bishop will make you a Priest; which was done.

What talke this wise Priest and his Father had as they rode home.

And as he was riding home with his father, he espied the Moon, & said: Father, this is like the Moone we have at home; I marvail, said he, whereof the Moone is made. His father said: I cannot tell. Then said the wise Priest: it is made like a Cheese, & if it be a Cheese, I would I had a gobbet,[1] for I am hungry. Further he said: how may a man climbe up to it, & cut out a peece? Then said his father: I would I were at home, for all the Moones in this Countrey. At last they came to Uxbridge, & there the young Priest had espied a Cowt*** lying upon a beame in the top of the house. Then he said to his father: here is a thing to be marvelled on:— whether the Cow went up to **** on the beame, or the beame came downe to let the Cow **** on it. Then said the Father: belike, one of the two it was.

(1) *i.e.* A morsel or slice.

How the Priest excused himselfe, because he did not preache.

After that this man was made Priest for money, his father had got him a benefice. Then the parishioners, where he was parson, were not contented that they had no sermons of him; upon the which he went to Master Scogin to aske his counsell. Then said Scogin: Christmas day is at hand, and then goe into the Pulpit, and take this for thy antheme: *Puer natus est nobis;* Filius datus est nobis; cujus *imperium* &c. Then say: masters to you all, what is *Puer natus est nobis?* and if no man will answer, aske of the Clarke; and if he cannot tell, then say: now, Masters, to you all, what is *Filius datus est nobis?* If none can tell, aske the Clarke; if he cannot tell, then say: Masters, what is *Cujus Imperium?* If none can tell, then aske the oldest man in the church what *Cujus Imperium* is; if he cannot tell, then say: Masters, this man hath dwelt in this Parish this many yeeres, & he cannot tell what *Cujus Imperium* is. I have not been halfe a yeere among you, and you would have me to preach. I tell you all, by that time I have beene in this Towne as long as this old man hath beene, I will preach

& tell you what *Cujus Imperium* is. On Christmas day, this noble Priest went into the Pulpit, & said: *Puer natus est nobis; Filius datus est nobis, cujus imperium.* Now, Masters, to you all, what is *Puer natus est nobis?* There was no man could answer him. Then said the Priest to the Clarke: what is *Puer natus est nobis?* The Clarke said: *A Childe is borne to us.* It is well said (said the priest). Now, Masters, to you all, what is *Filius datus est nobis?* No man said a word. Clarke, what is *Filius datus est nobis?* The Clarke said: A sonne is given to us. It is well said (said the Priest, although he knew not whether hee said right or wrong). Then said the Priest: now, Masters, to you all, what is *cujus imperium?* There was none in the Church did answer. Then said the Priest to the Clarke: What is *cujus imperium?* The Clarke said: I cannot tell. Then the Priest said: how long hast thou lived here? The Clarke said: nine or ten yeeres. Then there sate before the Priest an olde man with a bald head. Thou old Father, said the Priest, what is *cujus imperium?* I cannot tell, said the olde man. Why, said the Priest, how long hast thou dwelt in this parish? The old man said: I was borne in this Towne. Why, said the Priest, how olde art thou? The old man said: fourescore yeeres & odde. Then

said the Priest : loe ! Masters all, here is a Clarke which hath dwelt here this nine or ten yeeres, & this olde man hath dwelt heere fourescore yeeres & odde : yet they cannot tell what *cujus imperium* is ; and I have not beene here ten weekes, & you would have me preach. I tell you all, by that time I have dwelt here as long as this olde man hath done, I will preach, & tell you what *cujus imperium* is. For hee is a starke foole that can make no excuse for himselfe that is culpable.

How the Priest fell asleepe as he was at Masse.

On a certaine time, Scogin went to his scholler, the aforesaid Parson, to dine with him on a Sunday ; and this foresaid Priest or Parson all the night before had beene at Cards playing at the Post ;[1] hee made short mattens, & went to Masse ; & when he did come to his first *Memento*, he leaned him to the altar, & fell asleepe. When Scogin had espyed it, he called the Clarke to awake him.

(1) *i.e.* The game of *post and pair*. "Post and Pair," says Nares (Glossary, ed. 1859, *in voce*), "was a game on the cards, played with three cards each, wherein much depended on *vying*, or betting on the goodness of your own hand. It is clear . . . . that a pair-royal of aces was the best hand, and next any other three cards, according to their order : kings, queens, knaves, &c. descending. If there were no threes, the highest pairs might win, or also (else ?) the highest game in three cards. It would in these points much resemble the modern game of commerce."

The Clarke went & shooke him, & bad him awake. *Puffe!* said the Priest. Awake, said the Clarke. I will none of it, said the Priest. What, Sir, said the Clarke, you are at Masse. Hold thy peace, saith the Priest, I beshrow thy heart; thou hast let me of a good sleep. Awake for shame, said the Clarke. At the last he awaked, & made an ende of his Masse. When Masse was done, Scogin reprehended him, & they of the Parish complained of the Priest to Scogin for that fault & many other. Scogin said, that the Priest had great paine in his browes that he could not hold up his head; & therefore pardon him for this fault, considering his sicknesse.

How the Priest said *Requiem æternam* on Easter day.[1]

On an Easter day, this aforesaid Parson could not tell what Masse he should say; wherefore he said to the Clarke: I pray thee run to my next neighbour, the Parson of Garsington,[2] & let him send me word what Masse I shall say to day. The Parson said to the Clarke: let him say the Masse which doth begin with a great R. The Priest

(1) See *A C Mery Talys*, No. 81.
(2) Garsington, in Oxfordshire.

turned over his Booke & found *Requiem æternam*, & said the Masse which is said for a soule or soules. When Masse was done, one said to him: Master Parson, for whose soule did you say Masse to day? Sir, said he, for God's soule, which died on Friday last: for I was sicke yesterday, & could not say Masse for his soule. Sir, said the man, God is alive, & not dead. No! said he; if he had not been dead, he should not have been buried. All this is true, said the man; but after he was dead, he rose from death to life, & is alive, & shall die no more. By my faith, said the Parson, I will never after this pray for him any more. No, said the man, you must never pray for God; but you must pray to God to send you some wit, or else you will die a foole.

How the Priest said: *Deus qui viginti filii tui*, when he should have said *Deus qui unigeniti*.[1]

On a time, master Scogin said to his fellowes that were Masters of Art: I pray you let me goe to make merrie with the Parson of Balden,[2] which was once my Scholler. Be it, said they. On the

(1) See *A C Mery Talys*, No. 53.

(2) Baldon-Toot, in Oxfordshire, is the place here meant. In Adams' *Index Villaris*, 1690, it is called *Toot*-Balden.

morrow, in the morning, they went to Balden, & one Master of Art went before all the other, & did goe into the Church, & the Priest began Masse of the Crosse; & when he came to the Collect, he did read: *Deus qui viginti filii tui* &c. when he should have said: *Deus qui unigeniti* &c. But when he was reading the Collect, he heard a great noise in the Church-yard, & ere he had fully made an end of it, Master Scogin & the other Masters of Art came into the Church. Then, at the Collect end, he turned about & said: *Dominus vobiscum.* He, spying so many schollers, said: ite, missa est: for he thought the schollers did come to checke him in his Masse. And when Masse was done, they went to dinner with the Parson; and, after dinner, the Master of Art that did come first into the Church, that heard the Parson reade: *Deus qui viginti filii tui*, said: Master Parson, I pray you for my learning, tell me how many sonnes God had. The Parson was astonied. Sir, said he, I will tell you by & by. He went to Scogin, saying: Sir, I pray you tell me how many sonnes God had. Scogin said: goe & tell him, sir, you did aske of me how many sonnes God hath; it shall not skill[1] how many nor how few he hath; I am sure that you be none of them. Why, Sir, said the

(1) *i.e.* Signify.

Master of Art, you said to day in your Masse, that God had twenty children, for you said: *Deus qui viginti filii tui.* Yea, Sir, be content, said Scogin, hath God more or lesse, my priest saith you be none of them. We have good cheere, & [it] costs us nothing; therefore one good turn asketh another without reprehension.

How the Priest was complained on for keeping a young wench in his house.[1]

This aforesaid Priest had a wench to keepe his house, to dresse his meate; & because both the Priest & shee were yong, they were complained on to the Ordinary, which sent for the Priest by a citation. The priest was afraid, & said to the Sumner: I will give the 15 pence to tell me the cause why I should come to the Ordinary. Sir, said he, for keeping this wench within your house; wherefore you must appeare the next court day. The priest went to Scogin, & showed him the whole matter. Scogin said: I will write a letter to the Ordinary; the contents whereof was this:—

After commendations, I certifie you that where

(1) This is merely an enlarged version of No. 85 of *A C Mery Talys.* See also *Merie Tales of Skelton*, No. vi.

[as] my Priest is complained on for a woman that he keepeth in his house :—

To wash his dishes ;[1]
And to gather rishes ;
To milke his cow,
And to serve his sow.
To feed his hen and cocke,
To wash his shirte and smocke.
His points to unloose,
And to wipe his shooes.
To make bread and ale,
Both good & eke stale.
And to make his bed,
And to looke his head.
His garden she doth weed,
And doth helpe him at need.
No man can say,
But, night and day,
He coulde not misse
To clip and kisse.
She is faire and fat ;
What for all that ?
I can no more tell ;
But now, fare you well.

The parson did beare this letter to the Court, & delivered it. The Ordinary said : Master Parson, you bee complained on, because you doe keepe a yong wench in your house. Master, said the Parson, she is not young, but she is of the age of my horse. Why, said the Ordinary, how old is your horse ? Master, said the Parson, eighteene yeeres old. Well, said the Ordinary, you must

(1) Printed in the old Ed. as prose.

put away your wench. No,[1] said the Parson: I had rather loose my benefice: for then must I brew & bake, & doe all things my selfe; & that I will not doe. Well, said the Ordinary, I will come home to your house one day, & see what rule you keepe. Sir, said the Parson, you shall be welcome. The Ordinarie came to the Parsons house; & when he did see the wench, he said: *Uxor tua sicut vitis abundans*[2] in *lateribus domûs tuæ.*[3] The Parson thought the Ordinarie had apposed him in our Latine Mattins, and said: *Et filii tui sicut novelli*[4] *Olivarum in circuitu mensæ tuæ.* The Ordinary was abashed, & supposed that some man had told him of his children that he had in his house of his owne, sitting round about at his table; [so he] was ashamed to rebuke the Parson, & said nothing else but—Farewell, Master Parson. Thus a man may perceive that divers times fooles be fortunate; and it is evill & a foolish thing for a man to reprehend another man for a fault that he himselfe is guilty in.

(1) Old Ed. has *now.* (2) Old Ed. has *abundantis.*
(3) Old Ed. has *tua.*
(4) Old Ed. has *novellæ*, and so reads *A C Mery Talys*, No. 85. I ought to have made the correction there too.

How the Parson said: *Cumpsimus Quæsimus, Domine.*

ANOTHER time, Master Scogin and other Masters of Art in Oxford did visit the said Priest again, & found him at Masse; and at the last collect the Parson said: *Cumpsimus quæsimus Domine.* One of the Masters of Art said: Master Parson, you must say *Sumpsimus quæsimus Domine.* The Parson looked backe, and said to the Master of Art: I have said these dozen years *Cumpsimus quæsimus Domine*, & I will not leave my old *Cumpsimus* for thy new *Sumpsimus.* So they went to dinner, & the Parson said to Scogin: I have not meat enough for you all. Well, said Scogin, such as you have, let on the board; and so he did. Then one of the Masters said grace, and began: *Benedicite, Domine, apposita et apponenda.* Nay, said Scogin, put *apponenda* in your purse, and blesse *apposita:* for here is on the table all the meat at this time you shall have; and I beshrew some of us & not me; for we had fared better, if *Sumpsimus* had not been heere. Wherefore it appeareth that he, which telleth the truth, oftentimes shall fare the worse, or else be shent.

How *Scogin* told the hunter he had found a hare.

Scogin had a great hare's skin, that was new killed, and he went to a wheat land, that was an handfull and an halfe high, and did lay there a foul great mard—they that can speake French, can tell what a mard is—and couched the Hare's skinne over it, and set up the Hare's ears, and then hee came to Oxford, and said to them that used hunting, that he had found a hare sitting. They ran for their Grey-hounds to kill the hare, and Scogin went with them to the land, where the hare did sit. At last, one espied the eares and the head of the hare, and said: so how! Stand you there, said the other, and give her the law of the game. Scogin got him home to Oxford, and one that came to see the game was bid to put the hare; and when he came almost at the hare: up, w****! he said: or I will pricke you in the buttocke by and by; but the hare did not stirre. At last, when he came to the place, he thrust his staffe at the hare's skinne, and did turne it over, and under it was a great mard. He returned againe, as if he had a flea in his eare, to Oxford. Why, said they, doe you not put up the hare? Goe, put her up yourselfe with a vengeance, said he; and went home

againe in an anger. They that held their Greyhounds did marvell what he meant, and that Scogin was gone; they went to see where the hare should sit; and they found a hare's skinne and a great mard. Wel, said they, we can never beware of Scogin's mocks and jests; would part of this hare were in his mouth! and so they departed. Whereby you may see that faire words make fools faine.

How *Scogin* told his fellowes he knew where was a Pickerell.

On a time Scogin said to his fellowes: I have found where a pickerell doth lie in a ditch behind St. Wenefride's wel. Said the one: I can get a net. Goe, said Scogin, and fetch it, and meet me behind St. Wenefride's well. Scogin tooke a long quarter staffe, the which craftily hee had cut more than halfe asunder. Scogin did look into the water, and said: hereabout he should bee. Then said the one to the other: some must leap over. Hold the staffe, said Scogin. The one of them tooke the staffe, and pitched it into the water, and would have lept over. The staffe brooke, and laid the Scholler in the middle of the water. Then were the Schollers ready to take him up with their net, and other policy. Scogin shrunke

away, and went home. When the scholler was taken out of the water, Scogin was asked for, and no man could tel where he was. The Schollers went home, and found him out, and said: is this the pickerell that you would shew us? I pray you, said he, if you have taken him, let me have part with you. Here a man may see daily, [if] a man have shrewd turnes, he shall be mocked also for his labour.

How *Scogin* sold Powder to kill Fleas.[1]

Scogin divers times did lacke money, and could not tell what shift to make. At last, he thought to play the physician, and did fill a box full of the powder of a rotten post; and on a sunday he went to a Parish Church, and told the wives that hee had a powder to kil up all the fleas in the country, and every wife bought a pennyworth; and Scogin went his way, ere Masse was done. The wives went home, and cast the powder into their beds

(1) Randolph alludes to this story in his *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, 1630.

"*Med.* In the Siege of Ostend, I gave the Dutchess of Austria a Receipt to keep her Smock from being animated, when she had not shifted it of a twelvemonth.

"1 *Scholl.* Believe me, and that was a cure beyond *Scoggin's* fleas"

In "An Exact Chronologie of Remarkable Things," printed in Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, ed. 1662, p. 390, it is said to have been then (*i.e.* in 1662) 81 years "since Scoggin found out his flea powder."

and in their chambers, and the fleas continued still. On a time, Scogin came to the same Church on a sunday, and when the wives had espied him, the one said to the other: this is he that deceived us with the powder to kill fleas; see, said the one to the other, this is the selfe-same person. When Masse was done, the wives gathered about Scogin, and said: you be an honest man to deceive us with the powder to kill fleas. Why, said Scogin, are not your fleas all dead? We have more now (said they) than ever we had. I marvell of that, said Scogin, I am sure you did not use the medicine as you should have done. They said: wee did cast it in our beds and in our chambers. I, said he, there be a sort of fooles that will buy a thing, and will not aske what they should doe with it. I tell you all, that you should have taken every flea by the neck, and then they would gape; and then you should have cast a little of the powder into every flea's mouth, and so you should have killed them all. Then said the wives: we have not onely lost our money, but we are mocked for our labour.[1]

(1) Several of the Stories in the present collection conclude with this remark.

How *Scogin* drew out an old woman's tooth.

THERE was an olde woman that had but one tooth in her head, and that did ake very sore; she went to master Scogin for remedy. Come with me, Mother, said Scogin, and you shall be healed by and by. He then got a pack-threed, and went to the Smith's forge with the woman, and he said to the Smith: I pray you heate mee a Coulter in your forge. I will, said the Smith. Then he went to the old woman, and said: mother, let me see your tooth, and she did so. He tooke his pack-threed, and bound it fast about the tooth, and tyed the other end of the threed at the ring of the forge-doore, whereas the Smith used to tie his horses and mares; and when the culter was glowing hot, Scoggin tooke the culter, and ran with it against the old woman, saying: a w****! dost thou stand here like an old mare? I will run thee through with this hot culter. The woman, being afraid, gave a braid with her head, and ran her way, and left her tooth behind her. Scogin ran after the woman, and she cryed out for helpe (for shee was afraid that Scogin would have burnt her); [and] the Smith ran after Scogin for his culter: for he was afraid that Scogin would run away with it. Whereby you may see what a terrible thing feare is.

How *Scogin* gave one a medicine to make him go to it.

On a time, there did a yong man come to Scogin to have a medicine, saying: sir, I would have a medicine to make me goe to it lustily (he ment of Venus acts). Scogin did give him an extreame purgation. The yong man went to bed with his lemman; within a while, his belly began to rumble, and there was no remedy, but hee must needs go to it so long, that he did defile both the chamber and the bed, so that he and his lemman bathed themselves that night in dirt. Wherefore it is good for all men, when they aske counsell of any man, to be plaine in their[1] words, and not to speake in parables.

How Scogin gave one a medicine to make him find his horse.

There was a man that had lost his horse, and he came to master Scogin, and said: sir, I here say that you be a good physician, and I have lost my horse, and would fain know a remedy how I might find out my horse. Scogin gave that man such a purgation that he was constrained to run to every

(1) Old Ed. has *his*.

bush and hedge; and peaking[1] so about here and there, at last he found his horse. Then he reported that Scogin was the best physician in the world.

[How] *Scogin* was robbed as he went to London.

When Scogin did pretend[2] to leave Oxford, he went to dwell at London; and as hee went towards London, he met with theeves, and they robbed him. And when he came to London, hee espied one of the theeves; and then he said to the serjeants of London: yonder man robbed me, when I came from Oxford. The thiefe had spied Scogin talking with the serjeants, and fled his way. The serjeants followed the thiefe; the thiefe did run, and the serjeants after. One came to Scogin, and said: wherefore doe[3] yonder men run so fast? Scogin said: for a wager, but the foremost man hath won, for lately he had all my mony from me. The serjeants cryed: hold the thiefe! The thiefe said: hold me not; I do run for a wager. And when he was within St. Martin's,[4] he said: I have run well now, or else I had beene hanged.

(1) *To peak* is here equivalent to *to peer* or *pry*. See Note to *Merie Tales and Quicke Answeres*, No. 35, and also *Additional Notes*.

(2) *i.e.* Intend. See Nares, ed. 1859, *in voce*.

(3) Old Ed. has *doth*.

(4) Not St. Martin's in the Fields, but St. Martin's the Great, or le Grand, which (see Stow's *Survey* of London, ed. 1720, lib. iii. p. 102), anciently enjoyed the privileges of a Sanctuary.

[How] *Scogin* told his wife he had parbraked[1] a crow.

After a while that Scogin came to London, hee married a yong woman, taking her for a maid, as other men doe. At last he thought to prove his wife, and fained himselfe sicke. Oh! good wife, saies he, I will shew you a thing, and if you will promise me to conceale it. His wife said: sir, you may tell mee what you will; I were worse than accursed, if I should disclose your counsell. O! wife, said Scogin, I had a great pang to day in my sicknesse, for I did parbrake and cast out a crow. A crow, said shee. Yea, said Scogin, God helpe me! Be of good comfort, said she, you shall recover and doe well. Well, wife, said Scogin, goe to church and pray for me. She went to the church, and by and by one of her gossips met with her, and asked how her husband did. I wis, said she, a sore sick man he is, and like to die: for there is an evill signe and token in him. What is that, gossip? said she. Nay, by gisse,[2] I will not tell it to any man alive. What, said the woman, you may tell me, for I will never bewray your counsell. By gisse, said Scogin's wife, if I wist

(1) *i.e.* Vomited.

(2) *i.e.* By Jesus. See, however, note on the word in Nares, ed. 1859.

that you wold keep my counsel, I wold tel you. Then said the woman: whatsoever you doe tell, I will lay it dead under my feet. Oh, said Scogin's wife, my husband parbraked two crows. Jesus! said the woman, I never heard of such a thing. This woman, as she did meet with another gossip of hers, shewed that Scogin had parbraked three crowes. So it went from one gossip to another that, ere mattens were finished, all the parish knew that Scogin had parbraked twenty crowes; and when the priest was ready to goe into the pulpit, one came to request him and all the parish to pray for Scogin, for hee had parbraked twenty crowes. The priest blessed him, and said to the parishioners: I doe pray you pray for Scogin, for he is in perill of his life, and hath parbraked twenty one crowes. By and by, one went to Scogin, and said: sir, is it as it is spoken in the Church of you? What is that? said Scogin. The priest said in the Pulpit, that you parbraked twenty one crows. Said Scogin: what a lie is this! By and by, the bels were told for sacring, and Scogin hied him to church lustily and merry, and when the men and women did see him in the church, they looked one upon another, and marvelled of this matter. After Masse, Scogin asked what were they that should bring up such a tale upon

him. At last the matter was so boulted out,[1] that the original of the cause began at Scogin's wife. Here a man may see, that it is hard to trust a woman with a mā's secrets; wherefore it is good to prove a friend, ere one have need.

How *Scogin* caused his wife to be let blood.

After that Scogin's wife had played this aforesaid pranke, she used so long to go a gossipping, that if her husband had spoken any word contrary to her minde, she would crow against him, that all the street should ring of it. Scogin thought it was time to breake his wife of such matters, and said to her: I would you would take other wayes, or else I will displease you. Displease me! said shee, beware that you doe not displease yourselfe. Yea, said Scogin, I wil see that one day, how you will displease me. She still continued in opprobrious[2] words; at last Scogin called her into a chamber, and tooke one of his servants with him, and said to her: dame, you have a little hot and proud blood about your heart and in your stomacke, and if it be not let out, it will infect you and many mō; therefore be content, there is no remedy but that blood must bee let out. I defie

(1) *i.e.* Sifted.
(2) Old Ed. has *approbrious*.

thee, said Scogin's wife (and was up in the house top). Yea? said he; come, said Scogin to his servant, and let us bind her to this forme. Shee scratched and clawed them by the faces, and spurned with her feet so long, that shee was weary; so at the last she was bound hand and foot to the forme. Now said Scogin to his servant: goe fetch mee a surgeon, or a barbor[1] that can let blood. The servant went and brought a surgeon. Scogin said to him: sir, it is so that my wife is mad and doth rave, and I have been with physicians, and they have counselled me to let her blood: she hath infectious blood about the hart, and I wold have it out. Sir, said the surgeon, it shall be done. Scogin said: shee is so mad, that she is bound to a forme. The better for that, said the surgeon. When Scogin and the surgeon entred into the chamber, shee made an exclamation upon Scogin. Then said Scogin: you may see that my wife is mad; I pray you let her blood both in the arme and the foot, and under the tongue. Scogin and his man held out her arme, and they did open a veine named Cardica. When shee had bled well: now stop that veine, said Scogin, and let her blood under the foot. When shee saw that: sir, said she, forgive me, and I will never displease you

(1) *i.e.* What was formerly known as a "barber-surgeon."

hereafter. Well, said Scogin, if you do so, then I do thinke it shall be best for us both. By this tale it proveth, that it is a shrewd hurt that maketh the body fare the worse, and an unhappy house where the woman is master.

How *Scogin* and his wife made an Heire.

On a time they died[1] in London, and Scogin and his wife did lie in the countrey, and while hee did lie there, he did purchase a copihold, and went to aske counsell of a man of law, saying: I have purchased a copy-hold, and I am come to aske your counsell, and I will give you for your labour. Sir, said the man of law, your copy must be made under the forme of law, and I counsell you to make an heire. Sir, said Scogin in this matter, I will goe home, and aske counsell of my wife, and to-morrow I will come againe to you. Scogin went home, and told his wife what the man of law had said, that the copy must be made under the forme of law, and that it were good to make an heire. Then Scogin said: wife, let us goe to bed, and we will make an heire by and by. They went to

(1) *i.e.* There was a mortality. There were so many mortalities from various causes in London about the period when Scogin flourished, that it is difficult to say to what particular one allusion is here made.

bed, and Scogin pulled the sheet and the cloaths over his own head and his wives, and did let a great ****. Now siste thou, woman, said Scogin, and we shall have an heire by and by. So long they lay together, that with stink they were almost choked. Ah! said Scogin to his wife, I will buy no more copihold: for it is nought to make an heir. On the morrow, Scogin went to the man of law, saying: sir, be you ready to goe to Westminster? Wherefore? said the man of law. Scogin said: to make my copy. Sir, said the man of law, I can make it here in my house. Nay, said Scogin, you said to me yesterday, that it must bee made under the forme of law, and in Westminster is the best forme of law in England, and therefore let us go sit under one of those formes. Tush! said the man of law, the copy must be made according to the law, and, beside you and your wife, set in the copy one of your children. Why, said Scogin, you bad me make an heire, and I and my wife made such an heir in our beds yesternight, that shee and I were almost poysoned. Whereby it appeares, the mis-hearing of a tale maketh mis-understanding. Therefore plaine speech is best, although Scogin knew what was spoken, and turned it to a jest.

How *Scogin* got the Abbot's horse.

On a time, Scogin was sent for to the abbot of Bury, to pastime with him ;[1] where he fell sicke and like to die, whereupon he was shriven and would have beene hoasted, and hee durst not for fear of casting.[2] The abbot said: Crede and manducâsti,[3] that is to say, beleeve, and thou hast received. When Scogin recovered, the abbot sent him his owne horse to ride home on. Scogin sent not home the Abbot's horse, wherefore the Abbot sent for his horse, but Scogin answered the messenger, and said: when I was sicke at home with your master, I would have received the holy sacrament of the Altar, and he bad me beleeve[4] and I had received the sacrament of the Altar. So in like manner let him believe, that he hath received his horse, and it is sufficient; and tel him his horse he shal never have. By this a man may perceive, that a man should not lend his horse, nor his

(1) Old Ed. has *them*.

(2) *i.e.* Of breathing his last, or expiring. *Last cast* and *last gasp* are sometimes found used as synonymous terms. "Sir Thomas Bodley is even now at the last cast, and hath lain speechless and without knowledge since yesterday at noon."—Letter dated 1612, quoted in the last ed. of Nares.

(3) *Manduco* literally signifies *to chew*, hence to receive the consecrated wafer.

(4) There is an ellipsis here. The meaning is:—"he bad me beleeve that I had, &c. saying that then I had, &c."

weapon, nor his wife, to no man, if he love himselfe or his owne profit: for by it never commeth gaine.[1]

How *Scogin* brought a dog's **** made in powder to the apothecaries, to know what powder it was.

When that Scogin did lie sicke at Bury, he sent to the Apothecaries of London for many medicines, and some were bitter, and some were sower, and some sweet. When he was recovered and made whole, and at home in his owne house, he walked about the fields, and found uppon a mole-hill a white dog's ****. Hee put it in a napkin, and after that he dried it in an oven, and made it into powder, and went to the apothecaries in London, and said: my friend hath sent me a powder to eat, and I cannot tell what it is. The apothecaries[2] tasted it, and they could not tel what powder it should be. At last he came to an old apothecary, and said: sir, I pray you tell me what powder this is. The old apothecary tasted it, and spit it out againe, and said: fie! cocks bodykins,[3] that is a ****. O! good Lord, said Scogin, cunning is

(1) Old Ed. has *gaines*.
(2) Old Ed. has *apothecary*.
(3) Old Ed. has *bodykims*.

worth much money; your fellowes here in the city have good mouthes to tast lamp oyle, and you have judged right. Here a man may see that divers times a man shall not onely have a shrewd turne, but a mocke for his labour.

How *Scogin* did draw a tooth-drawer's tooth.

On a time there went a tooth-drawer round about the country with a banner ful of teeth (as blind[1] physitians and surgeons doe now-a-dayes) the which tooth-drawer said, he wold draw out a tooth without any paine, which was false, for when he pulled out some men's teeth he pulled out a piece of the cheek bone; and tooke many men's money, and did much harme and little good. At the last he came to Scogin's house; and Scogin, hearing of his doings, caused him to come in, and said: sir, you be called a cunning drawer of a tooth. I have paine in a tooth, and I would it were out of my head. Sir, said the tooth-drawer, if you will, I will have it out without any paine. I pray you, said Scogin, how will you doe? Sir, sayd he, I will raise the flesh about the tooth, and then with a strong threed I will pull it out. Sir, said Scogin, I can pul out a tooth so, and because you say it is

(1) ? Tipling or tipsy. See Nares, ed. 1859, *in voce.*

no paine to pul out a tooth so, I wil first pull out one of your teeth. Nay, sir, said the tooth-drawer, I have no paine in my teeth. Although you have not, said Scogin, I will pull a tooth out of your head, and if you have no paine, you shall have an Angell for your tooth ; but if you have paine, you shall have nothing. Sir, said the tooth-drawer, I will have none of my teeth pulled out. Scogin said to his servant : bring me a paire of manacles, for surely I will pull out one of thy teeth, e're that thou shalt pul out one of mine ; therefore sit down, and take it patiently, lest thou be put to greater pains. The tooth-drawer sate him downe with an evil will, and Scogin did raise the flesh about the tooth-drawer's tooth, that it was in such a case, that the water did runne downe the tooth-drawer's eyes. Scogin said : doth the water runne forth of your eyes for joy or for paine? The Tooth-drawer said : for joy, for I trust to get an Angell of you. Bee it, said Scogin. Scogin did knit a strong threed about the tooth-drawer's tooth, and gave it a great twitch. Oh! said the tooth-drawer. What! do you feel pain? said Scogin. Yea, said the tooth-drawer, you pull nòt quickly. Then said Scogin : you have lost your Angell. Nay, said the tooth-drawer. Well, said Scogin, the tooth shall come now, I trow ; and Scogin did twitch and pul

hard at the tooth, and pulled it out. Out, alasse! said the tooth-drawer. Why, said Scogin, cry you out? Marry, saith the tooth-drawer, the devill would cry out of this paine. Sir, said Scogin, you taught me how I should doe, and you have lost your Angel; and seeing your cunning is no better, I will have never a tooth pulled out now: and if you pull any of my neighbour's teeth after such sort as you have done, if you come in my walke, I will pull out all the teeth in your head. Eat and drinke ere you go, and so farewell.

How Scogin served the poore folkes that came to his house to aske almes.

WHILES Scogin did lye thus in the country, there resorted to his house vagabonds and common beggers, and when hee did see hee could not be rid of them, he said: come this day fortnight, for then I doe give money for my friend's soule. Scogin had an old barne that was ready to fall downe, and in the meane time hee stopped all the holes with firre bushes, broome, old fearne and straw, and laid such trumpery about the barne. The day appointed, all the vagabonds and beggers in the country resorted unto Scogin's house, and as they did come, they were put into the barne, and

[Scogin] said they should have their almes within a while. Scogin kept them fasting till three or foure of the clocke in the afternoone, and then he commanded his servant privily to set fire on the straw and the furres round about the barne, which was done. At last, when the vagabonds and beggers did see that they were compassed round with fire, they said one to another: we must run through the fire in some place, or else we shall be burnt up. So some ran through the fire in one place, and some in another, and durst not look behind them. Scogin cryed, saying: tarry, w****sons and w****s, you have set my barn on fire, you shall be hanged every one! They fled for feare, and never durst come againe to Scogin's house for almes. Here a man may see every promise is kept or else broken, and it is good for every man to keepe himselfe out of the danger of all men, and especially of great men.

How Scogin came to the courte like a foole, and wonne twenty pounds by standing vnder a spout in the raine.

When Scogin had dwelt in the country, he returned againe to London, and fell acquainted with gentlemen of the king's privy chamber, which

would faine that he should come to the court, and they would bring him into the king's service. Scogin was more beholding to one gentleman then to all the other, and said to him: sir, I will come to the court like a dizard or foole, and when that I come, I will aske for you, and when that we doe meet, call me aside, that I may speake with you. So on a rainy day Scogin came to the court like a foole, and the king's porters asked what he would have; and hee said: my fellow sir Nevill. What manner of man is he? said the porters. Scogin said: he hath a nose, and goeth up and downe on two legges. Then said the porters: this is a starke ideot foole; doest thou know thy master? said the porter, and if thou seest him? I know him, said Scogin, by his cap. Then said the porters the one to the other: who doe you thinke should be this foole's master? Some said one, some said another; at the last one said: I trow hee bee Sir William Neuil's[1] foole. When Scogin heard him say so, hee leapt about, and did laugh. Then one of the porters went to Sir William Neuill, and asked him if hee had not a foole. Yes, said Sir William Neuill. Marry, said the

(1) It is scarcely likely that Sir William Neville, youngest son of the 1st Earl of Westmoreland, of that family, can be intended here: for he died in 1462.

porter, it is a mad, merry foole. Yea, said Sir William Nevill, hee is a very ideot, he is not wise. Said the porter: shall hee come to you? Nay, said Sir William Nevill, I will goe myselfe to the foole. When Sir William Nevill and Scogin did meet, Sir William Nevill said: A! Tom,[1] how dost thou? (it rained sore) and Scogin said: I cannot bee in rest, for these knaves doe powre water still upon me, and no man touched him, but the rain that fell down. Well, Tom, said Sir William Nevill, come with me, and thou shalt goe to the fire, and dry thee. He brought him to his chamber, and then said Scogin to Sir William Nevill: goe, and say you have a naturall foole come to you, and if he were set under one of the spouts that doe runne so fast with rain-water, he will not come out; and make some great wager with some great man, and lay downe the money, that I will stand still under the spout, untill the time that I bee fetcht away by you: for I lacke money, and I care not, said Scogin, to be wet. Then Sir William went round about the court with his foole, and another knight met with him, and said: what! have you got a foole? Yea, said Sir William Nevill, hee is such a foole, that if hee bee set under one of

(1) Sir William was not necessarily ignorant of Scogin's Christian name John, but merely used *Tom* as a sort of generic appellation.

these spouts of the leads that runneth now with raine water, hee will never come away, untill I doe fetch him out of it. It is not so! said the knight. Yes, said Sir William Nevill; and on that I will lay twenty pound. I hold it, said the knight: lay downe the money. Scogin was glad of that. Then Sir William Nevill said: Tom, come with me, and thou shalt have a figge. A fig, fellow, said Scogin, where is it? Come, said Sir William Nevill, and thou shalt see. He brought him under one of the spouts that did runne with water, and said: here is water to wash thy figge; stand stil, and I will bring thee a fig by and by. Sir William Nevill departed, and Scogin stood so long under the spout, crying and calling for his fellow, Sir William Neuill, that the water ranne out at his heeles and his breeches, as fast as it did falle into his necke, and upon his head and body, still calling and crying upon his fellow, Sir William Neuill. The knight, seeing this, thought hee should lose his bargaine, [and he] said to Sir William Neuill: will you give mee leave to entice him away by any craft or policy? Yea, said Sir William Neuill, I am pleased; doe what you can, so that by no strength you take him away. Nay, said the knight, that I wil not. The knight went to Scogin, and said: A, Tom, thy master hath left thee alone,

and is dead, come with me to a fire, and dry thee. Tehee, said Scogin, fellow hoe, where art thou? Why, said the knight, thy fellow is dead, come and eat figs with me. Nay, said Scogin, my fellow will give me a better fig than you will. The knight meant of a figge, but Scogin meant of the money that was laid on the bargaine, in the which hee did knowe that his part was, so that by no manner of meanes, nor policy, or craft, no man could get Scogin from standing under the spout. Every man pitied Scogin, and said: this foole will dye under the spout. Then said the knight and every man: goe you, master Nevill, and fetch him away, for it is a foole of all fooles. Then said Sir William Nevill: if I fetch him away, I have wonne the bargain. The knight said: it is so. Then Sir William Nevill went to Scogin, and as soon as Scogin had espyed him, he leapt and danced under the spout, saying: hast thou brought my fig? No, Tom, said Sir William Nevill, but come with me, and thou shalt goe to a fire. Nay, said Scogin, give mee a fig. Come with me, said Sir William Nevill, and thou shalt have a fig. Sir William Nevill brought him to his chamber, where he had a good fire, and gave him the wager that was won.

How Scogin leapt over the tables, when dinner was done.

Scogin did marke the fashions of the court, and amongst all other things hee did marke how men did leape over the table in the king's hall to sit downe at dinner and supper, which[1] is not used now. Scogin seeing this, that as many as did sit at the table had meat, and they that stood in the hall beside had none, all that time he made shift for himselfe. And when dinner was done, and all the tables taken up, Scogin set out trestles, and leapt over them, and leapt over the tables, and leapt from one table to another, that every body marvelled what he meant. At last one did aske of him what hee meant by leaping ouer the tables. Scogin said: I doe learn against supper to leape to sit downe: for he that cannot leap, getteth no meat here. Therefore [it is well] to forecast, and some provision is good at all times.

How Scogin gave one a goose legge, that was giuen him, and afterward told him he had eaten an hundred lice.

In the court one gave Scogin a goose leg, saying:

(1) It is to be remembered that these Jests were not printed till at least half a century after the period at which they purport to have taken place.

hold, Tom, eat this. Hee put it in his bosome. At last he came to one, and gave him the goose leg, and within a while after, Scogin met with the man unto whom he had given the goose leg, and said to him: hast thou eaten the goose-leg? The man said, yea. Much good do it thee, said Scogin, thou hast eaten an hundred lice. The man took a conceit, and did cast up all his meat againe. Here it is good to mark that a man beleeve not every word that another doth speake, for some doe lie, some doe jest, some doe mock, and some doe scorne, and many men doe saye the very truth.

How *Scogin* swept a Lord's Chamber.

Scogin on a time was desired to sweepe a Lord's Chamber, and when he had swept al the dust together, hee threw it out against the wind, and the wind blew it againe into his face. Then said Scogin to the wind: let me cast out my dust, whorson, I say. Every man laughed at Scogin, seeing him to chide with the wind.

How *Scogin* told those that mocked him, that hee had a wall-eye.

Scogin went up and downe in the king's hall, and his hosen hung downe, and his coat stood awry,

and his hat stood a booujour, so every man did mocke Scogin. Some said he was a proper man and did wear his rayment cleanly: some said, the whorson foole could not put on his owne rayment: some said one thing, and some said another. At last Scogin said: masters, you have praised me wel, but you did not espy one thing in me. What is that, Tom, said the men? Marry, said Scogin, I have a wall eye. What meanest thou by that? said the men. Marry, said Scogin, I have spyed a sort of knaues that doe mocke me, and are worse fooles themselues.[1]

How Scogin drew his sonne vp and downe the Court.

After this, Scogin went from the Court, and put off his foole's garments and came to the Court like an honest man, and brought his son to the Court with him, and within the Court, he drew his sonne vp and downe by the heeles. The boy cried out, and Scogin drew the boy in every corner. At last every man had pity on the boy, and said: sir, what doe you meane, to draw the boy about the Court. Masters, said Scogin, he is my sonne, and I doe it for this cause. Every man doth say, that that man or child which is drawne

(1) Compare *A C Mery Talys*, No. 51.

vp in the Court shall be the better as long as hee lives; and therefore I will euery day once draw him vp and downe the Court, after that hee may come to preferment in the end.

How *Scogin* greased a fat Sow on the ****.

Scogin had got a fat sow, and killed her under the Court wall, besides the king's gate; hee made a great fire, and got a great spit, and put the sow on the spit, and rosted her, and bought twenty pounds of butter, and still hee powred the butter with a ladle on the sowe's buttocks.[1] Diuers men came to him: and said, why dost thou grease this fat sow on the ****? He said: I doe as kings and lords and every man else doth: for hee that hath enough shall haue more, and hee that hath nothing shall go without, and this sow needeth no basting nor greasing, for she is fat enough, yet shall shee haue more than enough.

How the King gave *Scogin* a house to doe what he would with it.

Scogin, through Sir William Neuil's procuration or preferment, was brought to the king's presence. The king said to him: art thou he that did playe

(1) See Taylor's *Works*, 1630, ii. 235.

the foole in my Court, and didst leape to and fro in my Hall over the tables? Yea, and it like your Grace, said Scogin. And art thou hee that did grease the fat sow on the **** ? Yea, said Scogin. And why didst thou so? said the king. Scogin said: I doe as your Grace doth, and all your lords, as well spirituall as temporall, and as all rich men doe, which doe give to them that haue enough more then enough; and hee which hath nothing, except hee bee an importunate craver, shall goe without, and unlesse that hee have some man to speake for him, hee may goe pipe in an ivy leafe. Why, said the king, what liuing hast thou? Nothing, said Scogin, nor never a house of mine owne to put my head in; would God, said Scogin, that I might have some cottage to dwell in. The king said: if thou wilt bee my servant, I will give thee a house in Cheapside. I thanke your Grace, said Scogin, but I pray you give it me, so that I may doe with my house what I will. Yea, said the king, make thy writings after thine owne mind, with the best counsel that thou canst, and it shal be sealed. Scogin was glad of that, and he did make to do with his house what hee would, his writings [being] sealed with the king's sign manual. A little after the sealing, Scogin did buy a load of firres and two load of straw, and did cause it to

bee cast downe in Cheapeside before the house that the king did give him. Divers men did marvell what it should meane. And within a while Scogin, with his men of law and other, did come to the house to take possession; after the forme of law he tooke possession. Then said Scogin: this house is old, and to pul it downe were a great cost and charge; wherefore I will burne it vp with these firres and straw; peradventure I will make of it a Church or Chappell, that a Priest may sing for mee, so long as the world doth continue. Goe, said Scogin to his servants, and fetch me hither some men to carry into my house straw and firres. Sir, said the good man of the house, I pray take a little respite, I have goods in your house, and you cannot burne your house, but you shall hurt the whole street. What is that to me, said Scogin, I have no charter of my life? I am about a charitable act for my soules health, for charity first must bee shewed to a man's owne selfe, and after that to his neighbour. Sir, said the merchant that was good man of the house, let it stand, and I and my neighbours will give you as much as it is worth. Nay, said Scogin, I will not sell it. Then said the merchant: what shall I and my neighbours give you to let it stand still, and I will pay you more then it was rented for before.

There goeth a bargaine, said Scogin; goe to all your neighbours, and bring me word what they will give me. The neighbours did cast their heads together, and, considering that hee was, as they thought, in the king's favour, would gladly give him 40 pounds. When Scogin heard these tidings, he was glad, and said: come, bring mee the money, and I am contented that my house shall stand still, so that it may bee over rented according to my tenant's promise. Thus Scogin by policy got money.

How Scogin played Horse-play[1] in the Q. chamber.

Scogin said on a time to the Queene[2] then being: madam, and it like your Grace, will you have horse-play playd in your chamber? Yea, said the Queene. Scogin untrussed his points, and put downe his breeches, as if he would have bewrayed the chamber, and then kicked with his heeles, and said, wehee. Then hee said to his servant: come and combe me here, and then turne and kicke and winse with thy heeles, and say: wehee. Out,

(1) *i.e.* Rough or coarse play. It is so used by Dryden. See Worcester's Dict. *in voce.*

(2) As the adventures of Scogin or Scoggin appear to have extended over a series of years, it is impossible to determine whether the lady here intended was the consort of Edward IV., Richard III., or Henry VII.

knave, said the Queen, out of my chamber. Scogin went out of the chamber, saying, that he did it not but by her leaue; and with her leaue hee might doe her a great peece of service. After that the queen would have no more horse-play in her chamber. Therefore it is good for a man to know what will happen, before hee give leave to a businesse.

How *Scogin* let a ****, and sayd it was worth forty pounds.

THAT time that Scogin was conversant both in the King's[1] chamber and in the Queenes, Scogin would peake here and there about in the queenes chamber or lodging, the Queene by custome (as most commonly all great women and ladies and gentlewomen doe) shee let a ****, saying: the same is worth to mee twenty pounds. Scogin, hearing this, girt out a **** like a horse or mare, saying: if that **** be so deare of twenty pound, my **** is worth forty pounds. Here a man may see that a knave may doe that which an honest man may not speake.

(1) The difficulty referred to in the last note is equally great here: for between 1480 and 1490, when Scoggin's exploits were in the course of performance, there were no fewer than three changes in the government.

How *Scogin* asked of the King five hundred Okes.

On a time, Scogin said to the king then being: and if it shall please your Grace to give me five hundred okes to build me a house in the country, I were much bound to your Grace. The king said: will not an hundred okes serve thee? Yes, and it like your Grace, said Scogin, it would do me good ease. Well, sayd the king, as for an hundred okes, thou shalt have with the better. I doe thanke your Grace, said Scogin, for if I had asked but an hundred okes at the first, I had had but twenty. Therefore it is good to aske enough of great men, for then he shall have somewhat.

How *Scogin* would have made a Shepheard aske him blessing.

On a certaine time, the king rode a progresse, and Scogin rode with the king, and as they did ride, Scogin spied a shepheard, and then hee said to the king: I will make yonder shepheard to aske me blessing, for I will face him downe, that I am his godfather. Let me see that, said the king. Scogin did pricke forth his horse, and saluted the shepheard, saying: good fellow, where wert thou borne. He said: in Tewksbury. Yea, said Scogin,

I doe know that better than thou dost, for I am thy godfather; I am he that did lift thee from the cold water. Nay, not so, said the fellow, I know my godfather. Scogin said: I am one of them; therefore sit down on thy knees, and ask mee blessing, and thou shalt have a groat. Nay, sayd the shepheard, I will none of your groat, nor I will sit down on my knees. No! said Scogin; if thou wilt not sit downe and aske mee blessing, I will make thee, therefore do it by faire meanes. I will, sayd the shepheard, aske of thee no blessing. Scogin leapt downe off his horse, and drew out his wood-knife, saying: sit downe, thou old knave, and doe thy duty to thy godfather. The shepheard said: put up thy knife, or else I will blesse thee with my[1] sheep-hook. Yea! said Scogin, that would I faine see. Scogin did flie at the shepheard, and the shepheard at him, that at the last, Scogin did bear off the shepheard's blowes with his head and shoulders and elbowes. The king, seeing that Scogin had the worst, said: stand to him, Scogin, stand to him, Scogin. Scogin answered the king: I would you stood as nigh to him as I doe, for then he would not only beat out all the dust in your coat, but make some of your gingles flye about your face. Scogin was weary of

(1) Old Ed. has *me*.

his god-fathership, and ran to his horse. The shepheard followed him, and gave him three or foure good stripes over the backe and shoulders, saying: take your leave, good godfather, of your child, ere you goe. Scogin leapt upon his horse, and rode to the king. Then the king said to Scogin: have you given your blessing to your godsonne, or hath your godsonne blessed you? Then said Scogin: a man cannot have a shrewd turne, but he must be also mocked for his labour. Here a man may see, that divers times a man may do a thing in sport, and at the last it doth turne into good earnest.

How *Scogin* gave a Cowheard forty shillings to teach him his cunning in the weather.[1]

On a time, as Scogin was riding to the abbot of Bury. he asked of a cowheard, how far it was to Bury. The cowheard said: twenty miles. May I, said Scogin, ride thither to night? Yea, said the cowheard, if you ride not too fast, and also if you ride not a good pace, you will be wet, ere you come halfe way there. As Scogin was riding on his way, he did see a cloud arise that was blacke, and being afraid to be wet, he spurred his horse,

(1) Compare *A C Mery Talys*, No. 82, and see Introduction to same, vii.

and did ride a great pace, and riding so fast, his horse stumbled and strained his lege, and might not goe. Scogin, revolving in his mind the cowheard's words, did set up his horse at a poore man's house, and returned to the cowheard, supposing that he had beene a good astronomer, because hee said: if you ride not too fast, you may be at Bury to-night, and also if you doe not ride fast, you shal be wet, ere you come there. Scogin said to the cowheard: what shall I give thee to tell mee when I shall have raine or faire weather? There goeth a bargain, said the cowheard; what wilt thou give mee? Scogin said: twenty shillings. Nay, said the cowheard, for forty shillings I will tell you and teach you, but I will bee paid first. Hold the money, said Scogin. The cowheard said: sir, doe you see yonder cow with the cut taile? Yea, said Scogin. Sir, said the cowheard, when that she doth begin to set up her rumpe, and draw to a hedge or bush, within an houre after you shall have raine; therfore take the cow with you, and keepe her as I doe, and you shall ever be sure to know when you shall have faire weather or foule. Nay, said Scogin, keepe thy cow still, and give me twenty shillings of my mony. That is of my gentlenes, said the cowheard; howbeit you seem to bee an honest man, there is twenty

shillings. Here a man may see, that wit is never good, till it be bought.

How a man told *Scogin*, that he thought the building of Paules cost forty shillings.

On a time a poore man did come to London to speake with Scogin, and Scogin had him to Paules church to talke with him, and both walked round about the church. The poore man said: here is a goodly church. Yea, said Scogin; what doe you thinke it coste making? The poore husbandman said: I trow it cost vorty shilling. Yea, said Scogin, that it did, and vorty shilling thereto. Ho there, said the poor man. Here a man may see, that little portion of money is a great sum in a poore mans purse; and he that is ignorant in a matter, should be no judge.

Of him that thought Paules steeple had beene so high, that one might looke over it.

This aforesaid poore man desired that hee might see Paules steeple, that every one said was so high. Scogin had the man into Finsbury field, and shewed him Pauls, saying: yonder is Pauls Steeple. Tush! said the man, is that so high a steeple? A man may looke over it. The poore man thought

it had beene so high, that no man might see or looke over it. And thus you may see what the effect of simplicity is.[1]

How *Scogin* desired the King that hee might say, *Ave Maria gratia plena Dominus tecum* in his eare at certaine times.[2]

On a certain time, Scogin went to the Kings grace, & did desire that he might come to him divers times & sound in his eares: *Ave Maria gratia plena Dominus tecum.* The King was content he should doe so, except hee were in great businesse. Nay, said Scogin, I will marke my time; I pray your Grace, that I may do thus this twelvemoneth. I am pleased, said the King. Many men were suters to Scogin to bee good to them, and did give him many gifts and rewards of gold and silver, & other gifts; so that, within the yeere, Scogin was a great rich man. So when this yeere was out, Scogin desired the King to breake his fast with

(1) The force of this jest was no doubt greater when St. Paul's, though not by any means so lofty as at present, was higher than it now is in proportion to the comparatively dwarfish buildings by which it was surrounded. The prodigious altitude of the old church was a subject of general wonder even in the reign of Henry VIII.: for in *Vulgaria*, 1530, 4°, the author says:—"Poule's steple is a mighty great thing, & so hye that unneth a man may discerne the wether-cocke."

(2) This story is not in Thackeray's ed.

him. The King said : I will come. Scogin had prepared a Table for the King to breake his fast, & made him a goodly cubboard of plate of gold and silver, & hee had cast over all his beds and tables & corners of his chamber full of gold and silver. When the King did come thither, & see so much plate and gold and silver, he asked of Scogin where he had it, and how he did get all this treasure. Scogin said : by saying the *Ave Maria* in your eare ; and seeing I have got so much by it, what doe they get that be about your Grace daily, and bee of your counsell, when that I with sixe words speaking have gotten so much? He must needs swim, that is held up by the chin.

How *Scogin* chalked out his wife the way to Church.[1]

On a time Scogin's wife desired him that hee would let her have a man to goe before her when shee went abroad or to Church. Why, said Scogin, know you not the way to church? The next Sunday he arose betime in the morning, and tooke a peece of chalke, and made a strike all along

(1) This anecdote is appropriated by the Editor of the *Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson, the Merry Londoner*, 1607, who reproduces it as an incident in the life of Hobson.

the way from his house to the church. When his wife would goe to the church, shee desired him again that one of his servants might goe before her to church. It shall not need, said Scogin, for if you follow this chalk, it will bring you the right way to the church doore. So Scogin's wife was faine to goe to church without a man.

How *Scogin* desired of the Queene, to know whether Riches would not tempt Men, and especially Women.

On a time, Scogin was jesting with the queene, and said: Madam, riches, as gold, silver, precious stones and dignity doe tempt men, and especiall[y] women, very sore, and cause women to fall to lechery and folly. The queene said, a good woman would never bee tempted with gold or silver, or other riches. I pray you Madam, said Scogin, if there were a goodly lord, or a knight, that would give you forty thousand pound to dally with you, what would you say to it? The queene said: if any man living would give an hundred thousand pounds, I would not leese[1] my honesty for it. Then said Scogin: what if a man did give you a thousand hundred thousand pounds, what would

(1) *i.e.* lose.

you doe? I would, said the queene, doe no folly for so much. Then said Scogin: what if a man did give you this house full of gold? The queene said: a woman would doe much for that. Loe, said Scogin, if a man had goods enough, he might have a soveraigne Lady. For the which words the queen tooke highe displeasure with Scogin. wherfore it doth appeare, that it is not good jesting with lords or ladies: for if a man be plaine, or doe tell the truth, hee shall be shent for his labour.

How *Scogin* when he shoulde have beene beaten amongst the Ladies and Gentlewomen, bad the strongest w**** of them all give the first stroke.[1]

The queene, taking high displeasure with Scogin, desired of the king to have Scogin punished. The king said: punish him as it shall please you. The queene said to her ladies and gentlewomen: get every one of you a napkin, and lay a stone in it, and let halfe of you stand at the one side of the

(1) This is a very old story. See Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, ii, 217 (2d Edit.). In a Collection of *Ana*, Amst. 1709, 12°, the jest is applied to Jean de Meun, continuator of Guillaume de Lorris in the *Roman de la Rose*. The former, in a similar manner, escapes a whipping destined for him by the ladies for certain incivilities offered to their sex in his writings.

chamber, and the other halfe at the other side, and when that Scogin shall come through, you shal strik him with your stones. Scogin was sent for, and he seeing the queene and the ladies and the gentlewomen, standing at every side on a row, Scogin said: shall we have here a play or a procession? Nay, knave, said the queene, thou hast divers times played the knave with me, and I have licence of the king to punish thee, as I shall thinke best; wherfore come hither to me, for every lady and gentlewoman that is here shall beat thee with stones. God forbid, said Scogin, for then you will kill me; it were better that I did beat you with stones. But, Madam, ere I have this great punishment, let me speak a few words; shall I put off my rayment, and come naked among you? No, not so, said the queen, come through as thou art. And if I goe through you, said Scogin, I shall kill you. Come forth, said the queene. I come, said Scogin, and the strongest w**** of you all strike the first stroke. The ladies and the gentlewomen looked one upon another; one said: I am no w****, the other said: I am as honest of my body as the best of you all; so there fell a contention among them. Then Scogin said: madam, and it like your grace, will you command mee any more service? Goe, knave, said the queene, and bid thy wife

come and speake with me. Scogin said: and it like your grace, my wife cannot heare, except you speak very high. Let her come, said the queen, and I will deale with her well enough.

How *Scogin's* Wife came to the Queene, and how *Scogin* was banished the Court.

When Scogin's wife came to the court, shee was brought to the Queene. The Queene with a high voyce said to Scogin's wife: art thou Scogin's wife? Scogin had shewed his wife before, that the Queene could not heare, and she cryed out to the queen, and said: yea, madam, I am Scogin's wife. The Queene cryed out to Scogin's wife, and said: if thou bee no honester then thy husband, it is pity that thou shouldest live; wherfore counsel him, that he do not rail so largely as hee doth with me. Scogin's wife cryed out to the queen, saying: and it like your Grace, he wil not be ruled by me. Why dost thou cry out so loud? said the queen. Madam, said Scogin's wife, my husband shewed me that you could not heare. Why, what a knave is that! said the queen; he told me that thou couldst not heare. Alas, said Scogin's wife, I aske you mercy, for I had thought you could not heare. Well, said the queene, I will be even with the varlet thy

husband, for mocking thee and me. Whereupon the Queene went to the King, saying: I pray your grace that you would banish Scogin from the court. The King sent for Scogin, and said: thou hast displeased the queen, wherefore I doe banish thee the court; and if thou doe come hither any more, my hounds and dogs shall be set upon thee. Scogin went his way, and within two or three daies he had got a quick hare, and was going to the court. When the King's servants had espied him, they shewed the king, that Scogin was come to the court. The King said: take all the hounds and dogs, and set them upon Scogin. Every man did run, some with hounds, and some with dogs. Scogin made no great hast. When the king's servants had espied him, they did maintaine their dogges to runne at Scogin. When the hounds were nigh Scogin, he cast before them the quick hare, and said to the hounds: now, now, w****sons! The hounds espied the hare, and followed her, and left Scogin; so Scogin went to the court, and the hare escaped from the hounds. The king's servants shewed what Scogin had done; whereupon the king sent for Scogin, and said: thou didst cast a hare before the dogges, when they were set upon thee; goe and looke out the said hare, or else thou shalt suffer death. Then said Scogin: I can get

you another quicke hare, but it will bee hard for me to find out the selfe-same hare. I wil have the selfe-same hare, said the king. Why, said Scogin, I cannot tell where or whither I should goe to looke him. The king said: thou must look him as well where he is not, as where he is. Wel, said Scogin, then I trust to find him out. Scogin in the morning did goe upon the king's leades, and tooke with him a pick-axe and a great beetle, and over the king he tore up the leades, and did beat down the battlement. One[1] of the privy chamber, seeing this, went to Scogin, and said: what art thou doing, thou mad fellow? What am I doing? said Scogin, I am doing the king's commandment. Why, said the gentleman, the king did not commande thee to cast downe his palace. Wel, said Scogin, if I doe otherwise then I was commanded to doe, shew your mind to the king. The gentleman went to the king, and said: did you command Scogin to cast downe the battlement of your palace, and to pull up your lead? Nay, said the King. The gentleman said, that Scogin was making a foule worke upon the leades. Go, said the king, and bid him come speake with me. Scogin came to the king, which said to him: why didst thou pull up my lead, and cast down the battlement

1) Old Ed. has *some.*

of my p[a]lace? Scogin said: I was doing your commandement. My commandement! said the king. Yea, said Scogin, and it like your Grace: for yesterday you did command me upon paine of my life to looke out the hare that I did cast among your hounds, and I said I could not tell where I shoulde looke him; and you said I must looke him as wel where he was not, as where he was; and peradventure he is crept under the leads of this place, or else some other of your places; and I will seeke and search all the places in England, but I will find out the hare. Nay, said the king, thou shalt not doe so: for I charge thee, upon paine of thy death, to goe out of my Realme, and to tread upon none of my ground here in England.

How *Scogin* in the French King's Court came to a Gentlewoman's doore, and whined like a dog,

When Scogin was thus commanded by the King, hee got him into France into the French king's court, and there he jested. And first, there was a gentleman which made a gentlewoman promise to come to her bed at nine o'clock at night; he did[1] promise to come to her chamber-doore, and would scrape and scratch at the doore like a dog, and

(1) Old Ed. has *did he*.

would whine. Scogin, hearing this bargaine, before nine a clock came to the doore, and scrapt with his nailes, and did whine like a dog. Then the gentlewoman did rise and let him in. Within a little while after, the gentleman did come, and scrape and whine at the door like a dog. Scogin arose and went to the doore, and said: arre, arre, like another dog; and after that the French gentlewoman did love an Englishman. Wherefore in such matters let a man make no body of his counsell, lest he be deceived.

How *Scogin* told the Frenchmen he would flye into England.[1]

On a time, Scogin made the Frenchmen beleeve that he would flie into England, and did get him many goose-wings, and tyed them about his arms and legs, and went upon an high tower, and spread his armes abroad as though he would flie, and came downe againe, and said, that all his feathers were not fit about him, and that he would flie on the morrow. On the morrow hee got him up upon the tower, and there was much people gathered

(1) One of the adventures of Tyll Owlglass was a deception which he practised on the good people of Magdeburg, by giving out that on a certain day he would fly from the top of their town-house. In *Owlglass*, however, the tale runs differently. See the new English edition of Eulenspiegel by Mr. Mackenzie, 1860, p. 19.

together to see him flie. Scogin did shake his feathers, and said: all my feathers be not fit about me; come to-morrow, and I will fly. On the morrow Scogin got upon the tower, and did shake his feathers, saying: goe home, fools, goe home; trow you that I will breake my necke for your pleasure? nay, not so. There was a Frenchman had indignation at Scogin, and he said: to-morrow you shall see mee flie to Paris. And he got him wings, and went upon the tower, and spread his wings abroad, and would have flowne, and fell downe into the mote under the tower. Every man was diligent to get the man out of the water, and Scogin did take him by the hand, and said: sir, you be welcome from Paris; I thinke you have beene in a great raine. Here a man may see that one cannot have a shrewd turne in playing the foole, but he shall have a mocke for his labour.

How *Scogin* prayed to a Roode for an Hundred French Crownes.[1]

When Scogin was at Paris, hee went to a church, & kneeled downe before the Rood, and made his prayers as hereafter followeth: O thou most blessed God, whom I have honored and served all

(1) Not in Thackeray's Ed.

my life, take so much pity on me, as to give me but a hundred french crowns: for now my need is so great, that I must needes have so much and no lesse, for if I have but one lesse, I will not take it. Scogin still continued his prayers, & wold have no lesse then a hundred french crowns. The Parson of the Church was in the Rood loft, & heard all his prayers, and thought hee would try him, whether hee would doe as hee said, or no; and went and did stand behind the Rood, and cast downe before Scogin one French crowne. Scogin, seeing this, was glad, & said: O thou most blessed Lord, thou knowest that this will doe me but little pleasure. Scogin continued still in his prayers, & desired the Roode to cast him downe the rest, declaring what great need he had. At the last, when he saw there would no more be cast downe, he said: perchance, O Lord, thou hast no more money here now, and therefore I will take this in part of payment, till thou hast more store: for I know, O most blessed Lord, that thou art so pitifull[1] a Lord, that if thou hadst so much here, I should have it; and then he tooke up the

(1) Compassionate or merciful. "And now advance forward, true men againste traitors, *pitiful* persons against murtherers, true inheritors against usurpers, &c."—*Proclamation of Henry VII. to his Army before the Battle of Bosworth*, printed (from Halle's *Chronicle*, 1548) in Mr. Halliwell's *Letters of the Kings of England*, i, 164.

french crowne, and went his way. When the Parson saw this, he repented him that he had cast downe the French crowne, and said: if I had thought thou wouldest have had it, I would not have cast it downe so easily.

How *Scogin* was new christened, and confirmed a Knave by the French bishop.

THERE was a bishop in France, which was of the French king's privy counsell. This bishop had a man whose name was Peter Arcadus. This Peter Arcadus favoured Scogin much, because he was so merry, insomuch that hee got Scogin to be his chamber-fellow, through whose procuration Scogin came in favour with the bishop. And on a time Scogin, in his jesting, said that the bishop's nose was so long, that hee could kisse no body; for which the bishop was angry, and commanded him to come no more within his gates. Then Scogin went and bought a couple of woodcocks,[1] and because he could not be suffered to come in at the bishop's gate, he got a long pole or rafter, the which he laid over the mote or ditch of the bishop's house, intending to come unto the bishop, and give him the woodcocks for a present. As

(1) Compare the *Merie Tales of Skelton*, No. vi, and *A C Mery Talys*, No. xl.

Scogin was halfe way over, the rafter slipt, and he fell into the mote. At last Scogin got out, and came in, where hee found the bishop at dinner, and said: if it please your honor, here I have brought you a couple of woodcockes. The bishop seeing him, said: why, thou knave, I commanded thee to come no more within my gates. Scogin said: I came not in at your gates, for I came over your mote, where I was new christened; and now you have confirmed me a knave, so by this meanes I must needs be a knave. Therefore I desire you, my lord, not to be displeased, although I play the knave. Whereat the bishop and all that were in the house laughed; and then the bishop said: I will pardon you for this time, so that hereafter you will be an honest man.

How *Scogin* deceived a Doctor of Physicke.

THERE was one Master Cranwood, a doctor of physicke in Paris, and hee in a morning did fetch from a goldsmith a silver cup, the which he had bargained for the day before, and he payed for it 26 French crowns: the which, when he came home, he delivered it to his wife, and bad her set it in her cubboord, and he told her hee would goe visit his patients. All this Scogin saw, and

drew so neere to the Doctor, that he heard what he did say to his wife. And when he was gone to his patients, Scogin went to the market, and bought a pickerell, for it was on a Friday, and came to Mistress Cranwood, the doctor's wife, and said: Mistresse, your husband here hath sent you a pickerell, which he doth desire you to make ready against dinner, for he intendeth to have one of his friends to dine with him to day, and he prayeth you to send him by me the silver cup that hee bid you to set up in your cubboord, for he will have the goldsmith grave his name in it. Mistresse Cranwood delivered to Scogin the cup, who incontinent went home to his chamber-fellow Peter,[1] and told him what hee had done. When the doctor came home, and did see such good cheere, hee asked his wife where shee had the pickerell. She smiled on him, and said: Sir, you know well enough, for you sent it mee in the morning by him that brought you your silver cup. Why, said the doctor, I sent you no pickerell, nor nobody brought me my silver cup. Yes, that you did, said his wife, for he that came for it said, that you would have your name graven in it. When the doctor did perceive that hee was deceived of his cup, he began to chafe with his wife, and at the

(1) Peter Arcadus. See p. 130.

last said: I trow he might well give a pickerell, seeing he hath for it my silver cup, which cost 26 crownes.

How *Scogin* and three or foure more deceived a Tapster.

On a night, Scogin and his chamber-fellow, and two or three of the bishop's servants, being merrily disposed, consult how they might have good cheere and pay no money, and every one invented a way as they thought best. At last Scogin said: I have invented a cleanly shift. At the signe of the Crowne against Peter's church, is a new tapster, which ere this hath not seen any of us, and he is also purblind, so that if he see us hereafter he cannot know us. Therefore wee will goe thither, and make good cheere; and when we have a reckoning, we will contend who shall pay all. Then will I say to avoid the contention, that the tapster shal be blinded, and we wil run round about him, and whosoever he catcheth first, let him pay for all, and so we may escape away. Every man liked Scogin's device best; so in conclusion, they came thither, and had good cheere, for they spared no cost; so that in the end their reckoning drew to

ten shillings. Then as Scogin had devised afore, they did. The tapster was blinded, so that they ran round about him, and first Scogin got out, and then another, so that at the last they got all away, and left the tapster groping in every place about the house for him that should pay the shot. The master of the house, being in a chamber next to the place where they were, and hearing the stamping that they made, came in to see what they did, whom the tapster caught in his arms, saying: Sir, you must pay the reckoning. Marry, said his master, so I think I must indeed, for here is nobody else to pay it. Then the tapster and his master sought and enquired for Scogin and the rest, but they could neither find them, nor hear newes of them.

How *Scogin* deceived the Poulter's Wife.

On a time, the aforesaid bishop should feast divers French lords, and hee gave unto Peter Arcadus (Scogin's chamber-fellow) twenty French crownes to bestow at the poulter's, in feasant, partridge, plover, quaile, woodcocke, larke, and such other; and because Scogin's chamber-fellow had great busines to do, he wrote all such things as he would have bought in a bill, and desired Scogin to bestow the money, who was well contented.

When Scogin had this money, he imagined in his mind how hee might deceive some poulter, and so to have the money to himselfe. At last hee came to a poulter in Paris, and said: sir, it is so, that my master the abbot of Spilding doth feast a great many of his friends, and I must have so many of every sort of your wares, as is mentioned in this bill; therefore I pray you lay them out quickly, and let the bill be prised reasonably, and to-morrow in the morning I will fetch them, and you shall have your money. The wares were laid out and prised, and the sum came to six pounds and odde money. Then on the morrow Scogin did come to the poulter, and asked if every thing were ready. Yea, said the poulter, and here is your bill reasonably prised. Then, said Scogin, let somebody goe with me for to receive your money. The poulter said: my wife shal goe with you. Scogin went to S. Peter's church, where there was a priest that had on his Albe, and was ready to goe to masse. Scogin went to the priest and said: Master, here is a woman that will not bee perswaded that her husband ought to be her head, and I have brought her to you, to the intent you should perswade her. The priest said he would doe what he could. I thank you, said Scogin. Then Scogin came to the woman, and said: if you will have your money,

come to my Master, and heare what he doth say. Then Scogin came to the Priest, and said: Master, here is the woman; will you dispatch her after masse is done? Yea, said the priest. Then said Scogin to the woman: you heare what my master doth say; therefore, I pray you send by me[1] some token whereby I may receive the wares. The woman sent by him[2] a true token, and then Scogin did hire two porters, and did fetch away all the wares from the poulter's house, and did carry it to his chamber. When masse was done, the priest called the poulter's wife unto him, and asked why she would not acknowledge her husband to be her head. Why, said the woman, I cannot tarry to reason of such matters; therefore I pray you to pay me my money that I were gone. Wherfore, said the priest? The woman said: for wares that your man hath received. What man, said the priest. He that spake to you when you went to masse. The priest said: he is none of my man, and he said to me, that you would not bee perswaded that your husband ought to be your head. What, Master Abbot, said the woman, you shal not mock me so; I must have 6 pounds and 8 shillings of you for wares that your man hath received: for you promised to pay me when you went

(1) Old ed. has *me by.* (2) Old ed. has *him by.*

to masse. I am no abbot, said the priest, nor none of my men never received any thing of you, nor I promised nothing when I went to masse, but that I would perswade you to obey your husband, who ought to be your head; and so the priest went his way. The woman, perceiving that shee was deceived, went home to see if Scogin had received the ware, and he had received them, and was gone an houre before. Then both she and her husband sought for Scogin, but they could not find him.

How *Scogin* deceived the Draper.[1]

When Scogin should be made Master of Art, he wanted money to buy his apparell, and he mused in his mind what shift he might make. At last, he went to London to a draper, and said: sir, it is so that I have a master, which is Deane of Wels, and he would have foure gowne clothes of sundry colours; but they must bee sad colours and fine cloath, and he must have three paire of hose clothes and lining; and I pray you make me a bill of the price of every thing, and to-morrow you shall have money. On the morrow in the morning, Scogin went to Paul's Church, and he

(1) See *A C Mery Talys*, No. 39, and the *Conceits of Old Hobson*, 1607.

did see a lusty priest coming with two or three servants; [and he] did ask where he might say masse. And when the place was appointed, Scogin did run to the draper, and said: sir, you must come or send one to receive your money; for my master will say mass, and then in all haste he must goe to Westminster; therefore let one of your servants cut off the cloth. The Draper and Scogin went to Paul's, and by that time the priest had on his albe, ready to goe to masse. Scogin went to the Priest, and sayd: master, it is so that I have a friend here which is troubled with a chin-cough, and he and I desire you that after masse he may have three sups of the chalice; and for your paines he doth pray you to come to him to breakfast. The priest sayd: I am pleased; I will do your desire. Then Scogin went to the draper, and said: sir, come and heare what my master doth say. Then Scogin said to the Priest: master, here is the gentleman, will you dispatch him when masse is done? Yea, said the priest. Then said Scogin: here is your bill of accounts; now send me to your servants by what token I shall receive that which my master hath bought. The draper said: by the same token that I did tell them yesternight that if they would not take heed in time, they would never thrive. Upon this token

all the stuffe was delivered to Scogin, and he caried it to the Carriers, and sent it to Oxford. When the masse was done, the priest called the draper, and said: gentleman, come hither to me; if you will have 3 sups of the chalice, sit downe on your knees. Why, said the draper, should I sop of the Chalice, and wherefore shall I sit down on my knees? Marry, sir, said the priest, your servant, as I suppose, did come to me before masse, saying that you had the chin-cough, and that you would have three sups of the chalice to be mended of your disease. The draper said: master Dean of Welles, you shall not mock me so; I must have 13 pound of you for clothe that your servant hath of me for foure gown-clothes, three hose-clothes, and lining for them; and here is a bill of every parcel, and you said before masse that I should have it. What? said the priest. Money, said the merchant. Nay, not so, said the Priest, I am not Deane of Welles, nor I never bought nor sold with you; you shall have no money of me, for I promised nothing before masse but 3 sups of the chalice, and if thou wilt have that, take it, or else fare ye well. A **** for thy 3 sups of the chalice, said the draper, give me my mony. I owe thee none, said the Priest, nor none shalt thou have of me. The merchant could

not tel what to say, but hied himselfe home to seeke for Scogin, which was gone. Then said the Draper: I trow wee have spun a faire threed; where is the man that should have the cloth? The servants said: sir, he hath it, and is gone. Which way, said the merchant? We cannot tel, said his servants. Why, said the draper, did you deliver him al the stuff? Yea, Sir, said they, be-because you sent us a true token. Then said the Draper: I would I had beene ware my selfe first, for if I make many such bargaines I shall never thrive.

How *Scogin* told a Shoemaker he was not at home.[1]

THERE was a shoemaker in Paris, which was a widower, and he was not very wise. Of him Scogin bought all his shooes, and on a time Scogin came to the shoemaker's house to speak with him. The shoemaker was at dinner, and bad his maid say that he was not at home. Scogin, by the maid's answer, perceived that her master was within, but for that time dissembled the matter, and went home. Shortly after, the shoomaker came

1) It is scarcely necessary to point out the antiquity of this story. See *Mery Tales and Quicke Answers*, No. 12.

to Scogin's chamber, and asked for him. Scogin, hearing the shoomaker enquire for him, said aloud: I am not at home. Then sayd the shoomaker: what, man, think you that I know not your voice? Why, said Scogin, what an unhonest man you are! When I came to your house, I beleeved your maid that said you were not at home, and you will not beleeve me mine owne selfe.

How the aforesaid Shoemaker gave *Scogin* forty shillings to have his house made greater.

THE aforesaid shooemaker married a rich widow, whereby his houshold was greatly encreased; and on a time Scogin came thither; and seeing that he had so many servants, and much household stuffe heapt up in every corner of his house, said that he had need have a greater house. Yea, said the shoomaker: I would spend forty shillings that the house were but three yards broder. Scogin said: give me the money, and you shal have it made as broad as you will. Hold, said the shoomaker, here is the money. Then Scogin caused one of the shoomaker's horses to be tied to the house side, and got a chaire with wheeles in the feet, wherein he bad the shoomaker sit, and sayd: when the house is as you would have it,

speak. Scogin bad one of the shoomaker's men that he should make the horse draw a little, and he himselfe stood behind the shoomaker, and ever as the horse drew, Scogin would pull the chaire to him, that the shoomaker did sit in, and asked him if the house were broad enough yet. The shooemaker, for the noise that the horse made with drawing, and for Scogin's talking, did not perceive how Scogin did pull the chaire, but thought that the horse did pull the house broader. When Scogin had drawn the chaire a good way, the shoomaker said: this is broad enough; now let the other side be drawne out as much. Then Scogin tied the horse to the other side of the house, and turned the chaire, and caused the shoomaker to sit in it again, and did as he had done before, and drew the chaire a good way back, saying: is the house broad enough yet? The shomaker said: yea, I thank you, it is as broad as I would have it. Then Scogin bad the shoomaker's man set up his horse, and he tooke his chaire and went his way.

How the Shoemaker would have made his house greater, and brake downe the one side of it.

WITHIN two or three dayes after this, the shomaker thought to make his house greater, and caused the

horse to be tyed to the house side again, and he himselfe sate down in a chayre in the midst of the house, to see when it was broad enough, and had one of his men to make the horse draw. The horse pulled, but the house was never the broader. Then the shomaker caused another horse to be tyed to the house side. Then both the horses drew so much, that they pulled down foure or five postes of the house, which caused the tiles to fall, so that the shoemaker's head was broken in two or three places. Then the shomaker was faine to bestow a great deale of money in mending his house, and at the Surgeons for healing his head. After this he met with Scogin, and told him what a great mischance hee had. Why, said Scogin, when it was well, you could not let it alone.

How *Scogin* told the French King he could not doe two things at once.

On a time, the French king and Scogin did ride together, and the king said to Scogin : why doest thou not speak? Why, sir, said Scogin, will you have me doe two things at once? will you have me ride and speak too? Nay, said he, that were too much : for it is hard to serve two Lords and two masters, and please both the parties.

How the French King had *Scogin* into his house of office, & shewed him the King of England's picture.[1]

On a time, when the French King went to his stoole, he did take Scogin with him. Then said the French King to Scogin: looke behind thee, who is pictured on the wall. Scogin looked, & said: it is a faire picture. The king said: thou maist see what I doe make of a picture of thy king. Scogin beheld the picture of the King of England, & said to the French king: Jesu Christ! here is a wonderfull thing! What would you doe, if you did see the King of England in the face as he is, when that for feare you doe ****** yourselfe, when that you looke but upon a picture of him? Then the French king banished Scogin out of France, & he came into England againe.

How *Scogin* put French earth in his shoes, and came to England.[2]

When Scogin was banished out of France, he filled his shooes full of French earth, and came into England, and went into the king's court, and

(1) This jest is not in Thackeray's ed.

(2) This story is told, before Scogin's time, of Gonella, fool to Nicolo, Count of Este, and afterward to his son Borso, Duke of Ferrara (1441). See also Mr. Mackenzie's *Owlglass*, 1860, p. 40.

as soone as he came to the court, the king said to him : I did charge thee that thou shouldest never tread upon my ground of England. It is true, said Scogin, and no more I doe. What ! traytor, said the king, whose groūd is that thou standest on now ? Scogin said : I stand upon the French king's ground, and that you shall see ; and first he put off the one shooe, and it was full of earth. Then said Scogin : this earth I brought out of France. Then said the king : I charge thee never to looke me more in the face.

How *Scogin* came to Cambridge, and how hee deceived the poore folkes.[1]

After the King had commanded Scogin to looke him no more in the face, hee went to Cambridge, and through one Master Everid that was his friend, he got him a chamber in Jesus Colledge. So, on a time about midsummer faire, he lacked money, and at last he got him a paire of crutches, and a patched Cloake, and took a coard, and bound up one of his legs behind him, and went to Barnwell with his crutches, like as if he had lacked one leg, and came among the poor folkes like a stout beggar. And after he had beene there a

(1) This story is not in Thackeray's ed.

little while, hee would needes keepe all the money that was gotten, and at the end of the faire he said, it should be parted equally among them all. At last with much adoe they were contented ; so, when the faire was almost ended, Scogin said to the poore folke : I must goe into that corne and ease me, and I will come againe by and by. Scogin went into a Rye land, and put off his cloake, and untied the coard that he had bound his leg with, and ranne as fast as he could to Jesus College. The poore folkes espied him, and followed after him as fast as they could ; some, that had not gone without crutches a long time before, had almost overtaken him. Scogin was there before them, and had the key of his chamber, and had put on other apparell by that time the poore folkes come to the Colledge, and were searching in every place for him. At last Scogin came out of his chamber, and said : what doe you all here ? Marry, said they, there is a naughty man that hath deceived us of all that wee have gotten this Faire time, and hee came ronning into this College ; and for him doe we seeke. What manner of man is he ? said Scogin. Sir, said one of them, if your mastership would not bee angry, I would say you were as like him as any man might be. Well, said Scogin, you must get you away : for you let us of

our study. The poore folkes went their way, cursing him a hundred times that had so deceived them.

How *Scogin* rode to Newcastle with Master *Everid*, and what talke hee had with a fellow that kept oxen.

After that Scogin had beene at Cambridge a little while, his friend Master Everid would goe to Newcastle (to take possession of certain houses), and he said to Scogin: if you will goe with me to Newcastle, I will beare your cost and charges. Scogin was content, and went with him; and when they were within twelve miles of Newcastle, Scogin did see a fellow that was keeping of Oxen, that sat under a bush clouting of his shooes. Scogin said to the fellow: how far is it to Newcastle? I cannot tell, said the fellow. Then said Scogin: what is it a clock? The fellow said, hee could not tell. Then said Scogin: what town is this before us? I cannot tell, said the fellow. Then Scogin thought he had beene a foole, and said: didst thou not see an empty cart come by this way, with two great milstones in it? The fellow said: no. Then Scogin laughed, and was riding away. The fellow called him again, and said:

sir, I did not see no such cart as you aske for come this way, but here came a naked boy by, with a white loaf in his bosom and a straw in his **** to picke your teeth. Scogin rode his way, and said nothing; whereat Master Everid and his men laughed.

What shift *Scogin* made for Bootes, and how hee deceived two Shoomakers.

When Scogin should ride home againe, his boots were nought, and hee could not tell what shift to make. At last hee devised what he might do: whereupon he sent his man for a shoomaker to bring him a pair of bootes. The shoomaker brought the bootes, and when he had pulled on the right foot boot, and was pulling on the other boot, Scogin said it was marvellous strait, and that it did pinch his leg; wherefore he prayed him to cary it home, and set it on the laste an houre or two: for (quoth he) I have a thing to write, that will hold mee two hours; and all that time I will sit and write, and keepe this other boot on my leg still, until that be ready. The shoomaker tooke the boot and went home, as Scogin had bidden him. When the shoemaker was gone, he sent his man for another shoomaker, and caused

one to pull off the boot, which the first shoomaker had pulled on. When the other shoemaker was come, Scogin caused him to pull on the left boot; and when he was pulling on the right foot boot, Scogin found fault with it, as he did with the first shoomaker, and sent him away in like sort. When he was gone, he caused his man to make ready their horses, and hee pulled on the boote againe, which the first shoomaker had left behinde him, and so he rode away with the two boots of two shoomakers. Shortly after, the shoomakers came and enquired for Scogin; but he and his man were gone almost an hour before.

How *Scogin* overtooke a Priest, and kept company with him, and how he and the Priest prayed for money.[1]

When Scogin and his man had ridden ten or twelve miles on their way, hee overtooke a Priest that was riding to London, to pay his first fruits, with whom hee kept company, untill he came to Stamford; and all that way as they rode, Scogin made the Priest very good cheere, and would let him pay no money, so that Scogin had but two

(1) The incident here is similar to one narrated in the *Life of Robin Hood*, printed from MS. Sloane 715 in Thoms' *Early Prose Romances*, 1828, vol. ii. The present anecdote is omitted in Thackeray's ed.

shillings left; and riding betweene Stamford and Huntington, Scogin complayned him to the Parson in this sort. I marvell, master Parson (quoth he), how men doe when they want money, to get it: for when I want money, I know not how to get any, except I should steale. No, no, said the Priest, doe you not know that they that serve God well, doe not want, and how that God promiseth, that if you call upon him in your afflictions, that he will helpe you? You say well, master Parson, said Scogin, and rode before; and when hee saw a faire place, he kneeled downe, and lifted up his hands, and prayed to God, till Master Parson and his man did overtake him; but nothing hee could get. When they were come, hee told them he prayed, but could get nothing. But (quoth he) I will try once againe, and then if I can get nothing, both you, master Parson, and my man shall helpe me to pray; for I doe not doubt but God will helpe something, when hee heareth all our prayers. And then Scogin did ride before againe, and when hee saw his place convenient, he alighted him from his horse, and tyed him to a tree, and kneeled downe, and prayed as hee had done before until such time as they came to him. Then said the Parson: how doe you now, master Scogin? By my troth, said he, I can get nothing; wherefore

alight, sirra, quoth hee to his man, and tie your horse to yonder tree; and then hee went to the Parson, and tooke his horse by the bridle, and told him hee must needes helpe him to pray. The Parson for feare durst not say him nay, but alighted, and tooke his capcase from the saddle-bow, wherein was fifty pounds. Then Scogin asked his man how much money he had in his purse. He sayd: twenty pence. By my troth, said Scogin, and I have but two shillings; and how much have you, Master Parson? said hee. The Parson thought that if hee had told him all, hee would surely have borrowed a good part of it, and he said: five pounds. Well, let us pray hartily, said Scogin; and then they kneeled downe, and prayed for the space of halfe an houre; and Scogin said: let us see whether God have heerd our request, or no. And then he looked to his owne purse, where was but two shillings, and then hee looked to his man's purse, where was but twenty pence. Then Scogin came to the Parson, and said: now, Master Parson, let us see what you have; for I doe not doubt but God hath heard our prayers; and tooke the Priest's capcase and opened it, wherein was a bag with fifty pounds in it, which the Parson should have paid for his first fruits. Then Scogin spread his cloake abroad, and powred out the money; and

when hee had told it, hee said: by [our] Lady! Master Parson, God hath heard our prayer. And then hee gave him five pounds, and said: master Parson, here is the five pound that thou had before wee began to pray, and the rest we will have: for I see that you are so well acquainted with God that with praying halfe an houre you can get as much more; and this will doe us great pleasure; and it is but a small matter for you to pray halfe an houre. The Parson desired Scogin to let him have the rest of the money, for hee said that hee did ride to London to pay his first fruits. Well, said Scogin, then you must pray againe; for wee will have this. And so they rode away, and left the Priest behind them; and the Priest was faine to ride home againe for more money.

How *Scogin* came to the Court like a monstrous Beast, and should have been hanged.

Scogin was weary of Cambridge, and could not tell how to doe, because the king had commanded him to looke him no more in the face. At last he got him a Bear's foot and an Oxe foot, and tyed them under his feet. Then he took a horse foot in one of his hands, and his other hand served for another foot; and Scogin lay about the

court, and on a certaine night there fell a snow. Scogin, within half a mile of the king's palace, went with his aforesaid three feet and his hand, which served for the fourth foot; and when he had set a circuit, he went into an old house, where there was an oven, and he crept into it, and set out his ****. In the morning the trace of this monstrous beast was found, and well was he that might first come to the Court to tell the King what a monstrous beast this should bee; that the one foot was like a Beares' foot, and the other like an Oxe foot, and the other foot like a horse foot, and the other like a mans' hand. As soone as the king heard of it, he called his hunters to goe with him to find out the trace of this monstrous beast; and that found, there was a great yelping of hounds and blowing of hornes; and at last the hounds did come to a bay. The King and the Lords pricked forth their geldings, and rode to the old house; and looked into the oven, and Scogin did set out his bare ****. What knave is this, said the king? I, sir, said Scogin, whom you charged not to look you in the face, wherefore I must needs turne my **** to you. Well, knave, said the king, thou shalt bee hanged for this pranke doing. Scogin leapt out of the oven, and pulled up his breech, and said: I desire your

Grace, if I shall be hanged, let me chuse the tree I shall be hanged on. I am content, sayd the king. Foure men were appointed to hang Scogin. Scogin had provided a bottle of wine, and sucket, and marmalade, and greene ginger; and said to them that should hang him: masters, the King's Grace hath given me license (as you know) to chuse what manner of Tree I shall hang on, and in the forrest of Windsor be goodly trees, and thither will I goe. Scogin went before them, and ever looked upon many okes and trees, and ever was eating of his sucket and marmalade, and greene ginger, and dranke still on his bottle, saying: God knoweth, the pangs of death are dry. When night was come, and the men being all day without meate or drinke, fainted, and said: good Scogin, the night draweth on, and we have eaten no meat to-day, and where we shall lye to night we cannot tell: chuse one tree or other to bee hanged on; o masters, said Scogin, make no haste for my hanging, for it would grieve the best of you all to bee hanged. Scogin wandred about here and there, untill it was a good while within night. Then said Scogin: here is a faire tree, let us goe lye under it all night. The men said: wee are so faint, that we cannot tell what to doe. Well, said Scogin, you seeme to bee honest men; goe

to your King and have me commended to him; and tell him that I will never chuse a tree to bee hanged on: and so fare you well. Hee is a mad man that may save his owne life, and will kill himselfe.[1]

How *Scogin* asked the King and Queen forgiveness.

Scogin seeing that he had lost the favour of the King and Queene, hee mused how he might be pardoned of the King and of the Queene. Hee heard say that the King would ride a progress, and at a convenient place, Scogin said to his servant: cast a coverlet over me, and say that I am dead, and say that, at my departure, I desired thee to pray to the King and Queen to forgive me. When the King and Queene did come by, Scogin lying under the coverlet by the high way, his servant said: here doth lye Scogin dead, and when hee departed, hee prayed both your Graces to forgive him. Now (said the King and Queen) God forgive him, and wee do. Scogin start up, and sayd: I do thank both your Graces, and hereafter I will no more displease you: for I see it is more harder to keepe a friend, then to get one.

(1) As to the antiquity of this story, see Dr. Doran's *History of Court Fools*, 1858, p. 129.

How *Scogin* told the Queene what a great study he was in.[1]

After that Scogin had got his pardon of the King and of the Queen, as it is rehearsed, he used honest jesting with the King and Queen; and on a time before the Queene hee stood in a great study. Whereon doth thou muse, Scogin, said the Queene? Muse! said Scogin; I am musing on a matter that would trouble any mans braines living: for it maketh mee to sweat on the browes to bring it to passe. Tell me, said the Queene, the matter. I shall, said Scogin. Every man telleth me, that our Parson is my ghostly father, and that the Church is my Mother; then would I faine know, what kin I am to the steeple. The Queene said: thou must needs be alianced to the steeple. I thanke your Grace, said Scogin: for you have brought mee out of a great doubt.

How divers Gentlemen of the Court came to *Scogin's* house to make merry.

On a time divers Gentlemen of the Court said to Scogin: Gentle master Scogin, wee would laugh, and therefore we will come to your house to make

(1) This section is omitted in Thackeray's ed.

merry, and wee will tarry all night, so that you will provide for vs beds and horse meat. You shall not lacke, said Scogin. The Gentlemen came to Scogin's house, thinking that Scogin had provided all things necessary for them. When they were come to his house, there was no manner of provision, neither for horse meat, man's meat, nor lodging. Scogin, seeing his friends were come to his house, said: Masters, you be welcome, and that is the best cheere that I have; and as for meat for you, I have it not at this time, but onely an apple, and therefore I pray you not to be discontented, considering the old proverbe in Latine is:

Dat pira vel poma,
Qui non habet alia dona. (1)

The which is to say, he that hath no other gift, must give an apple or peare. I say, sayd Scogin, I have at this time no better cheare; therefore, I pray you, bee contented with your fare. Why, said the Gentlemen, have you meat for our horses? Masters all, said Scogin, I have a house, but I have no land; I have neither hay, grass, nor corn, nor pasture, unlesse it bee in the Church-yard, and there I have seven foot that I doe challenge; therefore let your horses goe there. Then said the

(1) In old ed. these lines run on; but as *poma* and *dona* seemed to be a feeble attempt at rhythm, a metrical arrangement, as above, was thought preferable.

Gentlemen: how shall wee doe for our beds and lodgings? Masters all, said Scogin, as for beds, care not: for I have enough for you all. Then wee care not, said the Gentlemen. Hast thou, beside thy apple, any drink? Yea, said Scogin, as good as any is in the well. Why then, said the Gentlemen, bring us to our beds. I will, said Scogin, which did bring them to his garden, saying: Masters, choose every man his lodging in these beds: for these bee the best beds that I have. Then one Gentlemen said: wee came hither to laugh, but I suppose wee shall weepe, e're wee have done. Here a man may see that the thing which men doe propose,[1] God doth dispose, and let no man thinke that there was never so great a flood, but there may bee as low an ebbe; and in this case is to be considered, that no man can aske more of a man, than hee is able to doe.

How *Scogin* fell sicke of a perillous cough.[2]

THE time was come that Scogins dayes drew to an end, who was infected with a perillous cough. His Physitians did counsel him neither to eat cheese nor nuts. And why so? said Scogin. The

(1) Old ed. has *suppose*.

(2) This and the following story are not in Thackeray's ed.

Physitian said: for such things doe cause and provoke coughing. Nay, said Scogin, that cannot be so: for a sheepe doth neither ete cheese nor nuts, and there is no beast living that hath the cough so much. Then said the Physitian: if they did or could eat it, such things would augment and increase their infirmity. Wherefore it is good to refraine from contagious meats and drinkes, according to the infirmity of a man's disease.

How *Scogin* was shriven and hosted.

Scogins sicknesse increased more and more, and he sent for the Priest to be shriven and hosted. The Priest, comming to him with the sacrament of the Altar, said: Master Scogin, here I have brought to you our blessed Lord God in forme of bread, that dyed on the Crosse for all sinners; doe you believe in him? Yea, said Scogin, or else would I were burnt at a stake. Then said the Priest: e're you doe receive Him, you must be contrite of your offences, and bee shriven, and recognise your selfe a sinner. That wil I gladly, said Scogin. Hee being shriven, and beeing penitent, received the Sacrament devoutly; and that done, Scogin said: good Lord, I doe thanke thee for all thy benefits; but, masters, I tell you all that stand about mee, if

I might live to eate a Christmasse pye, I care not then if I dye by and by after : for Christmasse pyes be good meat. Here is to be noted that a man is loath to dye, although there be no remedy; and he that can reioyce him in God, and in mirth without sin, that man is happy.

How *Scogin* desired that hee might bee buried at the East side of Westminster.

Scogin waxing sicker and sicker, his friends advertised him to make his Testament, and to shew where he would lye after hee was dead. Friends, said Scogin, when I came into this world, I brought nothing with me, and when I shall depart out of this world, I shall take nothing away but a sheet ; take you the sheet, and let me have the beginning againe naked. And if you cannot doe this for me, I pray you that I may be buried at the East side of Westminster, under one of the spouts of the leads : for I have ever loved good drinke all the dayes of my life : and there he was buried, whereas now the most ancient and sapient King Henry the seventh did build the most sumptuous Chappell in the world, whereas the said sapient King doth lye, as it beseemeth an armipotent Prince and King to lye.

What *Scogin* said when the holy candle was put in his hand.[1]

When the extreame pangs of death came vpon Scogin, the holy Candle was put in his hand to blesse himselfe. When Scogin had done so, in surrend'ring thankes to God, hee said: now the Proverbe is fulfilled, that he that worst may, shall hold the Candle: for ever the weakest is thrust to the wall.

(1) This concluding paragraph is deficient in Thackeray's ed.

FINIS.

THE SACK-FULL OF NEWES.

The Sack-Full of Newes. London, Printed by Andrew Clark, and are to be sold by Thomas Passenger, at the Three Bibles upon London Bridge, 1673. 12*mo. Black Letter.*

This is the only edition now known of a little book of facetiæ, which is described by Laneham, in his *Letter from Kenilworth*, 1575, as an illustration of the celebrated Captain Cox's "great oversight in matters of storie."

There cannot be much doubt that the *Sack-Full of Newes*, for which (with other books) John King paid twelvepence to the Stationers' Company in 1557, was the same as the tract reprinted in the following pages, although a drama with the same title was formerly in existence. The *Sack-Full of Newes* was afterwards the property of Sampson (or John) Awdeley, and of John Charlwood, to whom it was licensed, with several other articles, on the 15th January, 1582. On the 5th September, 1587, Edward White was the owner of the book, and paid sixpence to the Company for right to print it. Of its subsequent fate, until it was republished (perhaps in an abridged shape) in 1673, we know nothing. Liable to destruction as works of this nature were from extensive and repeated perusal, it seems strange that all the copies of all the earlier impressions of *The Sack-Full of Newes* should have so completely disappeared.

A limited number of copies of the edition of 1673 was printed for Mr. Halliwell in 1861.

See Brydges' *Restituta*, iii, 130.

THE FIRST TALE.

In the country of Almaine, in a certain village, there was on a time a parson of a Church which preached unto his parishioners, and thereby shewed them the joys of Heaven and the pains of Hell, and many other things. And as he thus preached in the Pulpit, among the people there was a Miller which knew well that the Priest had a concubine, and spake so loud, that everybody did hear him. What, foolish Priest, said he, thou makest much babling in the Pulpit and all thy wit is not worth a straw: for I have an asse that is far wiser than thou art, and thou makest here much ado of Heaven and Hell, and I may if I will have both Heaven and Hell at mine own house, winde and weather at my own will, and as it pleaseth me. Wherewith the Priest was greatly displeased, because he disturbed him in his sermon, and said he would complain thereof to the Bishop. Well, said the Miller, if thou dost complain, I will abide by that which I have said. But as soon as the Priest had done his sermon, he

went to the Bishop, and complained unto him of all that which the Miller had formerly spoken, whereupon the Bishop incontinently sent for the Miller; and when the miller came, the Bishop demanded if he could reasonably answer the complaint made against him by the Priest. Yea, my Lord, qd the Miller, that I can. Well, said the Bishop, thou saidst that thou mightest have thy choice both of Heaven and Hell at home in thine own house, when it pleaseth thee; and moreover thou saidst, thou hadst both wind and weather at thine own pleasure. And also thou saidst, thou hast an Ass that is far wiser than the Parish Priest. If thou canst prove thy saying true, thou shalt go quit without danger.

Indeed, qd the Miller, I said, that I had the choice of heaven and hell at mine own house if I would, and so I have: for I have a Mother of mine at home, that is so old she can neither go nor stand, and I trust as long as I keep her well and do her good, I shall by the grace of God have heaven at will, and if I do not that I deserve perpetual damnation; and likewise I said, that I had both wind and weather at will, and that is true: for if it be the Lord's will that I have good wind and weather, it is my will also, and I am very well contented therewith; and if it be his will to

send me otherwise, it is my will also, and I am pleased therewith; and whereas I said, that I had an ass that was wiser than our Priest, that is most true: for mine ass sometime when she stumbleth in a hole as she goeth, she will beware that she come no more that way, but looketh well before her, and will take heed that she do fall no more therein; but this Priest hath had a maid this seven years and more, which he lyeth withall, and falleth oft in her hole, and yet he cannot beware of it. And thus I hope I have sufficiently answered to this complaint.

Well (said the Bishop) thou hast answered, and wisely, and therefore go thy ways. And so he departed without any blame; but the Priest was deprived of his benefice and so another was set in his place, to his great rebuke and shame.

Another.

THERE was a fryer in London, which did use to go often to the house of an old woman, but ever when he came to her house, she hid all the meat she had. On a time this fryer came to her house (bringing certain company with him) and demanded of the wife if she had any meat. And she said: Nay. Well, quoth the fryer, have you not a whet-

stone? Yea (qd the woman); what will you do with it? Marry, qd he, I would make meat thereof. Then she brought a whetstone. He asked her likewise if she had not a frying-pan. Yea, said she, but what the divil will ye do therewith? Marry (said the fryer), you shall see by and by what I will do with it; and when he had the pan, he set it on the fire, and put the whetstone therein. Cocks body, said the woman, you will burn the pan. No, no, qd the fryer, if you will give me some eggs, it will not burn at all. But she would have had the pan from him, when that she saw it was in danger; yet he would not let her, but still urged her to fetch him some eggs, which she did. Tush, said the fryer, here are not enow, go fetch ten or twelve. So the good wife was constrayned to fetch more, for feare lest the pan should burn; and when he had them, he put them in the pan. Now, qd he, if you have no butter, the pan will burn and the eggs too. So the good wife being very loth to have her pan burnt, and her eggs lost, she fetcht him a dish of butter, the which he put into the pan and made good meat thereof, and brought it to the table, saying: much good may it do you, my Masters; now may you say, you have eaten of a buttered whetstone. Whereat all the company laughed, but the woman was exceeding

angry, because the fryer had subtilly beguiled her of her meat.

Another.[1]

THERE was an old man that could not well see, who had a fair young wife, and with them dwelt a young man, which had long wooed his mistress to have his pleasure of her; who at the last consented to him, but they knew not how to bring it to pass: for she did never go abroad but in her husband's company, and led him always. At last she devised a very fine shift, and bad her servant that he should that night, about midnight, come into her chamber, where her husband and she lay, and she would find some device for him. Night came, and the old man and wife went to bed, but she slept not a wink, but thought still upon her pretended purpose. But a little before the time prefixed she awakned her husband and said thus unto him: Sir, I will tell you a thing in secret, which your servant was purposed to do, when I am alone. I can never be at quiet for him, but he is always enticeing me to have me at his will, and so at the last to be quiet with him, I consented to meet him in the garden, but for mine honesties

(1) Compare *A C Mery Talys*, No. 2.

sake I will not. Wherefore I pray you put on my cloathes and go meet him ; so when he comes to you, beat him well, and chide him : for I know well he will not strike you, because you are his Master ; and then he may amend himself and prove a good servant ; and the man was well pleased therewith. So the good man put on his wive's cloaths, and took a good cudgel in his hand, and went into the garden. At length there came the servant to his mistress, where she lay in bed, and did what he would with her, and she was content ; and then she told him how she had sent her husband into the garden in her apparel, and wherefore, and to what purpose. So her servant arose, and (as she bad him) took a good staff with him, and went into the garden, as though he knew not it was his Master, and said unto him : Nay, you wh***, I did this but only to prove thee, whether thou wouldest be false to my good master, and not that I would do such a vile thing with thee. Whereupon he fell upon his Master, giving him many sore stripes, and beating him most cruelly, still calling him nothing but : Out, you wh***, will you offer this abuse to my good Master ? Alas (qd his Master), good John, I am thy Master, strike me no more, I pray thee. Nay, wh*** (qd he), I know who thou art well enough ; and so he struck him again, beating him

most grievously. Good John (said his Master), feel, I have a beard. Then the servant felt (knowing well who it was), who presently kneeled down, and cryed his Master mercy. Now thanks be to God (qd his master), I have as good a servant of thee as a man can have, and I have as good a wife as the world affords. Afterwards the Master went to bed and his servant also. When the old man came to bed to his wife she demanded of him how he sped. He answered and said: by my troth, wife, I have the trustiest servant in the world and as faithful a wife: for my servant came thither with a great staff, and did beat me right sore, thinking it had been you; whereupon I was well pleased therewith. But ever after the servant was well beloved of his Master, but better of his Mistress: for his Master had no mistrust of him, though he had made him a Cuckold. So the poore man was cruelly beaten, and made a Summers Bird[1] nevertheless.

(1) Sometimes the phrase is *Summer Bird;* but of course the cuckoo is meant.

> "Some time also licence they crave
> To be with some neighbour in the midwives sted,
> And all to the end some other knave
> Shall dub her husband a *summer bird.*"
>
> *Scholehouse of Women*, 1560, 315-18.

Another.

THERE was a man in the Country, who had not been any far traveller, and dwelt far from any church, except a church that was seven or eight miles from his house, and there they never sung mass nor Even song, but did ever say it. And on a time he came to London, having never been here before, and being in London, he went to Paul's church, and went into the chappel, where they sung Mass with organs, and when he heard the melody of the Organs and the singing together, that he never heard before, he thought he should have gone to Heaven by and by, and looked and said aloud that every one heard: O Lord, shall I go to Heaven presently? I would thou wouldest let me alone, till I might go home and fetch my white stick and black hood, and then I would go gladly with thee. Whereat all the people laughed heartily.

Another.

THERE was an Essex man came to London, who had a pair of shooes full of nails, and as he went along Cheapside he passed by a merchants house where many young men were at the door, and

among the rest one of them perceived that the man had nailes in his shooes, whereupon he said to him: thou churle, why comest thou hither with thy nailed shooes, and breakest the stones of our streets? indeed I will shew my Lord Mayor of it. When the Countryman heard him, he put off his shooes, and carried them in his hand, and went in his hose till he came to Pauls; whereat everybody laughed. And when he perceived that the people laughed at him, he put on his shooes again.

Another.

THERE was a priest in the country which had christned a child; and when he had christned it, he and the clark were bidden to the drinking that should be there, and thither they went with other people, and being there, the priest drunk and made so merry, that he was quite foxed and thought to go home before he laid him down to sleep. But having gone a little way, he grew so drousie, that he could go no further, but laid him down by a ditch side, so that his feet did hang in the water, and lying on his back, the Moon shined in his face. Thus he lay, till the rest of the company came from drinking, who as they came home found the priest lying as aforesaid, and they thought to get him away; but do what they could

he would not rise, but said: do not meddle with me, for I lie very well, and will not stir hence before morning; but I pray lay some more cloathes on my feet and blow out the candle, and let me lie and take my rest.

Another.

THERE was once a country-man, which came to London, where he had never been before, and as he went over London bridge, he saw certain ships sailing, being the first time he had seen any, and perceiving the sails made of cloth, he thought to assay if his plough would go so, and when he came home, he caused his wife to give him a large new sheet, and went and set it on the plow like a sail, thinking the plow would go with the wind, but it removed not, which when he saw, he said: what the devil, have I spoiled my sheet about nothing? So he set his horses to the plough again.

Another.

A CERTAIN butcher was flaying a calf at night, and had stuck a lighted candle upon his head, because he would be the quicker about his business; and

when he had done, he thought to take the same candle to light him to bed, but he had forgot where he had set it, and sought about the house for it, and all the while it stuck in his cap upon his head, and lighted him in seeking it. At the last one of his fellowes came and asked him what he sought for? Marry (quoth he), I look for the candle which I did flay the calf withal. Why, thou fool, qd he, thou hast a candle in thy cap: and then he felt towards his cap and took away the candle burning, where at there was great laughing, and he mocked for his labour, as he was well worthy.

Another.

THERE was a man that had been drinking so hard that he could scarse stand upon his feet, yet at night he would go home, and as he went through a green meadow neer a hedge side, the bryers held him by the cloaths and the legs, and he had thought that one had holden him, and would have had him to drink more, and he said; goodfellow, let me go, by my troth I can drink no more, I have drank so much already, that I cannot go home; and there he abode all the same night, and on the morrow went his ways.

Another.

IT happened not long since, that upon Easter day, two young fellows, that had been at the plow all the days of their lives, came into the Church to hear mass, both said and sung, as then it was accustomed to be, and there they saw the priest go censing with frankincense, and when they were both out of the church again, and going home, one of them cryed out to his fellow with a loud voice, saying: Lob, I pray thee what was that the priest went so whinging whanging withal? Why Hob (qd the other), dost thou not know? It is frankincense. Is it frankincense? I am sure it stunk as if the devil had been in the church.

Another.

THERE were once two men that were both masterless and moneyless, and one said to the other: what remedy canst thou now find out that we may either get some meat or money? By my troth, (qd the other) I do know a very fine shift; and being very early in the morning they espyed a man coming with hogs. [Then quod he: I will go and meet this fellow,][1] and I will tell him that they be

(1) A line or two containing something to this effect seems to have dropt out of the original ed.

sheep,[1] and I will cause him to lay a wager with me, whether they be sheep or hogs: and I will cause the matter to be judged by the next man that cometh, but then thou must go another way

(1) This story, slightly varied, is also found in *Scoggin's Jests;* and in a MS. belonging to Mr. Collier (see present vol. p. 56), the exploit is attributed to Peele the dramatist and Singer the actor. Mr. Collier printed this curious metrical version in his *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, ii, 215; and as it forms an interesting illustration of the subject, it is here given :—

A JEST OF PEELE AND SINGER.

G. Peele and Singer travelling together
Neare Cambridge towne, where they oft times had playde;
It was in summer, and full hot the weather;
Sitting beneath a spreading beeches shade,
They saw a drove of pigs all coming thither,
A clownish hoggerd driving.—Now, Peele saide,
Ile showe you sporte; doe you my councell keepe,
And Ile perswade the clowne his pigges are sheepe.

Go you on forward, or he sees you here,
And meete him comming, and unto him say,
Holla my friend! are thy sheepe very deare?
I would buy some; soe stoppe them on the waye.—
Singer agreed, and made a circuit cleare
Over the fieldes, and that without delaye,
That he might meet the hoggerd on his roade,
Some halfe mile on, whilst G. Peele there abode.

Soone as the pigs came neare him and the man,
G. Peele stept forward and survey'd the drove,
As he would buy some, and bespake him than.—
Those truly are fine sheepe, I sweare by Jove,
I nere saw finer since my time began:
Wilt thou sell one? for mutton much I love.—
And true it was stewde mutton he lov'd well,
As anie man twixt this and Clerkenwell.

and meet with us; when we demand of thee whether they be sheep or hogs, thou must say that they be sheep. Then they separated themselves the one from the other, and the one went to meet

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The hoggerd, hearing thus his pigs calde sheepe,
Did laugh outright whilst G. continued on:—
Tell me, my friend, what shall I give to keepe
One of thy sheepe? Say, and the bargaines done.—
What! cried the clowne, art thou not half asleepe,
To take my pigs for sheepe? sheepe are they none,
But pigs; and harke how they squeake, grunt, and snore
Ich never heard a sheepe bleate soe before.—

Man, thou art mad, quoth Peele, and I will wager
These angels gainst a sheepe that sheepe they are.—
Done, said the peasant to the humorous stager:
Take which you will, for hang me if I care.—
Youle wish, ere long, said G., you had been sager,
Ime very sure: but prithee now declare,
Who shall be judge betweene us: shall we saye
The first man that we meete upon the way?

With all my hart, the hoggerd answered.
Singer, be sure, was not far off by now;
They saw him coming on the road. Then said
The hoggerd, Here's a stranger, as I vowe:
It may be Adam, or Ile loose my head.—
His verdict in the matter Ile alowe,
Geo. Peele replied: to mee to[o] he's a stranger.
Thy sheepe, good frend, is mine, and in my danger.

When pigges are sheepe it is, but not till then,
The clowne replied. And so they drove a long
To meete with Singer, who, some nine or ten
Yardes distant, stood and gazde upon the throng
Of hogges, all grunting as when in a pen.—
How sell you, you, your sheepe? for them among
I see some fine ones, that I faine would buy.
How do you sell your sheepe? Ile buy one, I.

the man that had the swine, bidding him good morrow, the man doing the like to him again. Then he said to the old man: father, where had you your fair sheep. What sheep? qd the man. These sheep that you drive before you. Why, qd the old man, they are Swine. What (qd the other), will you make me a fool? think you I know not sheep from swine? Marry (qd the old man) I will lay one of my swine against what thou wilt, that they be no sheep. I hold thee my coat against one of thy[1] sheep, qd the other. I am content, qd the old man; by whom shall we be tryed? By the next man that meets us. Content, said the old man. And then they perceived the

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There! exclaimed G., does he not call them sheepe?
And sheepe they are, albeit pigs you call them.
I have won my wager; one is mine to keepe,
And you were lucky not to jeoperd all them.
The hoggerd starde, and cride, If so you clepe
Pigs sheepe you have no eies, but faire befall them!
If you have eies, then I my wittes have lost.—
And that you have, said George, unto your cost.

The hoggerd scrat his head in strange confusion,
Rubbing his eyes and looking every waye.
He felt he must be under some delusion,
And pigs in truth were sheepe, as they did saye.
He never dreamed of the vilde abusion
They put upon him in the open daye,
But paid his wager mid the players laughter
And callde pigs sheepe, perchance, for ever after.

(1) Old ed. has *my*

man coming, being the fellow of the young man; and when he came to them, the old man requested him to tel them what beasts those were? Why (qd he), they be sheep; do you not know sheep? I told him so (qd the other young man); but he would not believe me, and so I laid my coat upon a wager that they were sheep, and he laid one of his sheep against my coat that they were swine; and I won it, have I not? Yea (qd the old man); but God help me, I bought them for swine. And then the young man took one of the fattest hogs he could find amongst them all, and carryed him away, and his fellow went another way, as though he had not known him, and the poore man returned again to the place where he had bought them. What became of him afterward, I cannot tell; only this much I know, that he was deceived by those two crafty fellows of one of his hogs. But they immediately met one the other again, and sold the hog for money, and rejoyced that they fared so well, (not knowing how to have otherwise sustained their wants).

Another.

THERE was a man born in Essex that had been brought up in Norfolk from a child, and on a time

he was purposely minded to see his father and mother in Essex; and as he went he heard a cow cry. Thanked be God, said he, that once before I die, I hear my mothers tongue.

Another.

A MAN there was, that had a child born in the North Countrey; and upon a time this man had certain guests, and he prepared sallets and other meat for them, and bid his boy go into the cellar and take the sallet there (meaning the herbs) and lay them in a platter, and put vinegar and oil thereto. Now the boy had never seen a sallet eaten in his Country; but he went, and looking about the cellar, at last he espyed a rusty sallet of steel sticking on a wall, and said to himself: what will my master do with this in a platter? So down he took it, and put it into a platter and put Oil and vinegar unto it, and brought it to the table. Why, thou knave (qd his Master), I bad thee bring the herbs which we call a Sallet. Now, by my Sires sale, Master (said the boy), I did never see such in my Country. Whereat the guests laughed heartily.

Another.

THERE was a Gentlewoman that had a French boy dwelling with her, and on a time she gave the boy a pennie to fetch her some graines for to eat (supposing that he would go to the apothecaries for them), but having the money he went into the kitchen to the Maid, requiring her to give him a basket: and then he went unto a brewhouse, and fetcht a pennie worth of grains. But the gentlewoman did greatly marvell where he tarryed so long (supposing that he had been at the apothecaries); but at last he came home with the basket upon his shoulders full of graines. Then the gentlewoman asked him if he had brought her the graines. Yes, Mistresse (qd he), I have brought you a penny worth of grains for your horse. Why, knave (qd she), I meant thou shouldest go to the apothecaries for them. By cock, Mistresse (qd he), I knew not that, but I have brought such as I could get. Whereupon the gentlewoman laughed heartily, to see how he had served her, through meer simplicity.

Another.

THERE was a widow in London that had a Dutchman to her servant, before whom she set a rotten cheese and butter for his dinner: and he eate of the butter because he liked it, and his mistresse bad him eat of the cheese. No, Mistresse, qd he, the butter is good enough. She, perceiving he would eat none of the bad cheese, said: thou knave, thou art not to dwell with honest folkes. By my troth, Mistresse, said he, had I taken heed ere I came hither, I had never come here. Well, knave, qd she, thou shalt go from on[e] wh*** to another. Then will I go, qd he, from you to your sister; and so departed.

Another.

THERE was an Italian which loved Coleworts well, and on a time he bad his boy go fetch him some coleworts and set them over the fire against he came home: and the boy knew not the coleworts, but imagined thereby his master had meant coales, and carried them into his masters chamber. But then he thought with himself, that it would not be good for him to set the basket on the fire, and let them burn. Now when his Master came home, he went into the kitchan, and demanded of the maid,

if the Coleworts were ready. She said she saw none. Then he said no more, but went to his chamber; and meeting the boy by the way, he asked him for his Coleworts which he bad him make ready. Marry, sir, said he, they be almost enough: for they have lien rosting in the fire almost this hour. Where are they, said the Master? In your chamber, sir, qd the boy. So he went into his chamber and there he saw a great fire, and then he asked the boy again, where the coleworts were. Why, Master, qd the boy, I understood you that you bad me fetch coales, and hang them over the fire in the basket, and if I should have done so, the basket would have burned; wherefore I took the basket, and powred the coals on the fire. O whorson, qd his Master, I bad thee to fetch some coleworts and hang them in a kettle over the fire; and he was angry with the boy; but the boy stil said he did as he was bidden.

Another.

THERE was on a time a priest in the countrey that preached upon a holiday in his parish church; and as he stood in the pulpit he perceived through a hole in the glasse window, that other mens swine were in his corn. What the mischief, said he, stand I here fading the time to the devil, and see yonder

swine are spoyling my corn. And then he leapt out of the pulpit, and ran as if he had been mad; and left all the people to stand there like a company of fools.

Another.

THERE was three young men going to Lambeth along by the water side, and the one plaid with the other, and they cast each others cap into the water, in such sort as they could not get their caps again. But over the place, where their caps were, did grow a great old tree, the which did cover a great deale of the water. One of them said to the rest: Sirs, I have found a notable way to come by them. First I will make myself fast by the middle with one of your girdles unto the tree, and he that is with you shall hang fast upon my girdle, and he that is last shall take hold on him that holds fast on my girdle; and so with one of his hands he may take up all our caps, and cast them on the sand; and so they did. But when they thought that they had been most secure and fast, he that was above felt his girdle slack, and said: soft, sirs, my girdle slacketh. Make it fast quickly, said they; but as he was untying it to make it faster, they fell all three into the water, and were well washed for their pains.

Another.

On a time there was a priest in the country that was not very well learned, and had but a small living; and he devised with himself how he might get some money, and at last he bethought him that making of baskets was a good trade, and so he fell to it, and took a servant; and so his servant and he made six baskets every week, and when they had made six baskets, then he knew it to be Sunday. And on a time he had made six baskets, and knew it not, and on the morrow began to make the seventh. But he had overlabored himself, and forgot to ring to Masse; then the people, resorting to church, caused the bell to be rung. When the priest heard it, he bad his servant go up to his chamber, and look how many baskets were made; and the servant went up, and found six baskets. Cocks body, Master, qd he, we have made six baskets already. What the devill, said the priest, have we made six baskets already! then do I know it is Sunday. Go therefore presently, and help them ring to Masse: for by my troth I had forgot myselfe.

Another.[1]

Another.[2]

Another.

In the countrey dwelt a Gentlewoman who had a French man dwelling with her, and he did ever use to go to Church with her, and upon a time he and his mistresse were going to church, and she bad him pull the doore after him, and follow her to the church; and so he took the doore betweene his armes, and lifted it from the hooks, and followed his mistresse with it. But when she looked behinde her, and saw him bring the doore upon his back: why, thou foolish knave, qd she, what wilt thou do with the door? Mary, mistresse, qd he, you bad me pull the doore after me. Why, whorson, qd she, I did command thee that thou shouldest make fast the doore after thee, and not to bring it upon thy back after me. But after this, there was much good sport and laughing at his simplicity and foolishnesse therein.

(1) It was thought desirable to suppress this tale, which has no point, and which is too gross for publication.

(2) A similar reason recommended the exclusion of this story.

TARLTON'S JESTS.

Tarltons Jests, drawn into three parts:

1. His Court-Witty Jests.
2. His Sound City Jests.
3. His Countrey Pretty Jests.

Full of Delight, Wit, and Honest Mirth. Lond. by J. H. 1611, 4°.

Another edit. Lond. by J. H. for Andrew Crook, 1638, 4°.

Tarlton's Jests have been edited, with his *Newes out of Purgatorie*, for the Shakespeare society, by J. O. Halliwell, Esq. 1844, 8°.

THE ed. of 1611 is the earliest now known; but it is beyond doubt that Tarltons Jests were in print before 1600. The first part indeed is mentioned in one of Nash's tracts as in existence prior to 1592, and was probably committed to the press not long after the death of Tarlton, which happened in Sept. 1588. The second part was licensed, it seems, in 1600. Many of the stories in this collection, with some allowance perhaps for exaggerations or slips of the memory on the part of the narrator (whoever he was), may be looked upon as representing actual incidents in the career of the great comic performer, under whose name they pass current; while others, again, were merely new applications of old material, as for instance, of the tales in *Jack of Dover*, 1604, like nearly all the "Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson," 1607. *Tarlton's Jests* are important as illustrations of contemporary merriment and as forming a link in the series of old English jest-books now reproduced; but we fear that the modern reader will peruse the greater part of these merriments with an unmoved countenance. Sir Roger Williams, when he said in his *Discourse of Warre*, 1590, that Tarlton "was no bodie out of his mirths," most probably meant that his only merit lay in his impersonations of comic characters on the stage; and if so, Sir Roger was certainly not far wrong, unless those productions by Tarlton which have not been recovered possessed rather higher pretensions than *Tarlton's Jests*.

At the end of this tract will be found a collection of early notices of Tarlton, from a variety of sources. It may be worth mentioning here that the old ballad, called *An Excellent Medley*, printed about 1660, was directed to be sung to the tune of *Tarleton's Medley*.

TARLTON'S COURT-WITTY JESTS.

How Tarlton plaid the drunkard before the Queene.

THE Queene being discontented, which Tarlton perceiving, took upon him to delight her with some quaint jest; whereupon he counterfaited a drunkard, and called for beere, which was brought immediately. Her Majestie, noting his humor, commanded that he should have no more: for, quoth shee, he will play the beast, and so shame himselfe. Feare not you, quoth Tarlton, for your beere is small enough. Whereat Her Majestie laughed heartily, and commanded that he should have enough.

How Tarlton deceived the watch in Fleetstreet.

TARLTON, having bin late at court, and comming homewards thorow Fleetstreet, he espied the watch, and, not knowing how to passe them, hee went very fast, thinking by that meanes to goe unexamined. But the watchmen, perceiving that hee shunned them, stept to him and commanded him,

in the queene's name, to stand.[1] Stand! quoth Tarlton, let them stand that can: for I cannot. So, falling downe as though he had been drunke, they helpt him up, and so let him passe.

How Tarlton flowted a lady in the court.

Upon a time, Tarlton being among certaine ladies at a banquet which was at Greenwich, the queene then lying there, one of the ladies had her face full of pimples with heat at her stomake; for which cause she refused to drinke wine amongst the rest of the ladies: which Tarlton perceiving, for he was there of purpose to jest amongst them, quoth he: a murren of that face, which makes all the body fare the worse for it! At which the rest of the ladies laught, and she, blushing for shame, left the banquet.

Tarlton's opinion of oysters.

Certaine noblemen and ladies of the court, being eating of oysters, one of them, seeing Tarlton, called him, and asked him if he loved oysters.

(1) *Dogb.*——you shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How, if 'a will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave."—*Much Ado About Nothing*, iii. 3.

No, quoth Tarlton, for they be ungodly meate, uncharitable meat, and unprofitable meate. Why, quoth the courtiers? They are ungodly, sayes Tarlton, because they are eaten without grace; uncharitable, because they leave nought but shells; and unprofitable, because they must swim in wine.

Tarlton's resolution of a question.

One of the company taking the gentlemans part, asked Tarlton at what time he thought the divell to be most busied. When the pope dies, quoth he. Why, saies the courtier? Marry, answered he, then all the devells are troubled and busied to plague him: for he hath sent many a soule before him thither, that exclaime against him.

How a parsonage fell in Tarlton's hands.

Her Majestie, dining in the Strand at the Lord Treasurers,[1] the lords were very desirous that she would vouchsafe to stay all night, but nothing could prevaile with her. Tarlton was in his clownes apparell, being all dinner while in the

(1) Burghley House, in the Strand.—*Halliwell.*

presence with her, to make her merry; and hearing the sorrow that the noblemen made that they could not worke her stay, he asked the nobles what they would give him to worke her stay. The lords promised him any thing, to performe it. Quoth he, procure me the parsonage of Shard. They caused the patent to be drawne presently. He got on a parson's gowne and a corner-cap, and, standing upon the stairs, where the queene should descend, he repeated these words: a parson or no parson? a parson, or no parson? But after she knew his meaning, shee not only stayd all night, but the next day willed he should have possession of the benefice. A madder parson was never: for he threatned to turne the bellmettle into lyning for his purse; which he did: the parsonage and all, into ready money.

How Tarlton proved two gentlewomen dishonest by their owne words.

TARLTON seeing in Greenwich two gentlewomen in the garden together, to move mirth, comes to them, and enquires thus: gentlewomen, which of you two is the honester? I, sayes the one, I hope without exceptions: and I, quoth the other, since

we must speake for ourselves. So, then, sayes Tarlton, one of you, by your own words, is dishonest, one being honester than the other, else you would answere otherwise; but, as I found you, so I leave you.

How Tarlton answered a wanton gentlewoman.[1]

How Tarlton dared a lady.

At the dinner in the great chamber, where Tarlton jested, the ladies were daring one another. Quoth one, I ever durst do anything that is honest and honourable. A French crowne of that, sayes Tarlton. Ten pound of that, sayes the lady. Done, sayes one. Done, sayes another. Tarlton put two pence betwixt his lips, and dared her to take it away with her lips. Fie! sayes shee, that is immodesty. What, to kisse, says Tarlton! then immodesty beares a great hand over all; but once in your life, say you have beene beaten at your owne weapon. Well, sir, sayes shee, you may say any thing. Then, sayes Tarlton, remember I say you dare not, and so my wager is good.

(1) This anecdote is pointless and too indelicate to print.

How Tarlton landed at Cuckolds-haven.[1]

TARLTON, being one Sunday at court all day, caused a paire of oares[2] to tend him, who at night called on him to be gone. Tarlton, being a carousing, drunk so long to the watermen, that one of them was bumpsie;[3] and so, indeede, were all three for the most part. At last they left Greenwich; the tide being at great low fall, the watermen, yet afraide of the crosse cables by the Lime House, very dark and late as it was, landed Tarlton at Cuckolds-haven, and said the next day they would give him a reason for it. But Tarlton was faine to goe by land to Redriffe[4] on the dirty banke, every step knee-deepe: so that, comming home, hee called one of his boyes to help him off with his boots, meaning his stockings, which were

(1) On the Thames, below Rotherhithe, now known as Cuckold's Point.

(2) *i.e.* Oarsmen.

(3) Maudlin.

(4) Rotherhithe, which is still pronounced as if it was spelled *Redriffe* or *Ridriffe*. "It (Hell) stands further off then the Indies; yet to see the wonderful power of navigation, if you have but a side-winde, you may saile sooner thither than a married man can upon St. Lukes day to Cuckolds haven from St. Katherins."—Dekker's *Knights Conjuring*, 1607.

See *Eastward Hoe* by Marston, &c. 1605; Webster's works, ed. Hazlitt, i, 128; Taylor W. P.'s works, 1630, ii, 21. Tate wrote a farce called *Cuckold's Haven*, printed in 1685.

died of another colour. Whereupon one gave him this theame[1] next day:

Tarlton, tell mee, for fayne would I know,
If thou wert landed at Cuckolds-haven or no?

Tarlton answered thus:—

Yes, sir, I tak't in no scorne,
For many land there, yet misse of the horne.

How Tarlton fought with Black Davie.

Not long since lived a little swaggerer,[2] called Blacke Davie, who would at sword and buckler fight with any gentleman or other for twelve pence. He being hired to draw upon Tarlton for breaking a jest upon huffing[3] Kate, a punke, as men termed her, one evening, Tarlton comming forth at the court gate, being at Whitehall, and walking toward the Tilt yard, this Davie immediately drew upon Tarlton who on the sudden, though amazed, drew likewise, and enquired the cause; which Davie denied, till they had fought a bout or two. Tarlton couragiously got within him, and, taking him in his

(1) To "give themes" was in Tarlton's time a very favourite practice among literary associates and otherwise. See Gascoigne's *Posies*, 1575 (*Flowers*, xxix).

(2) A bully who probably attached himself to houses of ill-repute, and took part with the inmates against visitors. The character is still a common one.

(3) Blustering.

armes, threw him into the Tilt yard; who, falling upon his nose, broke it extremely, that ever after he snuffled in the head. Poore Davie, lying all that night in the Tilt yard, expecting the doores to be opened, came forth, and at the barber-surgeon's told of this bloody combat: and the occasion of it was, quoth he, because Tarlton, being in a taverne in the company of this damnable cockatrice, huffing Kate, called for wine; but she told him that, without he would burne it, she would not drink. No, quoth Tarlton, it shall be burnt: for thou canst burne it without fire. As how, sir, quoth she. Mary, thus; take the cup in thine hand, and I will tell thee. So he, filling the cup in her hand, said it was burnt sufficiently in so fiery a place. Shee, perceiving herselfe so flouted, hired me to be her champion to revenge her quarrell.

How Tarlton answered the watchmen, comming from the court.

TARLTON, having plaied before the queene till one a clock at midnight, comming homewards, one of them espied him, [and] called him: sirra, what art thou? A woman, sayes Tarlton. Nay, that is a lye, say the watchmen, women have no such beards.

Tarlton replyed: if I should have said a man, that you know to be true, and would have bidden me tel you that you know not; therefore, I said a woman; and so I am all woman, having pleased the queene, being a woman. Well, sirra, sayes another, I presente[1] the queene. Then am I a woman, indeed, sayes Tarlton, as well as you: for you have a beard as well as I, and truly, Mistriss Annis, my buske is not done yet; when will yours? Leave thy gibing, fellow, saith the watch; the queenes will is that, whosoever is taken without doores after ten a clocke, shall bee committed; and now it is past one. Commit all such, sayes Tarlton: for if it be past one a clock, it will not be ten this eight hours. With that one lifts up his lanthorne, and lookes him in the face, and knew him. Indeed, M. Tarlton, you have more wit then all we: for it is true that ten was before one, but now one is before ten. It is true, quoth Tarlton, watchmen had wont to have more wit, but for want of sleepe, they are turned fooles. So Tarlton stole from them, and they, to seeme wise, went home to bed.[2]

(1) *i.e.* represent.
(2) See Taylor's *Wit and Mirth*, 1622, No. 47.

Tarlton's answer to a courtier.

TARLTON being in the court all night, in the morning he met a great courtier comming from his chamber who, espying Tarlton, said: good-morrow, M. Didimus and Tridimus. Tarlton, being somewhat abashed, not knowing the meaning thereof, said: sir, I understand you not; expound, I pray you. Quoth the courtier: Didimus and Tridimus is a foole and a knave. You overloade me, replied Tarlton: for my backe cannot beare both; therefore, take you the one, and I will take the other; take you the knave, and I will carry the foole with me.

Tarlton's quip for a yong courtier.

THERE was a yong gentleman in the court that had first bin with the mother, and after with the daughter; and, having so done, asked Tarlton what it resembled. Quoth he: As if you should first have eaten the hen, and after the chicken.

Tarlton's answere to a nobleman's question.[1]

THERE was a nobleman that asked Tarlton what hee thought of souldiers in time of peace. Marry, quoth he, they are like chimnies in summer.

Tarltons Jest to an unthrifty courtier.

THERE was an unthriftie gallant belonging to the court that had borowd five pounds of Tarlton; but, having lost it at dice, he sent his man to Tarlton to borrow five pounds more by the same token hee owed him already five pounds. Pray tel your master, quoth Tarlton, that if he will send me the token, I will send him the money: for who deceives me once, God forgive him! if twice, God forgive him! but if thrice, God forgive him! but not me, because I could not beware.

How Tarlton flouted two gallants.

TARLTON being in a merry vaine, as hee walked in the great Hall in Greenwitch, hee met my old Lord Chamberlaine going betweene two fantasticke gallants, and cryed aloud unto him: my lord, my lord, you goe in great danger. Whereat amazed, hee asked whereof. Of drowning, quoth Tarlton, were it not for those two bladders under each of your armes.

(1) See *Additional Notes*, &c. at the end of the present vol.

TARLTON'S SOUND CITY JESTS.

Tarlton's jest of a red face.

An ordinary in White Fryers, which gentlemen used, by reason of extraordinary diet, this Tarlton often frequented, as well to continue acquaintance as to please his appetite.[1] It chanced so upon a time especially, being set amongst the gentlemen and gallants, they enquired of him why melancholy had got the upper hand of his mirth. To which he said little, but with a squint eye, as custome had made him hare-eyed, hee looked for a jest to make them merry. At last he espied one that sate on his left side, which had a very red face, he being a very great gentleman, which was all one to Tarlton. Hee presently in great haste called his host: Who doe I serve, my host, quoth Tarlton. The Queenes Majestie, replied the good man of the house. How happens it, then, quoth Tarlton, that to her Majesties disgrace, you dare make me a companion with servingmen, clapping my Lord

(1) Orig. reads *To an ordinary in White Fryers, where* gentlemen used, by reason of extraordinary diet, to this, &c. The meaning is, that at this establishment persons were invariably well served for their money.

Shandoyes[1] cullisance[2] upon my sleeve?—looking at the gentleman with the red face. Mee thinkes, quoth he, it fits like the Saracens head without Newgate. The gentlemans salamanders face burnt like Etna for anger. The rest laughed heartily. In the end, all enraged, the gentleman swore to fight with him at next meeting.

A sudden and dangerous fray twixt a gentleman and Tarlton, which he put off with a jest.

As Tarlton and others passed along Fleet Street, he espied a spruce yong gallant, black of complexion, with long haire hanging downe over his eares, and his beard of the Italian cut, in white sattin very quaintly cut, and his body so stiffely starcht, that he could not bend himselfe any way for no gold. Tarlton, seeing such a wonder comming, trips before him, and, meeting this gallant, tooke the wall of him, knowing that one so proud at least looked for the prerogative. The gallant, scorning that a player shoulde take the wall, or so much indignifie him, turnes himselfe, and presently drew his rapier. Tarlton drew likewise. The gentleman fell to it roundly; but Tarlton, in his

(1) William Brydges, Lord Chandos, ob. 1602. He kept a company of players.

(2) Badge.

owne defence, compassing and traversing his ground, gaped with a wide mouth, whereat the people laughed. The gentleman, pausing, enquired why he gaped so. O, sir, saies he, in hope to swallow you: for, by my troth, you seeme to me like a prune in a messe of white broth. At this the people parted them. The gentleman, noting his mad humour, went his way well contented: for he knew not how to amend it.

Tarlton's Jest of a pippin.

At the Bull in Bishops-gate-street, where the queenes players oftentimes played, Tarlton comming on the stage, one from the gallery threw a pippin at him. Tarlton tooke up the pip, and, looking on it, made this sudden jest:—

Pip in, or nose in, chuse you whether,
Put yours in, ere I put in the other.
Pippin you have put in: then, for my grace,
Would I might put your nose in another place.

A jest of an apple hitting Tarlton on the face.

Tarlton having flouted the fellow for his pippin which hee threw, hee thought to be meet with

Tarlton at length. So, in the play, Tarlton's part was to travell who, kneeling down to aske his father blessing, the fellow threw an apple at him, which hit him on the cheek. Tarlton taking up the apple, made this jest :—

> Gentlemen, this fellow, with this face of mapple,
> Instead of a pipin, hath thrown me an apple,
> But as for an apple, he hath cast a crab ;
> So, instead of an honest woman, God hath sent
> him a drab.

The people laughed heartily : for he had a queene to his wife.

How Tarlton and one in the gallery fell out.

It chanced that, in the midst of a play, after long expectation for Tarlton, being much desired of the people, at length hee came forth, where, at his entrance, one in the gallerie pointed his finger at him, saying to a friend that had never seene him : that is he. Tarlton, to make sport at the least occasion given him, and seeing the man point with the finger, he in love againe held up two fingers. The captious fellow, jealous of his wife, for he was married, and because a player did it, took the matter more hainously, and asked him why

he made hornes at him. No, quoth Tarlton, they be fingers :—

For there is no man, which in love to me,
Lends me one finger, but he shall have three.

No, no, sayes the fellow, you gave me the hornes. True, sayes Tarlton : for my fingers are tipt with nailes, which are like hornes, and I must make a shew of that which you are sure of. This matter grew so, that the more he meddled the more it was for his disgrace ; wherefore the standers by counselled him to depart, both hee and his hornes, lest his cause grew desperate. So the poore fellow, plucking his hat over his eyes, went his wayes.

How fiddlers fiddled away Tarlton's apparell.

It chanced that one Fancy and Nancy,[1] two musicians in London, used often with their boyes[2] to visit Tarlton when he dwelt in Gracious-street at the signe of the Saba, a taverne, he being one of their best friends or benefactors, by reason of old acquaintance ; to requite which they came one summer's morning to play him The Hunt's Up with such musicke as they had. Tarlton, to requite them, would open his chamber doore, and for their

(1) Probably assumed names. (2) *i. e.* their singing-boys.

paines would give them muskadine; which a cony-catcher noting, and seeing Tarlton come forth in his shirt and nightgowne to drinke with these musicians, the while this nimble fellow stept in, and tooke Tarltons apparell, which every day he wore, thinking if[1] he were espied to turne it to jest; but it passed for currant, and he goes his wayes. Not long after, Tarlton returned to his chamber, and looked for his cloathes, but they were safe enough from him. The next day, this was noised abroad, and one in mockage threw him in this theame, he playing then at the Curtaine :—

Tarlton, I will tell thee a jest
Which after turned to earnest.
One there was, as I heard say,
Who in his shirt heard musicke play,
While all his clothes were stolne away.

Tarlton, smiling at this, answered on the sudden thus :—

That's certaine, sir, it is no lie,
That same one in truth was I.
When that the theefe shall pine and lacke,
Then shall I have cloathes to my backe :
And I, together with my fellowes,
May see them ride to Tiborne gallowes.

(1) Orig. reads *that if.*

Of Tarlton and a beggar.

THERE was a poore begger, but a conceited fellow who, seeing Tarlton at his doore, asked something of him for Gods cause. Tarlton, putting his hand in his pocket, gave him two pence instead of a penny, at which Tarlton made this ryme :—

Of all the beggers most happy thou art,
For to thee mine hand is better then my heart.

Quoth the begger :—

True it is, master, as it chanceth now :
The better for me, and the worse for you.

How Tarlton deceived a doctor of phÿsicke.

TARLTON, to satisfie the humours of certaine gentlemen his familiar acquaintance, went about for to try the skil of a simple doctor of physick, that dwelt not far from Islington, and thus it was. He tooke a faire urinal, and filled it halfe full of good wine, and bore it to this doctor, saying it was a sicke man's water. He viewed it, and tossing it up and downe, as though he had great knowledge, quoth he : the patient, whose water it is, is full of grosse humors, and hath neede of purging, and to

be let some ten ounces of bloud. No, you dunce, replyed Tarlton, it is good [wine], and with that drunke it off; and threw the urinall at his head.

How Tarlton frightened a country fellow.

TARLTON, passing through London, by chance he heard a simple country fellow in an alehouse, calling for a Kingstone pot of ale, stept in to him, and threatened to accuse him of treason, saying: sirra, I have seene and tasted of a penny pot of ale, and have found good of the price, but of a Kingstone coyne I never heard, therefore it is some counterfet, and I must know how thou camest by it. Hereupon, the country fellow was driven into such amaze, that out of doores he got, and tooke him to his heeles, as though wilde fire had followed him.

How Tarlton was deceived by his wife in London.

TARLTON being merrily disposed, as his wife and he sate together, he said unto her: Kate, answer me to one question without a lye, and take this crown of gold, which shee took on condition, that if she lost, to restore it back again. Quoth Tarlton: am I a cuckold or no, Kate? Whereat shee

answered not a word, but stood silent, notwithstanding he urged her many waies. Tarlton, seeing she would not speak, askt his gold againe. Why, quoth shee, have I made any lye? No, sayes Tarlton. Why then, good man foole, I have won the wager. Tarlton, mad with anger, made this rime :—

As women in speech can revile a man,
So can they in silence beguile a man.

One askt Tarlton what country man the divell was.

In Carter Lane, dwelt a merry cobler who, being in company with Tarlton, askt him what countryman the divell was. Quoth Tarlton, a Spaniard : for Spaniards, like the divell, trouble the whole world.

A cheese-monger's question to Tarlton.

In time of scarcity, a simple cheese-monger, hearing Tarlton commended for his quick wit, came unto him, and asked him why he thought cheese and butter to be so deere. Tarlton answered : because wood and coales are so deare, for butter and cheese a man may eate without a fire.

Tarlton's answere to a rich Londoner.

TARLTON, meeting a rich Londoner, fell into talke about the Bishop of Peterborough, highly praising his bountie to his servants, his liberality to strangers, his great hospitality and charity to the poore. He doth well, sayes the rich man: for what he hath, he hath but during his life. Why, quoth Tarlton, for how many lives have you your goods?

How Tarlton gave away his dinner.

As Tarlton and his wife sate at dinner, his wife being displeased with him, and thinking to crosse him, she gave away halfe his meate unto a poore begger, saying: take this for my other husband's sake. Whereupon Tarlton tooke all that was left, and likewise bade the poore fellow to pray for his other wives soule.

Tarlton's answere to a boy in a rime.[1]

THERE was a crack-rope boy [who,] meeting Tarlton in London street, sung this rime unto Tarlton :—

(1) This anecdote also occurs in MS. Sloane 1489, fol. 19, with a few immaterial variations.—*Halliwell.*

Woe worth thee, Tarlton,
That ever thou wast borne ;
Thy wife hath made thee cuckold,
And thou must weare the horne.

Tarlton presently answered him in extemporie :—

What and if I be, boy,
I'me ne're the worse ;
She keepes me like a gentleman,
With mony in my purse.

How Tarlton bad himselfe to dinner to my Lord Maiors.

A JEST came in Tarlton's head where to dine, and thought he : in all that a man does, let him aime at the fairest : for sure, if I bid my selfe any where this day, it shall be to my Lord Maiors, and upon this goes to the Counter, and entered his action against my Lord Maior, who was presently told of it, and sends for him. Tarlton waits dinner time, and then comes : who was admitted presently. Master Tarlton, saies my Lord Maior, have you entered an action against me in the Poultry Counter? My Lord, saies Tarlton, have you entred an action against mee in Woodstreet Counter? Not I, in troth, saies My Lord. No!

saies Tarlton, he was a villaine that told me so then; but if it bee not so, forgive me this fault, My Lord, and I will never offend in the next. But in the end he begins to sweare how he will be revenged on him that mockt him, and flings out in a rage. But my lord said: stay, M. Tarlton, dine with me, and no doubt but after dinner you will be better minded. I will try that, my lord, saies Tarlton, and, if it alter mine anger, both mine enemy and I will thanke you together for this courtesie.

Tarlton's jest of a box on the eare.

One, that fell out with his friend, meetes him in the street, and calling him into a corner, gave him a box on the eare, and feld him, getting him gone, and never told wherefore he did so; which Tarlton beholding, raised up the fellow, and asked him the reason of their sudden falling out. Can you tell, sir, said the fellow: for by my troth as yet I cannot? Well, said Tarlton, the more foole you, for had I such feeling of the cause, my wit would remember the injurie; but many men are goslings: the more they feele, the lesse they conceive.

Tarlton's jest to two tailors.

TARLTON, meeting two tailors, friends of his, in the evening, in mirth cries: who goes there? A man answered: a tailor. How many is there? One. Yea, said Tarlton. Two, said the other tailor. Then you say true, said Tarlton: for two tailors goe to a man. But before they parted they foxt Tarlton at the Castle in Pater Noster Row, that Tarlton confest them two tailors to be honest men. So what they spent in the purse they got in the person. Comming but one, by Tarlton's account, they returned two; but Tarlton, comming one, returned lesse by his wit: for that was shrunk in the wetting.

How Tarlton jested at his wife.

TARLTON and his wife, keeping an ordinary in Pater Noster Row, were bidden out to supper, and because he was a man noted, shee would not goe with him in the street, but intreats him to keepe one side, and she another, which he consented to. But as he went, hee would cry out to her, and say: turne that way, wife; and anon: on this side, wife; so the people flockt the

more to laugh at them. But his wife, more than mad angry, goes backe againe, and almost forswore his company.

How Tarlton committed a raker's[1] *horse to ward.*

When Tarlton dwelt in Gracious street, at a tavern at the sign of the Saba,[2] he was chosen scavenger; and often the ward complained of his slacknesse in keeping the streets cleane. So on a time, when the cart came, he asked the raker why he did his businesse so slacklye. Sir, said he, my fore horse was in the fault who, being let bloud and drencht yesterday, I durst not labour him. Sir, said Tarlton, your horse shall smart for it, and so leads him to the counter; which the raker laught at, and without his horse did his worke with the rest, thinking Tarlton's humour was but to jest, and would returne him his horse againe anon. But when that anon came, hee was faine to pay all his fees of the prison, as directly as if hee himselfe had beene there. For if Tarlton had committed the master, the businesse had not gone forward; therefore the horse was in prison for the master.

(1) A person who raked the dirt off the road or street.—*Halliwell.*
(2) Now the Bell-Savage.

How Tarlton made Armin[1] his adopted sonne, to succeed him.

TARLTON keeping a taverne in Gracious street, hee let it to another, who was indebted to Armin's master, a goldsmith in Lombard street, yet he himselfe had a chamber in the same house; and this Armin, being then a wag, came often thither to demand his masters money, which he sometimes had, and sometimes had not. In the end the man, growing poore, told the boy hee had no money for his master, and hee must beare with him. The man's name being Charles, Armin made this verse, writing it with chalke on a wainescot:—

> O world, why wilt thou lye?
> Is this Charles the great? that I deny.
> Indeed Charles the great before,
> But now Charles the lesse, being poore.

Tarlton, coming into the roome, reading it, and partly acquainted with the boyes humour, comming often thither for his master's money, tooke a piece of chalk, and wrote this ryme by it:—

> A wagge thou art, none can prevent thee;
> And thy desert shall content thee.

(1) The celebrated actor and author.

Let me divine. As I am,
So in time thou'lt be the same,
My adopted sonne therefore be,
To enjoy my clownes sute after me.

And see how it fell out. The boy, reading this, so loved Tarlton after that, regarding him with more respect, hee used to his playes, and fell in a league with his humour: and private practise brought him to present playing, and at this houre performes the same where, at the Globe on the Banks side, men may see him.

Tarlton's greeting with Banks his horse.

THERE was one Banks, in the time of Tarlton, who served the Earle of Essex, and had a horse of strange qualities, and being at the Crosse-keyes in Gracious streete, getting mony with him, as he was mightily resorted to. Tarlton then, with his fellowes, playing at the Bel by, came into the Crosse-keyes, amongst many people, to see fashions, which Banks perceiving, to make the people laugh, saies: signior, (to his horse,) go fetch me the veryest foole in the company. The jade comes immediately, and with his mouth drawes Tarlton forth. Tarlton, with merry words, said nothing,

but "God a mercy horse." In the end, Tarlton, seeing the people laugh so, was angry inwardly, and said: sir, had I power of your horse, as you have, I would doe more than that. What ere it be, said Banks, to please him, I will charge him to do it. Then saies Tarlton: charge him to bring me the veriest whore-master in the company. The horse leades his master to him. Then "God a mercy horse, indeed," saies Tarlton. The people had much ado to keep peace; but Bankes and Tarlton had like to have squar'd, and the horse by to give aime.[1] But ever after it was a by word thorow London, *God a mercy horse!* and is to this day.

An excellent jest of Tarlton suddenly spoken.

At the Bull at Bishops-gate, was a play of Henry the fift,[2] wherein the judge was to take a box on the eare; and because he was absent that should take the blow, Tarlton himselfe, ever forward to please, tooke upon him to play the same judge, besides his owne part of the clowne: and Knel[3]

(1) See Nares (edit. 1859) in voce *aim* (*to give*).

(2) This was the old drama of "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," 1598.

(3) William Knell, a celebrated comedian, mentioned in T. Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612.

then playing Henry the fift, hit Tarlton a sound boxe indeed, which made the people laugh the more, because it was he. But anon the judge goes in, and immediately Tarlton in his clownes cloathes comes out, and askes the actors what newes. O, saith one, hadst thou been here, thou shouldest have seene Prince Henry hit the judge a terrible box on the eare: What, man, said Tarlton, strike a judge! It is true, yfaith, said the other. No other like, said Tarlton, and it could not be but terrible to the judge, when the report so terrifies me, that me thinkes the blow remaines still on my cheeke, that it burnes againe. The people laught at this mightily: and to this day I have heard it commended for rare; but no marvell: for he had many of these. But I would see our clowns in these dayes do the like; no, I warrant ye, and yet they thinke well of themselves, to[o].

Tarlton's jest with a boy in the street.

A WAG halter-boy[1] met Tarlton in the street, and said: master Tarlton, who lives longest? Mary, boy, saies Tarlton, he that dies latest. And why dye men so fast, said the boy? Because they want

(1) *i.e.* a stable-boy.

breath, said Tarlton. No, rather, said the boy, because their time is come. Then, thy time is come, said Tarlton; see, who comes yonder. Who, said the boy? Mary, said Tarlton, Bull the hangman, or one that would willingly be thy hangman. Nay, hang me then, if I imploy him at this time, said the boy. Well, said Tarlton, then thou wilt be hanged by thy owne confession; and so they parted.

A jest of Tarlton, proving mustard to have wit.

TARLTON, keeping an ordinary in Paternoster row, and sitting with gentlemen to make them merry, would approve mustard standing before them to have wit. How so, saies one? It is like a witty scold, meeting another scold, knowing that scold will scold, begins to scold first; so, saies he, the mustard being lickt up, and knowing that you will bite it, begins to bite you first. Ile try that, saies a gull by; and the mustard so tickled him, that his eyes watered. How now, saies Tarlton; does my jest savour? I, saies the gull, and bite too. If you had had better wit, saies Tarlton, you would have bit first: so then conclude with me, that dumbe unfeeling mustard hath more wit than a talking unfeeling foole, as you are. Some were

pleased, and some were not; but all Tarlton's care was taken: for his resolution was ever, before he talkt any jest [, to measure his opponent].[1]

How Tarlton tooke tobacco at the first comming up of it.

TARLTON, as other gentlemen used, at the first comming up of tobacco, did take it more for fashion's sake then otherwise; and being in a roome, set between two men overcome with wine, and they never seeing the like, wondred at it, and seeing the vapour come out of Tarlton's nose, cryed out: fire, fire! and threw a cup of wine in Tarlton's face. Make no more stirre, quoth Tarlton, the fire is quenched; if the sheriffes come, it will turne to a fine, as the custome is. And drinking that againe: fie, sayes the other, what a stinke it makes; I am almost poysoned. If it offend, saies Tarlton, let's every one take a little of the smell, and so the savour will quickly goe: but tobacco whiffes made them leave him to pay all.

(1) Something to this effect seems to have dropt out of the old ed. The sense is not complete, as the text stands.

TARLTON'S PRETTY COUNTREY JESTS.

Tarlton's wit betweene a Bird and a Woodcock.

In the city of Glocester, M. Bird[1] of the chappell met with Tarlton who, joyfull to regreet other,[2] went to visit his friends. Amongst the rest, M. Bird of the queenes chappell visited M. Woodcock of the colledge when, meeting, many friendly speeches past, amongst which M. Woodcock challenged M. Bird of him, who mused that hee was of his affinity and hee never knew it. Yes, sayes M. Woodcock, every woodcock is a bird, therefore it must needs be so. Lord, sir, sayes Tarlton, you are wide, for though every woodcock be a bird, yet every bird is not a woodcock. So Master Woodcock like a woodcock bit his lip, and mumbudget[3] was silent.

(1) The musician of that name.
(2) *i.e.* to greet one another again.
(3) In the Merry Wives of Windsor, V. 2, Master Slender says :—
"I come to her in white, and cry *mum*, and she cries *Budget*, and by that we know one another."

Tarlton's jest of a gridiron.

WHILE the queenes players lay in Worcester City to get money, it was his custome for to sing extempore of theames given him, amongst which they were appointed to play the next day. Now, one fellow of the city amongst the rest, that seemed quaint of conceit, to lead other youths with his fine wit, gave out that the next day hee would give him a theam, to put him to a nonplus. Divers of his friends, acquainted with the same, expected some rare conceit. Well, the next day came, and my gallant gave him his invention in two lines, which was this :

> Me thinkes it is a thing unfit,
> To see a gridiron turne the spit.

The people laughed at this, thinking his wit knew no answere thereunto, which angered Tarlton exceedingly ; and presently, with a smile looking about, when they expected wonders, he put it off thus :—

> Methinkes it is a thing unfit,
> To see an asse have any wit.

The people hooted for joy, to see the theame giver dasht who, like a dog with his taile betweene his

legs, left the place. But such commendations Tarlton got, that hee supt with the bailiffe that night, where my theamer durst not come, although he were sent for, so much [was] he vexed at that unlookt for answer.

Tarlton's answer in defence of his flat nose.

I REMEMBER I was once at a play in the country where, as Tarlton's use was, the play being done, every one so pleased [was wont] to throw up his theame; amongst all the rest, one was read to this effect, word by word :—

Tarlton, I am one of thy friends, and none of thy foes.
Then I prethee tell how cam'st by thy flat nose :
Had I beene present at that time on those banks,
I would have laid my short sword over his long shankes.

Tarlton, mad at this question, as it was his property sooner to take such a matter ill then well, very suddenly returned him this answere :—

Friend or foe, if thou wilt needs know,
Marke me well :
With parting dogs and bears, then, by the ears,
This chance fell :

But what of that?
Though my nose be flat,
My credit to save,
Yet very well I can by the smell,
Scent an honest man from a knave.

Tarlton's jest of a Bristow man.

When the queenes players were restrained in summer,[1] they travelled downe to S. James his faire at Bristow, where they were worthily entertained both of Londoners and those cittizens. It hapned that a wealthy citizen, called M. Sunbanke, one morning secretly married his maid, but not so secret but it was blowne abroad. That morning, Tarlton and others, walking in the faire to visit his familiar friends of London, and beeing in company of Bristow men, they did see M. Sunbanke comming, who had [t] his property with his necke, not to stirre it any way but to turne body and all. It chanced at the faire-end hee stood to **** against a wall, to whome Tarlton came, and clapping him on the shoulder: God give you joy of your marriage, saies he. M. Sunbanke, being taken ***** against the wall, would have looked back to thank him, and suddenly turnes about, body and all, in

(1) Restrained, probably, from playing in London.

the view of many, and shewed all: which so abasht him that (ashamed) hee tooke into a taverne, protesting that he had rather have spent ten pound. Sure, said the vintner, the fault is in your necke, which will not turn without the bodies assistance, and not in M. Tarlton. Call you him M. Tarlton, saies M. Sunbanke? Yea, sir, sayes the vintner, he is the queenes jester. He may be whose jester hee will bee, but this jest agrees not with me at this time, saies M. Sunbanke.

A jest broke of Tarlton by a country gentleman.

In the country, where the queenes plaiers were accepted into a gentleman's house, the waggon unlading of the apparell, the wagoner comes to Tarlton, and doth desire him to speake to the steward for his horses. I will, saies he; and comming to the steward: sir, saies Tarlton, where shall our horses spend the time? The gentleman, looking at Tarlton at that question, suddenly answered: if it please you or them, let them walke a turne or two: [f]or there is a faire garden; let them play a game or two at bowles in the alley:—and departs thence about his other businesse. Tarlton, commending the sudden wit of the steward, saith little. But my steward, not

quiet, tels to the gentlewomen above, how he had driven Tarlton to a non plus with a jest; whereat they all did laugh heartily; which a servingman, loving Tarlton wel, ran and told him as much. Tarlton, to adde fuell to the fire, and loth to rest thus put off with a jest, goes and gets two of the horses into the garden, and turnes them into the bowling alley, who with their heeles made havock, being the gentleman's only pastime. The ladies above, from a window seeing horses in the garden alley, call the knight, who cries out to Tarlton: fellow, what meanest thou? Nothing, sir, sayes he; but two of my horses are at seven up for a peck of provender, a foolish match that I made. Now they being in play at bowles, run, run, your steward may come after and cry rub, rub; at which though they smiled, yet the steward had no thankes for his labour, to set the horses to such an exercise, and they could not blame Tarlton, who did but as he was bidden. But by this jest oates and hay, stable roome and all, was plenty.

How Tarlton made one of his company utterly forsweare drunkennesse.

At Salisbury, Tarlton and his fellowes were to play before the maior and his brethren; but one

of his company, a young man, was so drunke that he could not: whereat Tarlton, as mad angry as he was mad drunk, claps[1] on his legs a huge paire of bolts. The fellow, dead asleepe, felt nothing. When all was done, they conveyed him to the jaile on a mans back, and intreated the jailer to doe God good service, and let him lye there, till he waked. While they were about their sport, the fellow waked, and, finding himselfe in durance, and the jaile hung round with bolts and shackles, he began to blesse himselfe, and thought sure in his drunkennesse hee had done some mischiefe. With that hee called to know, but none came to him; then hee thought verily his fault was capitall, and that hee was close prisoner. By and by, comes the keeper, and moaned him that one so young should come to so shamefull a death as hanging. Anon another comes, and another with the like, which further put him in a puzzle. But at last comes Tarlton and others, intreating the keeper, yet if it might bee, that they might see their fellow, ere they went. But hee very hardly was intreated. But at length the poore drunken Signior cald out for them. In they come. Oh, Tom, sayes Tarlton, hard was thy hap, in drunkennesse to murder this honest man, and our hard hap

(1) Orig. reads *claps me.*

too, to have it reported any of our company is hang'd for it. O God, O God, saies the fellow, is my fault so great? then commend me to all my friends. Well, short tale to make, the fellow forswore drunkennesse, if hee could escape; and by as cunning a wile (to his thinking) they got him out of prison by an escape, and sent him to Londo before, who was not a little glad to be gone. But see how this jest wrought; by little and little the fellow left his excessive drinking, and in time altered his desire of drunkennesse.

How Tarlton saved his head from cutting off.[1]

TARLTON upon a time being in the country, and lodging in an homely inne, during which time there was a gentleman dwelling in the same towne, some what franticke and distraught of his wits: which mad man, on a sudden, rusht into Tarlton's bed-chamber with his sword drawne, and, finding him there in bed, would have slaine him, saying: villaine, were it not valiantly done to strike off thy knave's head at one blow? Tarlton answered: tut, sir, that's nothing with your worship to doe: you can as easily strike off two heads at one blow as one; wherefore, if you please, Ile goe downe and call up another, and so you may strike off

(1) See Additional Notes at the end of the volume.

both our heads at once. The madman beleeved him, and so let him slip away.

How Tarlton escaped imprisonment.

TARLTON having been domineering[1] very late one night with two of his friends, and comming homewards along Cheapside, the watch being then set, M. Constable asked: who goes there? Three merry men, quoth Tarlton. That is not sufficient; what are you? qd. M. Constable. Why, saies Tarlton, one of us is an eye-maker, and the other a light-maker. What saiest thou, knave; doest mocke mee? the one is an eye-maker, the other a light-maker, which two properties belong unto God only; commit these blasphemers, quoth the constable. Nay, I pray you, good M. Constable, be good in your office. I will approve what I have said to be true, qd. Tarlton. If thou canst, saies the constable, you shall passe; otherwise you shall be all three punished. Why, qd. Tarlton, this fellow is an ey-maker, because a spectacle-maker; and this other a maker of light, because a chandler, that makes your darkest night as light as your lanthorn. The constable, seeing them so pleasant, was well contented. The rest of the watchmen laughed, and Tarlton with his two companions went home quietly.

(1) Blustering or swaggering.

How Tarlton deceived a country wench.

THE queens players travelling into the West Country to play, and lodging in a little village some ten miles from Bristow, in which village dwelt a pretty nut-browne lasse, to whome Tarlton made proffer of marriage, [and] protested that he came from London purposely to marry her, The simple maid, being proud to bee beloved by such a one, whom she knew to be the queenes man, without more intreatie yeelded: and being both at the church together, and M. Parson ready to performe his duty, and comming to the words of I, Richard, take thee, Joane: nay, stay, good Master Parson, [quoth Tarlton] I will go and call my fellowes, and come to you again. So going out of the church in haste, he returned at leasure: for, having his horse ready saddled, he rode toward Bristow, and by the way told his fellowes of his successe with his wench.

How Tarlton went to kill crowes.

IT chanced upon a time, as Tarlton went foorth with a birding peace into the fields to kill crowes, hee spied a daw sitting in a tree, at which he

meant to shoot; but at the same instant there came one by, to whome hee spake in this manner: Sir, quoth he, yonder I see a daw, which I shoot at, if she sit. If she sit, said the other, then she is a daw indeed. But, quoth Tarlton, if shee sit not, what is she then? Marry, quoth the other, a daw, also: at which words she immediately flew away; whereupon Tarlton spake merrily a rime as followeth:—

Whether a daw sit, or whether a daw fly,
Whether a daw stand, or whether a daw lye,
Whether a daw creepe, or whether a daw cry,
In what case soever a daw persever,
A daw is a daw, and a daw shall be ever.

How a poore begger-man over-reached Tarlton by his wit.

As Tarlton upon a day sate at his owne doore, to him came a poore old man and begged a peny for the Lord's sake; whereupon Tarlton, having no single money about him, askt the begger what mony he had. No more mony, master, but one single peny. Tarlton, being merrily disposed, called for his peny, and, having received it, gave it to his boy to fetch a pot of ale: whereat the

begger grew blanke, and began to gather up his wits how to get it againe, The pot of ale, for the begger's peny, being brought, he proffered to drinke to the begger. Nay, stay a while, master, quoth the begger. The use is where I was borne, that hee that payes for the drink must drink first. Thou saist well, quoth Tarlton; goe to, drink to me, then. Whereupon the begger tooke the pot, saying: here, Master, I drink to you; and therewithall dranke it off every drop. Now, master, if you will pledge me, send for it, as I have done. Tarlton, seeing himself so over-reacht, greatly commended the begger's wit, and withall, in recompence thereof, gave him a teaster. With that, the begger said that hee would most truly pray to God for him. No, answered Tarlton, I pray thee pray for thy selfe, for I take no usury for almes-deeds.

Of Tarlton's pleasant answer to a gallant by the high-way side.

It was Tarlton's occasion, another time, to ride into Suffolk, being furnished with a very leane, large horse; and by the way a lusty gallant met him, and in mockage asked him, what a yard of his horse was worth. Marry, sir, quoth Tarlton,

I pray you alight, and lift up my horses taile, and they in that shop will tell you the price of a yard.

How Tarlton would have drowned his wife.

Upon a time, as Tarlton and his wife, as passengers, came sailing from Southampton towards London, a mighty storme arose, and endangered the ship; whereupon the captaine thereof charged every man to throw into the seas the heaviest thing hee could best spare, to the end to lighten some-what the ship. Tarlton, that had his wife there, offered to throw her overboord; but the company rescued her; and being asked wherefore he meant so to doe, he answered: she is the heaviest thing I have, and I can best spare her.[1]

How Tarlton made his will and testament.

Of late there was a gentleman living in England, that, wheresoever he dined, would of every dish convey a modicum thereof into his gowne sleeve; which gentleman being upon a time at dinner at a gentleman's house in the country, there he used his aforesaid quality in the company of Master Tarlton who, perceiving it, said thus unto the

(1) See the *Philosopher's Banquet*, 1614, 8°, p. 241.

company: my masters, I am now determined, before you all, to make my last will and testament. And first, I bequeath my soule to God, my Creator, and my body to be buried in the sleeve of yonder gentleman's gowne: and with that, stepping to him, he turned up the gowne sleeve, whereout here dropt a bit, and there a bit, with choice of much other good cheere, [Tarlton] still shaking it, saying: I meant this sleeve, gentlemen, this sleeve I meant.

How Tarlton called a gentleman knave by craft.

WITHIN a while after, as the same gentleman and Tarlton passed thorow a field together, a crow in a tree cried kaw, kaw. See yonder, Tarlton, quoth the gentleman, yonder crow calleth thee knave. No, sir, he answered, he beckens to your worship as the better man.

Tarlton jest of a country wench.

TARLTON, going towards Hogsdon, met a country maid comming to market; her mare stumbling, downe shee fell over and over, shewing all; and then, rising up againe, she turned her round about unto Master Tarlton, and said: God's body, sir, did you ever see the like before? No, in good sooth, quoth Tarlton, never but once, in London.

How Tarlton deceived an inne-holder at Sandwich.

Upon a time, when the plaiers were put to silence, Tarlton and his boy frolickt so long in the countrey, that all their money was gone; and, beeing a great way from London, they knew not what to doe; but, as want is the whetstone of wit, Tarlton gathered his conceits together, and practised a trick to beare him up to London without money; and thus it was. Unto an inne in Sandwich they went, and there lay for two daies at great charge, although he had no money to pay for the same: the third morning, he bade his man goe downe, and male-content himself before his host and his hostesse, and, mumbling, say to himself: Lord, Lord, what a scald[1] master doe I serve! this it is to serve such seminary priests and jesuites: now, even as I am an honest boy, Ile leave him in the lurch, and shift for my selfe: heres ado about penance and mortification, as though, forsooth, Christ had not dyed enough for all! The boy mumbled out these his instructions, so dissembling, that it strooke a jealousy[2] in the inne-holder's heart that, out of doubt, his master was a seminarie priest; whereupon he presently sent for the con-

(1) Mean, shabby. (2) Suspicion.

stable, and told him all the foresaid matter, and so went up both together to attacke Tarlton in his chamber, who purposely had shut himself close in, and betaken him to his knees and to his crosses, to make the matter seeme more suspitious; which they espying through the keyhole made no more adoe, but in they rushed, and arrested him for a seminarie priest, discharged his score, bore his and his boyes charges up to London, and there, in hope to have rich rewards, presented him to M. Fleetwood, the old recorder of London. But now marke the jest! When the recorder saw Tarlton, he[1] knew him passing well, entertained him courteously, and all to befool the inne-holder and his mate, and sent them away with fleas in their eares. But when Tarlton sawe himselfe discharged out of their hands, he stood jesting and pointing at their folly, and so taught them by cunning more wit and thrift against another time.

Of Tarlton's wrongfull accusation.

Upon a time, Tarlton was wrongfully accused for getting of a gentleman's maid with child, and for the same brought before a justice in Kent, which

(1) Orig. reads *and knew.*

justice said as followeth: it is a mervaile, M. Tarlton, that you, being a gentleman of good qualitie, and one of her majesties servants, would venture thus to get maides with childe. Nay, rather, quoth Tarlton, were it marvell, if a maid had gotten me with child.[1]

Tarlton deceived by a country wench.

TARLTON travelling to play abroad, was in a towne where, in the inne, was a pretty maid, whose favour was placed in a corner of Tarlton's affection: and talking with her, shee appoynted to meet him at the bottom of a paire of staires. Night and the houre came, and the maid subtily sent downe her mistresse, whome Tarlton catching in his armes: art come, wench? saies hee. Out, alas! sayes the mistres, not knowing who it was. Tarlton, hearing it was the mistris, start[2] aside, and the maid came downe with a candle, and she espyed a glimpse of Tarlton in the darke, who stept into another roome. How now, mistres? said the maid. Something, said shee, affrighted me; some man, sure: for I

(1) Versions of this story are inserted in the *complete London Jester*, 1771, p. 46, and in *Laugh and Be Fat*, circa 1801, p. 29 It is to be traced back to the *Heptameron of the Queen of Navarre;* see Kelly's transl. 1855, p 86.

(2) *i.e.* Started.

heard him speake. No, no, mistresse, said the maid, it is no man; it was a bull calf that I shut into a roome, till John, our pounder, came to have pounded him for a stray. Had I thought that, saith she, I would have hit him such a knocke on his forehead that his horne should never have grac'd his coxcombe; and so she departs up againe, afraid. But how Tarlton tooke this jest, think you?

How Tarlton could not abide a cat, and deceived himselfe.

In the country, Tarlton told his oastesse he was a conjuror. O, sir, sayes she, I had pewter stolne off my shelfe the other day; help me to it, and I will forgive you all the pots of ale you owe mee, which is sixteene dozen. Sayes Tarlton: to morrow morning the divell shall helpe you to it, or I will trounce him. Morning came, and the oastesse and he met in a roome by themselves. Tarlton, to passe the time with exercise of his wit, with circles and tricks falls to conjure,[1] having no more

(1) The passages in old jest-books, where allusions like the above to the practice and power of necromancy are found, seem generally to admit a satirical construction. In one of Peele's Jests, the dramatist is made to call in the assistance of a friend, who was an adept in the art of conjuring, to recover some articles which had been lost, and which in fact Peele had stolen.

skill then a dogge. But see the jest! how contrarily it fell out. As he was calling out, mons, pons, simul, and sons and such like, a cat, unexpected, leapt from the gutter window; which sight so amazed Tarlton, that he skipt thence and threw his hostesse downe, so that he departed with his fellowes, and left her hip out of joynt, being then in the surgeons hands, and not daring to tell how it came.

How Tarlton and his oastesse of Waltham met.

TARLTON, riding with divers cittizens his friends, to make merry at Waltham, by the way he met with his oastesse riding toward London, whome hee of old acquaintance saluted. Shee demands whither they went. Tarlton told her, to make merry at Waltham. Sir, saies shee, then let me request your company at my house at the Christopher, and, for old familiarity, spend your money there. Not unlesse you goe backe, saies Tarlton; we will else goe to the Hound. But she, loth to lose their custome, sent to London by her man, and goes back with them; who by the way had much mirth. For she was an exceeding merry honest woman, yet would take anything: which Tarlton hearing, as wise as he was, thinking her

of his minde, he was deceived: yet he askt her if the biggest bed in her house were able to hold two of their bignesse; meaning himself and her. Yes, saies she, and tumble up and downe at pleasure. Yea, one upon another, saies Tarlton. And under, to, saies she. Well, to have their custome, she agreed to everything, like a subtill oastesse: and it fell so out that Tarlton, having her in a roome at her house, askt her which of those two beds were big enough for them two. This, said she; therefore, goe to bed, sweet-heart, Ile come to thee. Masse! saies Tarlton, were my bootes off, I would, indeed. Ile help you, sir, saies she, if you please. Yea, thought Tarlton, is the wind in that doore? come on, then. And she very diligently begins to pull, till one boot was half off. Now, saies she, this being hard to doe, let me try my cunning on the other, and so get off both. But, having both half off his legs, she left him alone in the shoemakers stocks, and got her to London; where Tarlton was three houres, and had no help. But, being eas'd of his paine, he made this ryme for a theame, singing of it all the way to London:—

> Women are wanton, and hold it no sinne,
> By tricks and devices to pull a man in.

Tarlton's meeting with his countrey acquaintance at Ilford.

On a Sunday, Tarlton rode to Ilford, where his father kept; and, dining with them at his sisters, there came in divers of the countrey to see him, amongst whom was one plaine countrey plough-jogger, who said hee was of Tarlton's kin, and so called him cousin. But Tarlton demanded of his father if it were so; but he knew no such matter. Whereupon saies Tarlton: whether he be of my kin or no, I will be cousin to him ere we part, if all the drinke in Ilford will doe it. So upon this they carouse freely, and the clowne was then in his cue, so that, in briefe, they were both in soundly. Night came, and Tarlton would not let his cousin goe, but they would lye together that night, meaning to drinke at their departure next morning. Tarlton would by wit leave him in the lash, since power would not. But see the jest. That night the plaine fellow so * * * * Tarlton in his bed, thinking he had been against the church wal, that he was faine to cry for a fresh shirt to shift him. So, when al was well, they must needs drinke at parting: where, indeed, to seale kindred soundly, the fellow had his loade: for, hearing

that his cousin Tarlton was gone to London: Zounds, he would follow, that he would, none could hold him; and, meaning to goe towards London, his aime was so good, that he went towards Rumford to sell his hogs.

How a maid drove Tarlton to a non-plus.

This anecdote has been necessarily suppressed.

Tarlton's answere to a question.

One asked Tarlton why Munday was called Sundaies fellow? Because he is a sausie fellow, saies Tarlton, to compare with that holy day; but it may be Munday thinkes himselfe Sundayes fellow, because it followes Sunday, and is next after: but he comes a day after the faire for that. Nay, saies the fellow, but if two Sundayes fall together, Munday then may be the first, and it would shew well too. Yes, saies Tarlton, but if thy nose stood under thy mouth, it would shew better, and be more for thy profit. How for my profit, said the fellow? Marry, said Tarlton, never to be cold in winter, being so neere every dogs taile. The fellow, seeing a foolish question had a foolish answere, laid his legges on his neck, and got him gone.

Tarlton's desire of enough for money.

TARLTON, comming into a market towne, bought oates for his horse, and desired enough for money. The man said: you shall, sir, and gave him two halfe pecks for one. Tarlton thought his horse should that night fare largely, and comes to him with this rime :—

Jack Nag, be brag, and lustie brave it,
I have enough for mony, and thou shalt have it.

But when Jack Nag smelt to them they were so musty that he would none: God thanke you, master; which Tarlton seeing, runnes into the Market, and would slash and cut. But til the next market day the fellow was not to be found, and before then Tarlton must be gone.

How Tarlton's dogge lickt up six-pence.

TARLTON in his travaile had a dogge of fine qualities; amongst the rest, he would carry six-pence in the end of his tongue, of which he would brag often, and say: never was the like. Yes, saies a lady, mine is more strange, for he will beare a French crowne in his mouth. No, saies Tarlton, I thinke not. Lend me a French crowne,

saies the lady, and you shall see. Truly, madame, I have it not, but if your dog will carry a crackt English crowne here it is. But the lady perceived not the jest, but was desirous to see the dogs trick of sixpence. Tarlton threw down a teaster, and said: bring, sirra; and by fortune the dog took up a counter, and let the money lie. A gentlewoman by, seeing that, askt him how long he would hold it. An houre, saies Tarlton. That is pretty, said the gentlewoman, let's see that. Meane time she tooke up the sixe-pence, and willed him to let them see the money againe. When he did see it, it was a counter, and he made this rime :—

> Alas, alas, how came all this to passe?
> The world's worse than it was;
> For silver turns to brasse.

I, sayes the lady, and the dog hath made his master an asse. But Tarlton would never trust to his dogs tricks more.

Tarlton's jest of a horse and man.

In the city of Norwich, Tarlton was on a time invited to an hunting, where there was a goodly gentlewoman that, bravely mounted on a blacke

horse, rode exceeding well to the wonder of all the beholders; and neither hedge or ditch stood in her way, but Pegasus,[1] her horse, for so may we tearme him for swiftnesse, flew over all, and she sate him as well. When every one returned home, some at supper commended his hound, others his hawke, and shee above all, her horse; and, said she, I love no living creature so well, at this instant, as my gallant horse. Yes, lady, a man better, saies Tarlton. Indeed no, said shee, not now: for, since my last husband dyed, I hate them most, unlesse you can give me medicines to make me love them. Tarlton made this jest instantly :—

Why,[2] a horse mingeth whay, madam, a man mingeth amber,
A horse is for your way, madam, but a man for your chamber.

God a mercy! Tarlton, said the men: which the gentlewoman noting, seeing they tooke exceptions at her words, to make all well, answered thus :—

(1) The practice of employing assumed names in tales which were in circulation perhaps during the life-time of the party referred to, soon became pretty general. See *Mery Tales and Quicke Answers*, edit. 1567, No. 132 & 133, and the Famous History of Doctor Faustus (1590), ch. 50.

(2) Mr. Halliwell has already pointed out, in his Brief Account of his Shakespearian Reliques and Curiosities, 1856, p. 14, that these verses are copied by Howell in his *Lexicon Tetraglotton*, 1660, and by Ray, in his *Proverbs*, 1670.

That a horse is my chiefe opinion now, I deny not,
And when a man doth me more good in my chamber I him defie not.

But till then give me leave to love something. Then something will please you, said Tarlton, I am glad of that, therefore I pray God send you a good thing or none at all.

Tarlton's talke with a pretty woman.[1]

GENTLEWOMAN, said Tarlton, and the rest as you sit, I can tell you strange things. Now, many gallants at supper noted one woman who, being little and pretty, to unfit her prettinesse had a great wide mouth which she, seeming to hide, would pinch in her speeches, and speake small, but was desirous to heare newes. Tarlton told[2] at his comming from London to Norwich, a proclamation was made that every man should have two wives. Now, Jesus! qd. she, is it possible? I, gentlewoman, and otherwise able too: for contrarily women have a larger pre-eminence, for every woman must have three husbands. Now, Jawsus! said the gentlewoman; and with wonder

(1) This jest seems to have been played off on the same occasion as the preceding.

(2) *i.e.* told it as a piece of news which he had got before he left London.

shewes the full widenesse of her mouth, which all the table smil'd at, which she, perceiving, would answere no more. Now mistris, said Tarlton, your mouth is lesse than ever it was: for now it is able to say nothing. Thou art a cogging knave, said she. Masse; and that is something: yet, said Tarlton, your mouth shall be as wide as ever it was for that jest.

A jest of Tarlton to a great man.

THERE was a great huge man, three yards in the wast, at S. Edmondsbury, in Suffolk, that died but of late daies, one M. Blague by name, and a good kinde justice, too, carefull for the poore. This justice met with Tarlton in Norwich. Tarlton, said he, give me thy hand. But you, sir, being richer, may give me a greater gift; give me your body, and embracing him, could not halfe compasse him. Being merry in talke said the justice: Tarlton, tell me one thing, what is the difference betwixt a flea and a louse? Marry, sir, said Tarlton, as much and like difference as twixt you and me; I, like a flea, see else, can skip nimbly, but you, like a fat louse, creepe slowly, and you can go no faster, though butchers are over you, ready to knock you on the head. Thou art a knave, quoth the

justice. I, sir, I knew that, ere I came hither, else I had not been here now: for ever one knave, making a stop, seekes out another. The justice, understanding him, laughed heartily.

Tarlton's jest to a maid in the dark.

TARLTON going in the darke, groping out his way, heares the tread of some one to meet him. Who goes there, saies he, a man or a monster? Said the maid: a monster. Said Tarlton: a candle hoe! and seeing who it was: indeed, said he, a monster, I'll be sworne: for thy teeth are longer than thy beard. O, sir, said the maid, speake no more then you see: for women goe invisible now adayes.

Tarlton's jest to a dogge.

TARLTON and his fellowes, being in the Bishop of Worcester's sellar,[1] and being largely laid to, Tarlton had his rouse, and going through the streets, a dogge, in the middle of the street, asleep on a

(1) *i.e.* Wine-cellar. It seems to have been usual for visitors to be asked into the wine-cellar of a house, for the purpose of partaking of the host's good cheer in liquids. In the *Famous History of Doctor Faustus*, circa 1590, ch. 41, (edit. Thoms) it is related how "Faustus, with his company, visited the Bishop of Salisburg's wine-cellar." It must be added, however, that Faustus was on this occasion a self-invited guest.

dunghill, seeing Tarlton reele on him, on the sodaine barkt. How now, dog! saies Tarlton, are you in your humours? and many dayes after it was a by-word to a man being drunke, that he was in his humours.

["Tarleton's[1] president, his famous play of the Seven Deadly Sinnes; which most dea[d]ly, but most lively playe I might have seene in London; and was verie gently invited thereunto at Oxford by Tarleton himselfe, of whome I merrily demaunding, which of the seaven was his owne deadlie sinne, he bluntly answered after this manner: 'By God, the sinne of other gentlemen, Lechery.' 'O, but that, M. Tarlton, is not your part upon the stage; you are too blame, that dissemble with the world, and have one part for your frends pleasure, an other for your owne.' 'I am somewhat of Doctor Fernes religion,' quoth he; and abrouptlie tooke his leave."—Harvey's *Foure Letters and Certaine Sonnets*, 1592.

(1) Tarlton's Jests, as printed in 1611, 4°, clearly present to us a very small portion of the stories which were current in and about his time respecting the famous actor and clown. The seven anecdotes, for instance, here enclosed between brackets are not found in the work referred to, and are given, to render the present reprint more complete, from the sources respectively indicated.

"Amongst other cholericke wise justices he was one that, having a play presented before him and his touneship by Tarlton and the rest of his fellowes, her Majesties servants, and they were now entring into their first merriment (as they call it), the people began exceedingly to laugh, when Tarlton first peept out his head. Whereat the justice, not a little moued, and seeing with his beckes and nods hee could not make them cease, he went with his staffe, and beat them round about vnmercifully on the bare pates, in that they, being but farmers and poore countrey hyndes, would presume to laugh at the Queenes men, and make no more account of her cloath in his presence."—Nash's *Pierce Penniles his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592.

[Tarlton], "attending one day at a great dinner on Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Chancellor deceased, by chance, among other pretty jests, gave him unadvisedly the lie; for which the honorable person merrily reproving him, instead of submitting himself, he thus wittily justified:—'My Lord, said he, is it not a custom, when a prince hath spoken any thing note worthy, to say he

hath delivered it majestically? Again, when you that are *monsieurs*, *my lords*, *excellencies*, *altesses*, and such like, speak any thing, say not the assistants straitways, he concluded honourably? Nay, in every estate, if either noble, right worshipful, worshipful, gentle, common, honest, dishonest, poor or rich, sick or whole, *et sic ad infinitum*, speak any thing, doth not the world conclude straight that they have spoken nobly, right worshipfully, worshipfully, gently, commonly, honestly, poorly, richly, sickly, wholly? Nought without a a lie, my Lord, quoth Dick Tarlton, nought without a lie: he that therefore pays it with a frown or a stab forgetteth himself.'"—Harington's *Ulysses Upon Ajax*, 1596.

"Tarleton, who being upon the stage in a towne, where he expected for civill attention to his Prologue, and seeing no end of their hissing, hee brake forth at last into this sarcasticall taunt:—

I liv'd not in the Golden Age,
When Jason wonne the fleece,
But now I am on Gotam's stage,
Where fooles do hisse like geese."

Vaughan's *Golden Fleece*, 1600.

"Dicke Tarleton said that hee would compare Queene Elizabeth to nothing more fitly then to a sculler: for, said he, neither the Queene nor the Sculler hath a fellow."—Taylor's *Wit and Mirth*, 1622.

"Tarlton called Burley-house gate, in the Strand towards the Savoy, the L. Treasurers almes gate, because it was seldome or never opened."—MS. Harl. 5353, fol. 12.

Some one wrote the following epitaph "upon on[e] Medcalfe:—

'I desire you all in the Lordes behalfe
To praye for the soule of poore John Calfe.'

But Tarlton the jester, noting the simplicitie of the poett, wrightes this:—

'O cruell death, more subtell then a fox,
Thou mightst have lett hym live to have bine an oxe,
For to have eaten both grass, hay and corne,
And like his sire to have wore a horne.'"

—MS. Ashmole, 38, p. 187.][1]

(1) After some hesitation, I have thought it best to arrange in chronological order the notices of Tarlton which occur in various works ranging in date between 1589 and 1693. The greater part of these extracts are taken from Mr. Halliwell's Memoir of Tarlton prefixed to the Shakespeare Society's edition of the Jests; but I have made a few trifling additions, and these are denoted by a star.

NOTICES OF RICHARD TARLTON FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

"Comedians and stage-players of former time were very poore and ignorant in respect of these of this time, but being nowe growne very skilfull and exquisite actors for all matters, they were entertained into the service of divers great lords, out of which companies there were xii of the best chosen, and at the request of Sir Francis Walsingham, they were sworne the Queenes servants, and were allowed wages and liveries as groomes of the chamber: and untill this yeare 1583 the Queene hadde no players. Amongst these xii players were two rare men, vizt. Thomas Wilson for a quicke delicate refined extemporall witte, and Richard Tarleton for a wondrous plentifull pleasant extemporall wit, hee was the wonder of his time."—Stowe's *Annales*, anno 1583.

* "Now Tarleton's dead, the consort lacks a vice,
For knave and fool thou must bear pricke and price."
A Whip for an Ape, 1589.

"But whether it be for policie or armes, it is an error to thinke men without triall worthie to bee compared unto the others tried, in what place soever great or smal. Divers play Alexander on the stages, but fewe or none in the field. Our pleasant Tarleton would counterfeite many artes; but he was no bodie out of his mirths."—Sir Roger Williams' *Discourse of Warre*, 1590.

"Wherein have I borrowed from Greene or Tarlton, that I should thanke them for all I have? Is my stile like Green's, or my jeasts like Tarlton's?"—Nash's *Strange Newes of the Intercepting Certaine Letters*, 1592.

* "The legat had no sooner made an end of these latter words, but in comes Dick Tarlton, apparelled like a clowne, and singing this peece of an olde song:—

'If this be trewe, as true it is,
Ladie, ladie!
God send her life may mende the misse,
Most deere ladie."
Greene's *Newes from Heaven and Hell*, 1593.

"Martin Momus and splaie-footed Zoylus, that in the eight and sixt age of poetrie, and first yere of the reigne of *Tarltons toies*, kept suche a foule stir in Paules church-yard, are now revived againe, and like wanton whelpes that have worms in their tungs, slaver and betouse everie paper they meete withall."—Nash's *Terrors of the Night*, 1594.

"What should I speake of the great league betweene God and man, made in circumcision? impressing a painefull *stigma* or character in God's peculiar people, though nowe most happily taken away in the holy sacrament of baptisme. What the worde signified, I have knowne reverent and learned men have bene ignorant, and we call it very well circumcision, and uncircumcision, though the R[h]emists, of purpose belike to varie from Geneva, will needes bring in Prepuse, which worde was after admitted into the theater with great applause by the mouth of Mayster Tarlton, the excellent comedian, when many of the beholders that were never circumcised, had as great cause as Tarlton to complaine of their Prepuse."—Harington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596.

"And so to Tarlton's testament I commend you, a little more drinke, then a little more bread, and a few more clothes, and God be at your sport, Master Tarlton." — *Ulysses on Ajax*, by Sir John Harington, 1596.

"What say you, then, of him that bore the name of the olde player with the velvet cap: of the aged-crane turnde backewarde, K. with the tun, and F. with the firie face, C. the true cock-olde that sold away his wife for money, and afterwardes received her home againe: mary, qd. G. as Tarlton saide of the tinker, that they have more craft in their budgets then crownes in their purses; notwithstanding of no reputacion, for they be but procurers of others to baile, and not baylers themselves." —*The Discoverie of the Knights of the Poste*, 1597.

"As Antipater Sidonius was famous for extemporall verse in Greeke, and Ovid for his *Quicquid conabar dicere, versus erat:* so was our Tarleton, of whom Doctour Case, that learned physitian, thus speaketh in the seventh Booke and seventeenth chapter of his Politikes; *Aristoteles suum Theodoretum laudavit quendam peritum Tragœdiarum actorem; Cicero suum Roscium; nos Angli Tarletonum, in cujus voce et vultu omnes jocosi affectus, in cujus cereboso capite lepidæ facetiæ habitant.*"—Meres *Palladis Tamia*, 1598.

De Richardo Tharltono.

"Who taught me pleasant follies, can you tell?
I was not taught and yet I did excell;
Tis harde to learne without a president,
Tis harder to make folly excellent;
I sawe, yet had no light to guide mine eyes,
I was extold for that which all despise."

Bastards *Chrestoleros*, 1598, Epigr. 39.

Richardo Tarltono.

"Conspicienda amplo quoties daret ora Theatro
Tarltonus, lepidum non sine dente caput,
Spectantum horrifico cœlum intonat omne cachinno,
Audiit et plausus aula suprema Jovis.
Attoniti stupuere poli, stupuere polorum
Indigenæ indigites cœlicolumque cohors.
Hausuri ergo tuos omnes, Tarltone, lepores,
Elysia in terras valle redire parant.
Id metuens, ne fors, desertâ, Jupiter, aulâ,
Bellephoronteos transigat usque dies.
Ha! crudele tibi scelus imperat Atropos, et tu
Tarltonum ad plures insidiosa rapis.
Quod nisi tu peteres superos, Tarltone, petissent
Te superi ad blandos conflua turba jocos."

Fitzgeoffrey's *Affaniæ*, &c. 1601.

Richardo Tarltono Comœdorum Principi Epit [*aphium*].

"Cujus (viator) sit sepulchrum hoc scire vis,
Inscriptionem non habens?
Asta, gradumque siste paulisper tuum;
Incognitum nomen scies.
Princeps comœdorum tulit quos Angliæ
Tellus, in hoc busto cubat,
Quo mortuo, spretæ silent comœdiæ,
Tragœdiæ-que turbidæ.
Scenæ decus desiderant mutæ suum
Risusque abest Sardonius.

Hic Roscius Britannicus sepultus est
Quo notior nemo fuit.
Abi, viator: sin te adhuc nomen talet,
Edicet hoc quivis puer."
Stradling's *Epigrammata*, 1607.

"I shall feare that of a fine old courtier you will, if you tary long, prove, as Tarlton sayd, a plaine clowne."—*Letter of the Earl of Salisbury*, 1607, given in Lodge's *Illustrations*, iii. 350.

"Also no longer agoe than the 4 day of May, 1602, at a cocke-fighting in the citie of Norwich aforesayd, a cocke called Tarleton, who was so intituled, because he always came to the fight like a drummer, making a thundering noyse with his winges, which cocke fought man batels with mighty and fierce adversaries."—Wilson's *Commendation of Cockes and Cock-fighting*, 1607.

* "O were my wit inspir'd with Scoggin's vaine,
Or that *Will Summers ghost* had seazed my braine:
Or *Tarlton, Lanum, Singer, Kempe and Pope!*"
Taylor the Water-Poet's *Oldcomb's Complaint* (Works, 1630, ii, 60).

* "Let us talke of Robin Hode
And little John in Merry Shirewood,
Of Poet Skelton with his pen,
And many other merry men,
Of May-game Lords and Summer Queenes,
With milke-maides, dancing or'e the Greenes,
Of merry Tarlton in our time,
Whose conceite was very fine,
Whom death hath wounded with his dart,
That lov'd a may-pole with his heart."
An Halfe-penny worth of Wit, in a Penny-worth of Paper, by Humphrey King, 1613 (see Bibl. Heber. iv. No. 1205).

* "What think you of this for a show, now? he will not hear of this! I am an ass! I! and yet I kept the stage in Master Tarleton's time, I thank my stars."—Induction to Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (1614).

"Till Captaine Tospot with his Tarleton's cut,
His swaggering will not get him sixteene pence."
Machivell's Dogge, 1617.

"Here within this sullen earth
Lies Dick Tarlton, lord of mirth:
Who in his grave, still laughing, gapes,
Syth all clownes since have been his apes.
Earst he of clownes to learne still sought,
But now they learne of him they taught;
By art far past the principall,
The counterfet is so worth all."
Davies of Hereford's *Wits Bedlam*, 1617.

To Sir Ninian Ouzell.

"As Tarlton, when his head was only seene
The Tire-house doore and Tapistrie betweene,
Set all the multitude in such a laughter
They could not hold for scarce an houre after,
So, Sir, I set you, as I promis'd, forth,
That all the world may wonder at your worth."
Peacham's *Thalia's Banquet*, 1620.

"'Crosse me not, Siza, nether be so perte,
For if thou dost, I'll sit upon thy skerte,'
Tarlton cutt off all his skirts, because none should sit upon them."
[Sir Thomas Wroth's] *Abortive of an Idle Houre*, 1620.

* "*Player.* That is a way, my lord, has been allow'd
On elder stages, to move mirth and laughter.
Nobleman. Yes, in the days of Tarleton and Kemp,
Before the stage was purged from barbarism."
R. Brome's *Antipodes*, 1640.

"After such men, it might be thought ridiculous to speak of Stage-players; but, seeing excellency in the meanest things deserves remembring, and Roscius the Comedian is recorded in History with such commendation, it may be allowed us to do the like with some of our Nation. Richard Bourbridge and Edward Allen, two such Actors as no age must ever look to see the like: and to make their Comedies compleat, Richard Tarleton, who for the part, called the Clowns part, never had his match, never will have."—Baker's *Chronicle*, 1645.

"He that wanteth money is for the most part extremely melancholique in every company, or alone by himselfe, especially if the weather be fowle, rainy, or cloudy: talke to him of what you will, he will hardly give you

the hearing: ask him any question, he answers you with monosyllables, as Tarlton did one who out-eat him at an ordinarie, as Yes, No, That, Thankes, True, &c."—Peacham's *Worth of a Penny*, 1647.

"Our Tarlton was master of his faculty. When Queen Elizabeth was serious, I dare not say sullen, and out of good humour, he could *undumpish* her at his pleasure. Her highest favorites would, in some cases, go to Tarleton before they would go to the Queen, and he was their usher to prepare their advantageous access unto her. In a word, he told the Queen more of her faults than most of her chaplains, and cured her melancholy better than all of her physicians.

Much of his merriment lay in his very looks and actions, according to the Epitaph written upon him:—

'Hic situs est cujus poterat vox, actio, vultus,
Ex Heraclito reddere Democritum.'

Indeed, the self-same words, spoken by another, would hardly move a merry man to smile; which, uttered by him, would force a sad soul to laughter."—Fuller's *Worthies*, 1662.

"Let him try it when he will, and come himself upon the stage, with all the scurrility of the Wife of Bath, with all the ribaldry of Poggius or Boccace, yet I dare affirm he shall never give that contentment to beholders as honest Tarlton did, though he said never a word."—Baker's *Theatrum Redivivum*, 1662.

"At supper she (Q. Eliz.) would divert herself with her friends and attendance: and if they made no answer, she would put them upon mirth and pleasant discourse with great civility. She would then also admit Tarleton, a famous comedian and a pleasant talker, and other such like men, to divert her with stories of the town, and the common jests or accidents; but so that they kept within the bounds of modesty and chastity. In the winter-time, after supper, she would some time hear a song, or a lesson or two plaid upon the lute; but she would be much offended if there was any rudeness to any person, any reproach or licentious reflection used. Tarlton, who was then the best comedian in England, had made a pleasant play, and when it was acting before the Queen, he pointed at Sir Walter Rawleigh, and said: See, the Knave commands the Queen; for which he was corrected by a frown from the Queen; yet he had the confidence to add that he was of too much and too intolerable a power; and going on with the same liberty, he reflected on the over-great power and riches of the Earl of Leicester, which was

so universally applauded by all that were present, that she thought fit for the present to bear these reflections with a seeming unconcernedness. But yet she was so offended, that she forbad Tarleton and all her jesters from coming near her table, being inwardly displeased with this impudent and unreasonable liberty."—Bohun's *Character of Queen Elizabeth*, 1693.

"The picture here set down
Within this letter T:
A-right doth shewe the forme and shape
Of Tharlton unto the.

When he in pleasaunt wise
The counterfet expreste
Of Clowne, with cote of russet hew
And sturtups, with the reste.

What merry many made
When he appeared in sight;
The grave and wise, as well as rude,
At him did take delight.

The partie nowe is gone,
And closlie clad in claye;
Of all the jesters in the lande
He bare the praise awaie.

Now hath he plaid his parte,
And sure he is of this,
If he in Christ did die, to live
With Him in lasting bliss."

Lines attached to Tarlton's portrait in Harl. MS.

[Other allusions to Tarlton may be found in Chettle's *Kindharts Dream* (1592); Lodge's *Wits Miserie*, &c. 1596; Hall's *Satires*, 1597; Lomatius *Tracte containing the Artes of curious Paintinge*, &c. 1598; W. Percy's *Cuck-Queanes and Cuckold's Errants* (1601), the prologue to which is spoken by "Tarlton's Ghost;" Dekker's *News from Hell*, 1606; Rowlands' *Knave of Harts*, 1613; and *Wit and Drollery*, 1682. Taylor the Water-Poet, in his introductory matter to *Sir Gregory Nonsense*, enumerates among the authorities consulted by him in the composition of that work, *Hundred Merry Tales* and *Tarleton*. See also Mr. Collier's *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, 1841, p. 13.]

MERRIE CONCEITED JESTS OF GEORGE PEELE.

Merrie Conceited Jests of George Peele, Gentleman, sometimes Student in Oxford. Wherein is shewed the Course of his Life, how he liued: a man very well knowne in the City of London, and elsewhere.

Buy, reade, and judge,
The price doe not grudge:
It will doe thee more pleasure,
Than twice so much treasure.

London, 1607, 4°

Reprinted 1627, 1657, 1671, and (for Henry Bell dwelling in the Little Old Baily in *Eliots* Court), n. d. 4°.

The last edition was reprinted by the late Mr. S. W. Singer in 1809, 4°, from a copy which had belonged to Brand the antiquary. Bell's edition was reprinted in Mr. Dyce's edition of *Peele's Works*, and it has also been used for the present republication. There does not seem sufficient ground for supposing, that *Peele's* Jests had appeared in print before 1607, although the dramatist was dead without doubt before 1598. For an account of Peele and his works the reader is referred to Mr. Dyce's edition of his Plays and Poems, 1829-39, 3 vols.

The old orthography has been retained here, but the pointing is modern.

Peele is supposed with some reason to be the *George Pyeboard* of the *Puritan*, a drama formerly thought to be Shakespeare's. One or two of the incidents in the scenes of the *Puritan*, where Pyeboard is introduced, are somewhat similar to those which occur in the *Jests*.[1] The first edition of the *Puritan* and the

(1) In Act I. Sc. ii. of the PURITAN, George Pyeboard gives his friend Skirmish an account of his early life, which corresponds a good deal with

first *known* edition of Peele's Jests appeared in the same year (1607).

The only liberty which has been taken with the old text, is a change in the arrangement of two jests, which are separated in the original editions, but which, being portions of the same story, it was thought desirable to place in juxta-position. The two anecdotes referred to are, "How *George Peele* was shaven, and of the revenge he tooke," and "how the Gentleman was gulled for shaving of *George*." It will be observed that only a day is supposed to elapse between the first incident and the sequel.

In his *Anatomie of the English Nunnerie at Lisbon*, 1623, Robinson represents the father-confessor of that establishment as amusing himself after supper with a perusal of *Venus and Adonis*, or the *Jests of George Peele*.

what is known or conjectured of the early life of Peele. The hypothesis that Pyeboard was intended as a portrait of the Elizabethan dramatist seems to derive some confirmation from the circumstance that a baker's *board* is also called a *peele* in the play. We annex the passage in which Pyeboard gives an account of himself:—

"*Pye.* 'Troth, and for mine own part, I am a poor gentleman, and a scholar; I have been matriculated in the university, wore out six gowns there, seen some fools, and some scholars, some of the city, and some of the country, kept order, went bare-headed over the quadrangle, ate my commons with a good stomach, and battled with discretion; at last, having done many sleights and tricks to maintain my wit in use (as my brain would never endure me to be idle), I was expelled the university, only for stealing a cheese out of Jesus College.

Skir. Is't possible?

Pye. O! there was one Welshman (God forgive him!) pursued it hard, and never left, till I turn'd my staff toward London; where, when I came, all my friends were pit-holed, gone to graves; as indeed there was but a few left before. Then was I turn'd to my wits, to shift in the world, to tower among sons and heirs, and fools, and gulls, and ladies' eldest sons; to work upon nothing, to feed out of flint: and ever since has my belly been much beholden to my brain."

The Iests of GEORGE PEELE, with foure of his Companions at *Brainford.*[1]

GEORGE, with others of his Associates, being merry together at the Tauerne, hauing more store of Coine than usually they did possesse, although they were as regardelesse of their siluer, as a garden ***** is of her honesty, yet they intended for a season to become good husbands, if they knew how to be sparing of that their pockets were then furnisht withall. Five pounds they had amongst them, and a plot must be cast how they might be merry with extraordinary cheare three or foure dayes, and keepe their five pounds whole in stocke; *George Peele* was the man must doe it, or none; and generally they coniurde him by their loues, his owne credit, and the reputation that went on him,

(1) Brentford. This suburb appears to have been formerly a favourite resort for holiday-seekers, and for roystering characters from the town, who came down there to have what is now familiarly called "a day out." About 1525, Robert Copland, one of our early printers and authors, compiled what he entitled "Jyl of Braintfords Testament;" it is the perhaps imaginary will of an ale-wife of the town; and its want of decency is not redeemed by its merit. The "Fish-wife of Brainford" is one of the story-tellers in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620.

that he would but in this shew his wit: and withall he shoulde haue all the furtherance, that in them lay. *George*, as easie as they earnest to be wonne to such an exploit, consented, and gathered their mony together, and gaue it all to *George*, who should be their Purse-bearer,[1] and the other foure should seeme as seruants to *George Peele;* and the better to colour it, they should goe change their cloaks, the one like the other, so neere as they could possible: the which at *Belzebubs* brother the

(1) Perhaps Rowlands had this story of Peele and his associates at Brentford, though more especially, a second story to be found at p. 296, in his mind when he composed the epigram on "Master Makeshift" in the *Knave of Clubs*, 1600, from which the following passage is an extract:—

"Well, growing late, they for a reckoning call,
And Vintner's boy brings up a bill of all,
So every man doth cast his mony downe,
Ten groats, three shillings, other some a crowne;
Which all upon a trencher was convaid
To poet penniles, and him they praid
To make the shot. Nay, gentlemen (quoth he),
I doe entreat you all to pardon me,
I'le spend my crowne, and put his hand in 's hose,
Where not a penny could be found, God knowes;
While they still sweare that he shall make the shot,
At last the mony in his hands he got,
And rising, to the fidlers turnes about,
Come on (quoth he), what new thing is come out?
'Sure, gentleman (said they), we have not any.'
'Then sing me, *I could fancie lovely Nanny*,
And here is for you, I'le but goe and leake;
Call for a pot (there's not a rogue will speake).'
So takes his cloake, and downe the staires away,
With all the mony was laid downe to pay."

It seems certain that Peele sat for the portrait of *Master Makeshift*.

Brokers, they might quickly doe. This was soone accomplished, and *George* was furnished with his blacke Sattin suit and a paire of boots, which were as familiar to his legs, as the Pillory to a Bakers or Colliers necke, and he sufficiently possest his friends with the whole scope of his intent, as, gentle Reader, the sequell will shew. Instantly they tooke a paire of Oares,[1] whose armes were to make a false gallop no further than *Brainford*, where their fare was paid them so liberally, that each of them the next tide to *London*, purchased two new wastcoats. Yet should these good benefactors come to their usuall places of trade, and if they spie a better fare than their owne, that haply the Gentleman hath more minde to goe withall, they will not onely fall out with him that is of their owne sweet transporters, as they are: but abuse the faire with foule speeches—as a P** or the Deuill goe with you—as their Godfather *Caron* the Ferry-man of Hell hath taught them. I speake not this of all, but of some that are brought vp in the East, some in the West, some in the North, but most part in the South: but for the rest they are honest compleat men. Leauing them to come to my honest *George*, who is now merry at the three Pigeons in *Brainford*, with Sack and Sugar,

(1) Watermen.

not any wine wanting, the Musicians playing, my host drinking, my hostis dancing with the worshipfull Justice[1] (for so then he was termed, and his mansion house in *Kent*), who came thither of purpose to be merry with his men, because he could not so conueniently neare home, by reason of a shrewish wife he had. My gentle hostis gaue him all the entertainment her house could afford: for Master *Peele* had paid royally, for all his fiue pounds was come to ten groats. Now *George Peele's* wit labours to bring in that fiue pounds there was spent, which was soon begotten. Being set at dinner: My Host, quoth *George*, how fals the Tide out for *London?* Not till the euening, quoth mine Host; haue you any businesse, sir? Yes, marry, quoth *George*, I intend not to go home this two dayes; therefore, my Host, saddle my man a horse for *London*, if you be so well furnished: for I must send him for one bag more, quoth *George*; ten pounds [which] hath seene no Sunne this six moneths.[2] I am ill furnished, if I cannot furnish you with that, quoth my Host, and presently sadled him a good Nag, and away rides one of *Georges*

(1) *i.e.* Peele himself, who assumed the character of a Kent Justice of Peace, his comrades pretending to be his servants. For an interesting notice of *The Three Pigeons*, see Knight's Eng. Cycl. art. *Brentford.*

(2) *i.e.* A bag of ten pounds which had been put away, according to his allegation, for the last half-year.

men to *London*, attending the good houre of his Master *Peele* in *London.* In the meane time, *George* bespeaks great cheare to supper, saying, he expected some of his friends from *London.* Now you must imagine there was not a penny owing in the house, for he had paid as liberally as Cæsar, as farre as Cæsars wealth went. For indeed most of the mony was one Cæsars, an honest man yet liuing in *London.* But to the Catastrophe. All the day before, had one of the other men of *George Peele* beene a great soliciter to my Hostis, she would beg leaue of his Master he might goe see a maid, a sweet heart of his so farre as *Kingstone*, and before his Master went to bed he would returne againe, saying, he was sure she might command it at his Masters hands. My kinde Hostis, willing to pleasure the young fellow, knowing in her time what belonged to such matters, went to Master *Peele*, and moued him in it, which he angrily refused: but she was so earnest in it, that she swore he should not deny her, protesting he went but to see an Uncle of his some five miles off. Marie, I thank you, quoth *George*, my good Hostis, would you so discredit me, or hath the knaue no more wit, than at this time to goe, knowing I haue no horse here, and would the base cullian goe a foot? Nay, good sir, quoth mine Hostis, be not angry, it is not his intent

to goe a foot: for he shall haue my Mare, and I will assure you, Sir, upon my word he shall be here again to haue you to bed. Well, quoth *George*, Hostis, Ile take you at your word; let him go; his negligence shall light upon you. So be it, quoth mine Hostis. So downe goeth she, and sends away ciuill *Thomas* (for so she called him) to his sweet heart, backt upon her Mare; which *Thomas*, in stead of riding to *Kingstone*, tooke *London* in his way where, meeting with my other horseman, [he] attended the arriuall of *George Peele*, which was not long after. They are at *London*, *George* in his chamber at *Brainford*, accompanied with none but one *Anthony Nit* a Barber, who din'd and supt with him continually, of whom he had borrowed a Lute to passe away the melancholy afternoone, of which he could play as well as *Bankes* his horse.[1] The Barber very modestly takes his leaue; *George* obsequiously bids him to supper, who (God willing) would not faile. *George*, being left alone with his two supposed men, gaue them the meane how to escape, and walking in the Court, *George* found fault with the weather, saying it was rawish and cold; which word mine Hostis hearing, my kinde Hostis fetched

(1) This performing horse, called *Marocco*, is well known to all students of early English literature. In 1595, appeared a tract entitled *Maroccus Extaticus*, or *Bankes his Bay Horse in a Trance*. *Marocco* and his master are mentioned in *Tarlton's Jests* (1588—1600).

her husbands holiday gowne, which *George* thankfully put about him, and withall called for a cup of Sacke, after which he would walke into the Meddowes, and practise upon his Lute. 'Tis good for your worship to do so, quoth mine Hostis; which walke *George* tooke directly to *Sion*, where, hauing the aduantage of a paire of Oares at hand, [he] made his[1] iourney for *London*. His two Associates behind had the plot in their heads by *Georges* instruction for their escape: for they knew he was gone; my Hostis she was in the market buying of prouision for supper; mine Host he was at Tables; and my two masterlesse men desired the maids to excuse them, if their Master came; for, quoth they, we will goe drinke two pots with my Smug Smith's wife at old *Brainford*. I warrant you, quoth the Maids. So away went my men to the Smith's at old *Brainford;* from thence to *London*, where they all met, and sold the Horse and the Mare, the Gowne and the Lute; which mony was as badly spent, as it was lewdly got. How my Host and my Hostis lookt, when they saw the euent of this, goe but to the three Pigeons at *Brainford*, you shall know.

(1) Old Ed. reads *this*.

The Iests of *George* and the *Barber*.

GEORGE was not so merry at *London* with his Capons and Claret, as poore *Anthony* the Barber was sorrowfull at *Brainford* for the losse of his Lute, and [*Anthony*] therefore determined to come to *London* to seeke out *George Peele*, which by the meanes of a kinsman that *Anthony Nit* had in *London*, his name was *Cuts* or *Feats*, a fellow that had good skill in tricks on the Cards, and he was well acquainted with the place where *Georges* common abode was; and for kindred sake he directed the Barber where he should haue him, which was at a blinde Alehouse in Sea-coale Lane. There he found *George* in a greene Jerkin, a Spanish platter fashioned hat, all alone at a peck of Oysters. The Barbers heart danc't within him for ioy he had so happily found him. He gaue him the time of the day. *George*, not a little abashed at the sight of the Barber, yet went not to discouer it openly; he that at all times had a quick inuention, was not now behind hand to entertaine my Barber, who knew for what his comming was. *George* thus saluted him: My honest Barber, quoth *George*, welcome to *London*, I partly know your businesse; you come for your Lute, doe you not? Indeed, Sir, quoth the Barber, for that is

my comming. And belieue me, quoth *George*, you shall not lose your labour. I pray you stand to and eat an Oyster, and Ile goe with you presently: for a Gentleman in the City of great worship borrowed it of me for the vse of his Daughter, that playes exceeding well, and had a great desire to haue the Lute; but, sir, if you will goe along with me to the Gentleman's house, you shall haue your Lute with great satisfaction. For, had not you come, I assure you I had sent to you: for you must understand, that all that was done at *Brainford* among us mad Gentlemen was but a iest, and no otherwise. Sir, I thinke not any otherwise, quoth the Barber; but I would desire your worship that, as you had it of me in loue, so in kindnesse you would helpe me to it againe. Oh God! what else, quoth *George;* Ile goe with thee presently, euen as I am: for I came from Hunting this morning; and should I goe up to certaine[1] Gentlemen aboue, I should hardly get away. I thank you, sir, quoth the Barber, so on goes *George* with him in his green Jerkin, a wand in his hand very pretty, till he came almost at the Alderman's house where, making a sodaine stay: afore God! quoth *George*,

(1) Old Ed. reads *the certaine.* Peele probably means to say that there were some companions of his, with whom he had been hunting, in one of the upper rooms.

I must craue thy pardon at this instant: for I haue bethought my selfe, should I goe as I am, it would be imagined I had had some of my Lord's hounds out this morning. Therefore Ile take my leave of thee, and meet thee where thou wilt about one of the clocke. Nay, good sir, quoth the Barber, go with me now: for I purpose, God willing, to be at *Brainford* to night. Saist thou so? quoth *George*, why then Ile tell thee what thou shalt doe. Thou art here a stranger, and altogether vnknowne; lend me thy cloake and thy hat, and do thou put on my greene Jerkin, and Ile go with thee directly along. The Barber, loth to leaue him untill he had his Lute, yeelded to the change. So when they came to the Gentleman's porch, he put on *George's* greene Jerkin, and his Spanish hat, and he the Barber's cloake and his hat. Either of them being thus fitted, *George* knocks at the doore, to whom the Porter bids heartily welcome. For *George* was well knowne, who at that time had all the ouersight of the Pageants. He desires the Porter to bid his friend welcome, for he is a good fellow and a keeper, M. Porter: one that, at his pleasure, can bestow a haunch of Venison on you. Marry that can I, quoth the Barber. I thanke you, sir, answered the Porter. *M. Peele*, my Master is in the Hall, pleaseth it you to walke in? With all

my heart, quoth *George*, in the meane time, let my friend beare you company. That he shall, M. *Peele*, quoth the Porter, and if it please him, he shall take a simple dinner with me. The Barber giues him hearty thanks, not misdoubting M. *Peele* any way, seeing him known and himself so welcome, [and] fell in chat with the Porter. *George Peele* goes directly to the Alderman, who now is come into the Court, in the eye of the Barber; where *George*, after many complaints, draws a blacke paper out of his bosome, and making action to the Barber reads to the Alderman, as followeth: I humbly desire your worship to stand my friend in a sleight matter; yonder hard-fauoured knave, that sits by your Worship's Porter, hath dog'd me to arrest me,[1] and I

(1) In the Puritan, Act III. Sc. v. the matter is differently managed. George Pyeboard, arrested for debt, persuades the sheriff's officers to accompany him to the house of a gentleman, of whom he knows nothing, but who, he gives them to understand, is to pay him £5 for a mask of his composition. In the following scene, Pyeboard is holding a blank paper in his hand, and beseeching the gentleman to let him escape by the back-door from his companions, while the latter imagine that he is in treaty for the mask, the proceeds of which are to be equally divided between the three:—

Pye. Look what maps, and pictures, and devices, and things neatly, delicately,—Mass, here he comes; he should be a gentleman; I like his beard well.—All happiness to your worship.

Gent. You're kindly welcome, Sir.

Off. A simple salutation.

2d Off. Mass, it seems the gentleman makes great account of him.

Pye. I have the thing here for you, Sir—[*Takes the gentleman apart.*] I beseech you conceal me, Sir; I am undone else. [*Aside.*] I have the mask here for you, Sir; look you, Sir. I beseech your worship, first

had no other means but to take your worship's house for shelter; the occasion is but triuiall, only for stealing of a peece of flesh, my selfe consorted

pardon my rudeness, for my extremes make me bolder than I would be. I am a poor gentleman, and a scholar, and now most unfortunately fallen into the fangs of unmerciful officers; arrested for debt which, though small, I am not able to compass, by reason I am destitute of lands, money, and friends; so that if I fall into the hungry swallow of the prison, I am like utterly to perish, and with fees and extortions be pinch'd clean to the bone. Now, if ever pity had interest in the blood of a gentleman, I beseech you vouchsafe but to favour that means of my escape, which I have already thought upon.

Gent. Go forward.

Off. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pye. In the plunge of my extremities, being giddy, and doubtful what to do, at last it was put into my labouring thoughts, to make a happy use of this paper; and to blear their unletter'd eyes, I told them there was a device for a mask in't, and that (but for their interception) I was going to a gentleman to receive my reward for't. They, greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchase of me, offer'd their attendance to go along with me. My hap was to make bold with your door, Sir, which my thoughts show'd me the most fairest and comfortablest entrance; and I hope I have happened right upon understanding and pity. May it please your good worship, then, but to uphold my device, which is to let one of your men put me out at a back-door, and I shall be bound to your worship for ever.

Gent. By my troth, an excellent device.

Off. An excellent device, he says; he likes it wonderfully.

Gent. O' my faith, I never heard a better.

2d Off. Hark, he swears he never heard a better, sergeant.

Off. O, there's no talk on't; he's an excellent scholar, and especially for a mask.

Gent. Give me your paper, your device; I was never better pleased in all my life: good wit, brave wit, finely wrought! Come in, Sir, and receive your money, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pye. I'll follow your good worship.—You heard how he liked it now?

Off. Puh, we know he could not choose but like it. Go thy ways; thou art a witty fine fellow i' faith: thou shalt discourse it to us at the tavern anon; wilt thou?

with 3. or 4. Gentlemen of good fashion, that would not willingly haue our names come in question. Therefore this is my boone, that your worship would let one of your seruants let mee out at the Garden doore, and I shall thinke my selfe much indebted to your Worship. The kinde Gentleman, little dreaming of *George Peele's* deceit, tooke him into the Parlor, gaue him a brace of Angels, and caused one of his seruants to let *George* out at the Garden doore, which was no sooner opened, but *George* made way for the Barber seeing him any more; and all the way he went could not chuse but laugh at his knauish conceit, how he had gul'd the simple Barber, who sate all this while with the Porter blowing of his nailes. To whom came this fellow, that let out *George.* You whorson Keeperly Rascall, quoth the fellow, doe you come to arrest any honest Gentleman in my Master's house? Not I, so God helpe me, quoth the Barber; I pray, sir, where is the Gentleman, M. *Peele,* that came along with me? Farre enough, quoth the fellow, for your comming neere him; he is gone out at the Garden doore. Garden doore, quoth the *Barber;* why, have you any more doores than one? We haue, sir, and get you hence, or Ile set you going, goodman Keeper. Alas, quoth the *Barber,* sir, I am no Keeper, I am quite vndone. I am a *Barber*

dwelling at *Brainford;* and with weeping teares vp and told him how *George* had vsed him. The seruant goes in, and tels his Master, which when he heard, he could not but laugh at the first: yet in pitty of the poore *Barber*, he gaue him twenty shillings towards his losse. The *Barber* sighing tooke it, and towards *Brainford* home he goes; and whereas he came from thence in a new Cloake and a faire Hat, he went home weeping in an old Hat and a greene Jerkin.

How *George Peele* became a Physician.

GEORGE on a time being happily furnished both of horse and mony, though the horse he hired, and the money he borrowed; but, no matter how, he was possest of them; and towards *Oxford* he rides to make merrie with his friends and fellow-students: and in his way he tooke vp *Wickham*, where he soiourned that night. Being at supper, accompanied with his Hostis, among other table-talke, they fell into discourse of Chirurgerie, of which my Hostis was a simple professour. *George Peele*, obseruing the humour of my shee-Chirurgian, vpheld her in all the strange cures she talked of, and praised her womanly endeuour, telling her, he loued her so much the better, because it was a thing that he

professed, both Physicke and Chirurgerie; and *George* had a Dictionarie of Physicall words, that it might set a better glosse vpon that which he seemingly profest, and told his good Hostis at his returne he would teach her something that should doe her no hurt: for (quoth he) at this instant I am going about a great Cure as far as *Warwickshire* to a Gentleman of great liuing, and one that hath beene in a Consumption this halfe yeare, and I hope to doe him good. O God (quoth the Hostis), there is a Gentleman not a quarter of a Mile off, that hath beene a long time sicke of the same disease. Beleeue me, sir, quoth the Hostis, would it please your worship e're your departure in the morning but to visit the Gentleman, and but spend your opinion of him; and I make no question but the Gentlewoman will be very thankfull to you. I' faith (quoth *George*), haply at my returne I may; but at this time my haste is such that I cannot: and so good night, mine Hostis. So away went *George* to bed, and my giddy Hostis, right of the nature of most women, thought that night as long as ten, till she was deliuered of that burthen of newes which she had receiued from my new Doctor (for so he termed himself). Morning being come, at breake of the day mine Hostis trudges to this Gentleman's house, [and] acquainted

his wife what an excellent man she had at her house, protesting he was the best seene [1] in Physicke, and had done the most strangest cures that euer she heard of: saying, that if she would but send for him, no question he would do him good. The gentlewoman, glad to heare of any thing that might procure the health of her Husband, presently sent one of her men to desire the Doctor to come and visit her Husband; which message when *George* heard he wondred: for he had no more skill in Physicke than in Musicke, and they were as distant both from him as heauen from hell. But, to conclude, *George* set a bold face on it, and away went he to the sicke Gentleman; where when he came, after some complement to the Gentlewoman, he was brought to the Chamber, where the ancient Gentleman lay wonderfull sicke, for all Physicke had giuen him ouer. *George* begins to feele his Pulses and his Temples, saying, he was very farre spent: yet, quoth he, vnder God, I wil doe him some good, if Nature be not quite extinct. Whereupon he demanded whether they had euer a Garden. That I haue, quoth the Gentlewoman. I pray you direct me thither, quoth *George*, where when he came, he cut a handful of euery flower, herb and blossome or whatsoeuer else in the Garden, and

(1) *i.e.* best skilled.

brought them in the lapid[1] of his cloake, boyled them in Ale, strained them, boiled them againe; and when he had all the iuyce out of them, of which he made some pottle of drinke, he caused the sick Gentleman to drinke off a maudlin Cup-full, and willed his wife to giue him of that same at morning, noone, and night, protesting, if any thing in this world did him good, it must be that: giuing great charge to the Gentlewoman to keepe him wonderfull warme; and at my returne, quoth *George*, some ten daies hence, I will returne and see how he fares: for, quoth he, by that time some thing will be done, and so I will take my leaue. Not so, quoth the Gentlewoman, your worship must needs stay and take a simple dinner with me to day. Indeed, quoth *George*, I cannot now stay; my haste is such, I must presently to Horse. You may suppose *George* was in haste, vntill he was out of the Gentlewomans house: for he knew not whether he had poysoned the Gentleman or not, which made him so eager to be gone out of the Gentlemans house. The Gentlewoman, seeing she could by no meanes stay him, gaue him two brace of Angels, which neuer shined long in his purse, and desired him at his returne to know her house, which *George* promised, and with seeming nicenesse[2]

(1) Lappet. (2) Delicacy, reluctance.

took the gold, and towards Oxford went he, forty shillings heauier than he was, where he brauely domineered, while his Physicall[1] money lasted. But to see the strangenesse of this! Whether it was the vertue of some herbe which he gathered, or the conceit the Gentleman had of *George Peele*, but it so pleased God the Gentleman recouered, and in eight daies walked abroad; and that fortunate potion, which *George* made at randome, did him more good than many pounds that he had spent in halfe a yeare before in Physicke. *George* his money being spent, he made his returne towards London; and when he came within a mile of the Gentleman's house, he inquired of a countrey fellow how such a Gentleman did. The fellow told him, God be praised! his good Landlord was well recouered by a vertuous Gentleman that came this way by chance. Art thou sure of it, quoth *George?* Yes, beleeue me, quoth the fellow; I saw him in the fields but this morning. This was no simple[2] newes to *George*. He presently set spurres to his Horse, and whereas hee thought to shun the towne, he went directly to his Inne. At whose arriuall, the Hostis clapt her hands, the Oastler laught, the Tapster leapt, the Chamberlaine ran to the Gentle-

(1) The word is used here merely to signify the money Peele had got by his experiment in physic. (2) Common, ordinary.

man's house, and told him the Doctor was come. How ioyfull the Gentleman was, let them imagine that haue any after-healths.[1] *George Peele* was sent for, and after a million of thanks from the Gentleman and his friends, *George Peele* had twenty pounds deliuered him, which money, how long it was a spending, let the Tauernes in *London* witnesse.

How *George* helped his friend to a Supper.

GEORGE was inuited one night by certaine of his friends to supper at the White Horse in Friday Street; and in the Euening as he was going, he met with an old friend of his, who was so ill at the stomacke, hearing *George* tel him of the good cheere he went to, himselfe being vnprouided both of meat and mony, that he swore he had rather haue gone a mile about than haue met him at that instant. And beleeue me, quoth *George*, I am hartily sorry that I cannot take thee along with me, my selfe being but an inuited guest; besides, thou art out of cloathes, vnfitting for such a company. Marry this Ile doe; if thou wilt follow my aduice, Ile helpe thee to thy supper. Any way, quoth he to *George;* doe thou but devise the meanes, and Ile execute it. *George* presently told him

(1) Recoveries after severe illnesses.

what he should doe; so they parted. *George* was[1] entertained with extraordinary welcome, and seated at the vpper end of the Table. Supper being brought vp, *H. M.* watched his time below; and when he saw that the meat was carried vp, vp he followes, (as *George* had directed him,) who[m] when *George* saw: you whorson Rascall (quoth *George*), what make you here? Sir, quoth he, I am come from the party you wot of. You Rogue, (quoth *George*), haue I not forewarned you of this? I pray you, Sir, quoth he, heare my Errand. Doe you prate, you slaue, quoth *George*, and with that tooke a Rabbet out of the Dish, and threw it at him. Quoth he, you vse me very hardly. You Dunghill, quoth *George*, doe you out-face me? and with that tooke the other Rabbet, and threw it at his head. After that a Loafe; then drawing his dagger, making an offer to throw it, the Gentlemen staid him. Meane while *H. M.* got the Loafe and the two Rabbets, and away he went; which when *George* saw he was gone, after a little fretting, he sate quietly. So by that honest shift he helped his friend to his supper, and was neuer suspected for it of the company.

(1) Old ed. reads *well*.

How *George Peele* was shauen, and of the reuenge he tooke.

THERE was a Gentleman that dwelt in the West Countrey, and had stayed here in *London* a Tearme longer than hee intended, by reason of a Booke that *George* had to translate out of Greeke into English; and when he wanted money, *George* had it of the Gentleman. But the more he supplied him of Coine, the further off he was from his Booke, and could get no end of it, neither by fair meanes, entreaty, or double paiment: for *George* was of the Poetical disposition, neuer to write so long as his mony lasted, some quarter of the booke being done, and lying in his hands at randome. The Gentleman had plotted a means to take such an order with *George* next time hee came, that hee would haue his Booke finished. It was not long before he had his company; his arriuall was for more mony. The Gentleman bids him welcome, causeth him to stay dinner, where falling into discourse about his Booke, [he] found that it was as neere ended, as he left it two moneths agoe. The Gentleman, meaning to be gul'd no longer, caused two of his men to bind *George* hand and foot in a Chaire; a folly it was for him to aske what they meant by it; the Gentleman sent for a

Barber ; and *George* had a beard of an indifferent size, and well growne. He made the Barber shaue him bèard and head, left him as bare of haire, as he was of money. The Barber he was well contented for his paines, who left *George* like an old woman in mans apparell ; and his voyce became it well, for it was more woman than man. *George*, quoth the Gentleman, I haue alwaies vsed you like a friend, my purse hath beene open to you ; that you haue of mine to translate, you know it is a thing I highly esteeme ; therefore I have vsed you in this fashion, that I might haue an end of my Booke, which shall be as much for your profit as my pleasure. So forthwith he commanded his men to vnbinde him, and putting his hand into his pocket, gaue him two brace of Angels. Quoth he : M. *Peele*, drink this, and by that time you haue finished my booke, your beard will be growne, vntill which time I know you will be ashamed to walke abroad. *George* patiently tooke the gold, said little, and when it was darke night, tooke his leaue of the Gentleman, and went directly home, who[m] when his wife saw, I omit the wonder she made, but imagine those that shall behold their husbands in such a case. To bed went *George*, and ere morning he had plotted sufficiently how to cry *quid pro quo* with his politicke Gentleman.

How the Gentleman was gulled for shauing of *George.*[1]

GEORGE had a Daughter of the age of teene yeers, a Girl of a prettie forme, but of an excellent wit; all part of her was Father, saue her middle: and she had *George* so tutored all night, that although himselfe was the Author of it, yet had he beene transformed into his Daughters shape, he could not haue done it with more conceit. *George* at that time dwelt at the Bank-side, from whence comes this she-Sinon[2] early in the morning with her haire disheuelled, wringing her hands, and making such pitifull moane with shrikes and teares, and beating of her brest, that made the people in a maze. Some stood wondering at the Childe, others plucked her to know the occasion; but none could stay her by meanes, but on she kept her iourney, crying: O, her Father, her good Father, her deare Father: ouer the Bridge, thorow Cheapeside, and so to the Old Bailey, where the Gentleman soiourned. There sitting her selfe downe, an hundred people gaping vpon her, there she begins to cry out: Woe to that place, that her Father euer saw it, shee was

(1) Vide *supra.*

(2) Ed. Bell has *she-sinnow*; Ed. 1671 reads *she-sinnew.*

a castaway, her Mother was vndone, till with the noyse, one of the Gentleman's men comming downe, looked on her, and knew her to bee *George Peeles* Daughter. Hee presently runnes vp, and tels his Master, who commanded his man to bring her vp. The Gentleman was in a cold sweat, fearing that *George* had for the wrong he did him the day before some way vndone himselfe. When the Girle came vp, he demanded the cause why she so lamented, and called vpon her Father. *George* his flesh and bloud, after a million of sighes, cried out vpon him, he had made her Father, her good father, drowne himselfe. Which words once vttered, she fell into a counterfeit swoone, whom the Gentleman soone recouered. This newes went to his heart, and he, being a man of a very mild condition, cheered vp the Girle, made his men to go buy her new cloathes frō top to toe, said he would be a father to her, gaue her fiue pounds, bid her go home and carry it to her mother, and in the euening he would visit her. At this, by little and little she began to be quiet, desiring him to come and see her Mother. He tels her he will not faile, bids her goe home quietly. So downe staires goes she peartly,[1] and the wondring people, that staid at doore to hear the man-

(1) Sharply, nimbly.

ner of her griefe, had of her nought but knauish answers; and home went she directly. The Gentleman was so crossed in minde, and disturbed in thought at this vnhappy accident, that his soule could not be in quiet, till he had beene with this wofull widdow, as he thought, and presently went to *Blacke Friers*, tooke a paire of Oares, and went directly to *George Peele's* house, where he found his Wife plucking of Larks, my crying Crocadile turning of the spit, and *George* pind vp in a blanket at his translation. The Gentleman, more glad at the unlookt for life of *George* than the losse of his money, tooke part of the good cheere *George* had to supper, wondred at the cunning of the Wench, and within some few daies after had an end of his Booke.

The Iest of *George Peele* at *Bristow*.[1]

GEORGE was at Bristow, and there staying somewhat longer than his coine would last him, his Palfrey that should be his Carrier to *London*, his head was growne so big, that he could not get him out of the stable.[2] It so fortuned at that instant,

(1) See No. 133 of *Mery Tales and Quick Answers*, ed. 1567.

(2) Meaning that the bill for his keep was larger than Peele could satisfy.

certaine Players came to the Towne, and lay at that Inne where *George Peele* was; to whom *George* was well knowne, being in that time an excellent Poet, and had acquaintance of most of the best Plaiers in *England.* From the triuiall sort he was but so so; of which these were; [so they] onely knew *George* by name, no otherwise. There was not past three of the company come with the Carriage; the rest were behinde by reason of a long Journey they had: so that night they could not enact. Which *George* hearing had presently a Stratageme in his head to get his Horse free out of the stable, and Money in his purse to beare his charges vp to *London*; and thus it was. He goes directly to the Mayor, tels him he was a Scholler and a Gentleman, and that he had a certaine History of the Knight of the Rodes;[1] and withall, how *Bristow* was first founded and by whom, and a briefe of all those that before him had succeeded in Office in that worshipfull City, desiring the Mayor, that he with his presence, and the rest of his Brethren, would grace his labours. The Mayor agreed to it, gaue him leaue, and withall appointed him a place, but for himselfe he could not be there, being in the

(1) Probably Peele's lost play of *The Turkish Mahomet* is here intended. See Henslowe's Diary, edited by Mr. Collier for the Shakespeare Society, 1845, pp. 39, 42. Henslowe enters *Mahomet* as a source of receipts to the amount of £3 5*s.* under date of 14th Aug. 1594.

euening: but bade him make the best benefit he could of the Citie, and very liberally gaue him an Angel, which *George* thankfully receiues, and about his businesse he goes, got his stage made, his History cried, and hired the Players Apparell, to florish out his Shew, promising to pay them liberally; and withall desired them they would fauour him so much, as to gather him his money at the doore, (for hee thought it his best course to imploy them, lest they should spie out his knauery: for they haue perillous heads). They willingly yeeld to do him any kindnesse that lies in them. In briefe, [they] carry their apparell to the Hall, place themselues at the doore, where *George* in the meane time with the ten shillings he had of the Mayor, deliuered his horse out of Purgatory, and carries him to the townes end, and there placeth him, to be ready at his comming.[1] By this time the Audience were come, and so forty shillings gathered, which money *George* put in his purse, and putting on one of the Players silke Robes, after the Trumpet had sounded thrice, out he comes, makes low obeysance, goes forward with his Prologue, which was thus:

A trifling Toy, a Iest of no account, pardie.
The Knight perhaps you think for to be I:

(1) Compare *Mery Tales and Quicke Answeres*, No. 133.

Thinke on so still: for why you know, that
thought is free;
Sit still a while, Ile send the Actors to yee.

Which being said, after some fire-workes that he had made of purpose, thrown[1] out among them, downe[2] staires goes he, gets to his Horse, and so with fortie shillings to *London;* leaues the Players to answer it, who, when the Jest was knowne, their innocence excused them, being as well gulled as the Maior and the Audience.

How *George* gulled a Punke, otherwise called a Croshabell.

COMMING to *London*, hee fell in company with a Cockatrice, which pleased his eye so well, that *George* fell aboording of her, and proffered her the wine which my Croshabell willingly accepted. To the Tauerne they go, where, after a little idle talke, *George* fell to the question about the thing you wot of. My she-Hobby was very dainty, which made *George* farre more eager; and my lecherous animall proffered largely to obtaine his purpose. To conclude, nothing she would grant vnto except ready coine, which was forty shillings, not a farthing

(1) Old Ed. has *threw.*
(2) Old Ed. has *and downe*, &c.

lesse ; if so he would, next night she would appoint him, where he should meet her. *George* saw how the game went, that she was more for lucre than for loue, [and] thus cunningly answered her: gentlewoman, howsoeuer you speake, I do not thinke your heart agrees with your tongue ; the money you demand is but to trie me, and indeed but a trifle to mee : but because it shall not be said I bought that Iemme of you I prize so highlie, Ile giue you a token to morrow, that shall be more worth than your demand, if so you please to accept it. Sir, quoth she, it contenteth me well ; and so, if please you, at this time wee'le part, and to morrow in the euening [I'll] meet you, where you shall appoint. The place was determined, and they kist and parted, she home, *George* into Saint Thomas Apostles to a friend of his, of whom he knew he could take vp a peticoat of trust (the first letter of his name begins with G). A Peticoat he had of him at the price of fiue shillings, which money is owing till this day. The next night being come, they met at the place appointed, which was a Tauerne : there they were to suppe : that ended, *George* was to goe home with her, to end his Yeomans plee in her common case. But Master *Peele* had another drift in his mazzard :[1] for he

(1) Head. See Nares (edit. 1859) *in voce*.

did so ply her with wine, that in a small time she spun such a threed, that she reeled homewards, and *George* he was faine to be her supporter. When to her house she came, with nothing so much painting in the inside, as her face had on the outside, with much ado her maide had her to bed, who was no sooner layd, but she fell fast asleepe; which when *George* perceiued, he sent the maide for Milke and a quart of Sacke to make a Posset; where before her returne, *George* made so bold as to take vp his owne new Petticoat, a faire Gowne of hers, two gold Rings that lay in the window, and away he went. The Gowne and the gold Rings he made a chaffer of; the Petticoat he gaue to his honest wife, one of the best deeds he euer did to her. How the Croshabell lookt when she awaked and saw this, I was neuer there to know.

How *George* read a Play-booke to a Gentleman.

THERE was a Gentleman, whom God had indued with good liuing to maintaine his small wit: he was not a Foole absolute, although in this world he had good fortune: and he was in a manner an Ingle[1] to *George*, one that took great delight to

(1) Here put for an intimate, a *chum;* but the word was originally employed in a less harmless sense. See a long note in Nares (ed. 1859).

haue the first hearing of any worke that *George* had done, himselfe being a Writer, and had a Poeticall inuention of his owne, which when he had with great labour finished, their fatall end was for priuy purposes. This selfe-conceited brocke[1] had *George* inuented to halfe a score sheets of Paper; whose Christianly pen had writ *Finis* to the famous Play of the Turkish *Mahomet*,[2] and *Hyrin* the faire Greeke, in Italian called a Curtezan, in Spaine, a Margarite, French, *Vn*[*e*] *Curt*[*ez*]*ain*[*e*]; in English, among the barbarous, a W****; but among the Gentle, their vsuall associates, a Puncke: but now, the word refined being latest, and the authority brought from a Climate as yet vnconquered, the fruitfull County of Kent, they call them *Croshabell*, which is a word but lately vsed, and fitting with their trade, being of a louely and courteous condition. Leauing them—this Fantasticke, whose braine was made of nought but Corke and Spunge, came to the cold lodging of Monsieur *Peele*, in his blacke Sattin Sute, his Gowne furred with Coney, in his Slippers. Being in the euening, he thought to heare *Georges* booke, and so to return to his Inne (this not of the wisest, being of S. *Bernards*).[3]

(1) This word signifies literally a *badger;* but many of our early writers appear to have used it very loosely. It seems here to mean a *bore.* (2) Vide *supra.* (3) Barnard's Inn.

George bids him welcome, told him he would gladly haue his opinion in his booke. He willingly condescended, and *George* begins to read, and betweene euery Sceane he would make pauses, and demand his opinion how he liked the cariage of it. Quoth he, wondrous well, the conueyance. O, but (quoth *George*) the end is farre better (for he meant another conueyance ere they two departed). *George* was very tedious in reading, and the night grew old. I protest, quoth the Gentleman, I haue stayed ouer-long ; I feare me I shall hardly get into mine Inne. If you feare that, quoth *George*, we will haue a cleane paire of sheets, and you take a simple lodging here. This house-gull willingly embraced it, and to bed they goe, where *George* in the midst of the night, spying his time, put on this Dormouse his cloaths, desired God to keepe him in good rest, honestly takes leaue of him and the house, to whom he was indebted foure Nobles. When this Drone awaked, and found himselfe so left, he had not the wit to be angry, but swore scuruily at his misfortune, and said : I thought he would not haue vsed me so. And although it so pleased the Fates he had another sute to put on, yet he could not get thence, till he had paid the mony *George* ought to the house, which for his credit he did ; and when he

came to his lodging, in anger he made a Poem of it :

Peele *is no poet, but a Gull and Clowne,*
To take away my Cloaths and Gowne :
I vow by Ioue, *if I can see him weare it,*
Ile giue him a glyg, and patiently beare it.

How *George Peele* serued halfe a score Citizens.

GEORGE once had inuited halfe a score of his friends to a great Supper, where they were passing merry, no cheare wanting, wine enough, musicke playing. The night growing on, and being vpon departure, they call for a reckoning. *George* swears there is not a penny for them to pay. They, being men of good fashion, by no meanes will yeeld vnto it, but euery man throwes downe his money, some ten shillings, some fiue, some more, protesting something they will pay. Well, quoth *George*, taking vp all the mony : seeing you will be so wilfull, you shall see what shall follow : he commands the musicke to play, and while they were skipping and dancing, *George* gets his cloake, sends vp two pottles of Hypocrasse,[1] and leaues them and the reckoning to pay.[2] They, wondring at the stay of

(1) A medicated drink, composed usually of red wine, but sometimes white, with the addition of sugar and spices.—*Nares*, ed. 1859.

(2) Vide suprâ, p. 265, where I have quoted a passage from Rowlands'

George, meant to be gone; but they were staid by the way, and before they went, forced to pay the reckoning anew. This shewed a minde in him, he cared not whom he deceiued, so he profited himselfe for the present.

A Iest of *George* going to *Oxford*.[1]

THERE was some halfe doozen of Citizens, that had oftentimes been solliciters with *George*, he being a Master of Art at the Uniuersity of *Oxford*, that he would ride with them to the Commencement, it being a Midsomer. *George*, willing to pleasure the Gentlemen his friends, rode along with them. When they had rode the better part of the way, they baited at a Village called *Stoken*,[2] fiue miles from *Wickham*;[3] good cheare was bespoken for dinner, and frolicke was the company, all but *George*, who could not be in that pleasant veine that did ordinarily possesse him, by reason he was without mony: but he had not fetcht forty turns about the chamber, before his noddle had entertained a conceit how to mony himselfe with credit,

Knave of Clubs, 1600, which was unquestionably an imitation of the present Jest.

(1) Compare *the Puritan*, Act I. Sc. IV, and Act 4, Sc. 2. There George Pyeboard contrives the abstraction not of a rapier, as here, but of the gold chain of Sir Godfrey Plus, of "full three thousand links."

(2) Stoken-Church, Co. Oxon. (3) Chipping-Wicumb, Co. Oxon.

and yet gleane it from some one of the company. There was among them one excellent Asse, a fellow that did nothing but friske vp and down the Chamber, that his mony might be heard chide in his pocket; this fellow had *George* obserued, and secretly conuaied his gilt Rapier and Dagger into another Chamber, and there closely hid it. That done, he called vp the Tapster, and upon his cloake borrowes fiue shilling for an hour or so, till his man came (as he could fashion it well enough). So much mony he had, and then who more merry than *George?* Meat was brought vp; they set themselues to dinner, all full of mirth, especially my little foole, who dranke not of the conclusion of their feast. Dinner ended, much prattle past; euery man begins to buckle to his furniture, among whom this Hichcocke[1] missed his Rapier, at which all the company were in a maze, he, besides his wits: for he had borrowed it of a speciall friend of his, and swore he had rather spend 20 Nobles. This is strange, quoth *George*, it should be gone in this fashion, none being here but our selues, and the fellows of the house, who were examined, but no Rapier could be heard of. All the company

(1) This word occurs in the new edition of Nares' *Glossary*, and is explained *simpleton*, which may probably be right. But no other example of the use of the phrase seems to have fallen in the way of Nares or his Editors, who quote this very passage.

much grieued ; but *George*, in a pittiful chafe, swore it should cost him forty shillings, but he would know what was become of it, if Art could doe it : and with that he caused the Oastler to saddle his Nag, for *George* would ride to a Scholler, a friend of his, that had skill in such matters.[1] O, good M. *Peele*, quoth the fellow, want no mony, here is forty shillings ; see what you can doe ; and if you please, Ile ride along with you. Not so, quoth *George*, taking his forty shillings, Ile ride alone, and be you as merry as you can till my returne. So *George* left them, and rode directly to *Oxford* ; there he acquaints a friend of his with all the circumstance, who presently tooke Horse, and rode along with him to laugh at the iest. When they came backe, *George* tels them that he had brought one of the rarest men in *England*, whom they with much complement bid welcome. He, after a distracted countenance and strange words, takes this

(1) "*Pye.* Give me audience, then. When the old knight, thy master, has raged his fill for the loss of the chain, tell him thou hast a kinsman in prison, of such exquisite art that the devil himself is French lackey to him, and runs bareheaded by his horse-belly, when he has one ; whom he will cause, with most Irish dexterity, to fetch his chain, though 'twere hid under a mine of sea-coal, and ne'er make spade or pick-axe his instruments : tell him but this, with farther instructions thou shalt receive from me, and thou showest thyself a kinsman indeed.

Oath. A dainty bully.

Skir. An honest book-keeper.

Idle. And my three-times-thrice-honey cousin."—*Puritan*, Act I. Sc. 4.

Bulfinch by the wrist, and carried him into the priuy, and there willed him to put in his head but while he had written his name, and told forty; which he willingly did. That done, the Scholar asked him what he saw. By my faith, Sir, I smelt a villanous sent, but I saw nothing. Then I haue, quoth he; and with that directed him where his Rapier was, saying: it is iust North-East, inclosed in wood neare the earth; for which they all made diligent search, till *George*, who hid it under a settle, found it, to the comfort of the fellow,[1] the ioy of

(1) Sir Godfrey finds his chain with the assistance of the pretended conjuror, Captain Idle, on a rosemary-bank, where Idle, by magical exorcisms, has succeeded, as he alleges, in laying the Devil.

"*Pye.* 'Sfoot, captain, speak somewhat for shame: it lightens and thunders before thou wilt begin. Why, when—

Idle. Pray, peace, George; thou'lt make me laugh anon, and spoil all. [*Lightning and thunder.*

Pye. O, now it begins again; now, now, now, captain.

Idle. Rhumbos ragdayon pur pur colucundrion hois plois.

Sir God. [*at the door*]. O admirable conjuror! he has fetched thunder already.

Pye. Hark, hark!—again captain.

Idle. Benjamino gaspois kay gosgothoteron umbrois.

Sir God. [*at the door*]. O, I would the devil would come away quickly; he has no conscience to put a man to such pain.

Pye. Again.

Idle. Flowste kakopumpos dragone leloomenos hodge podge.

Pye. Well said, captain.

Sir God. [*at the door*]. So long a-coming? O, would I had ne'er begun it now! for I fear me these roaring tempests will destroy all the fruits of the earth, and tread upon my corn—[*thunder*] oh—in the country.

Idle. Gogdegog hobgoblin hunks hounslow hockleyte coomb-park.

Wid. [*at the door*]. O brother, brother, what a tempest 's in the garden! Sure there's some conjuration abroad.

the company, and the eternall credit of his friend, who was entertained with wine and sugar; and *George* redeemed his cloake, rode merrily to *Oxford*, hauing coine in his pocket, where this

Sir God. [*at the door*]. 'Tis at home, sister.

Pye. By-and-by I'll step in, captain.

Idle. Nunc nunc rip-gaskins ips drip—*dropite*—

Sir God. [*at the door*]. He drips and drops, poor man: alas, alas!

Pye. Now, I come.

Idle. O—*sulphure sootface.*

Pye. Arch-conjurer, what wouldest thou with me?

Sir God. [*at the door*]. O, the devil, sister, in the dining-chamber! Sing, sister: I warrant you that will keep him out:—quickly, quickly, quickly.

Pye. So, so, so; I'll release thee. Enough, captain, enough; allow us some time to laugh a little: they're shuddering and shaking by this time, as if an earthquake were in their kidneys.

Idle. Sirrah, George, how was't, how was't? Did I do't well enough?

Pye. Woult believe me, captain? better than any conjuror; for here was no harm in this, and yet their horrible expectation satisfied well. You were much beholden to thunder and lightning at this time; it graced you well, I can tell you.

Idle. I must needs say so, George. Sirrah, if we could have conveyed hither cleanly a cracker or a fire-wheel, it had been admirable.

Pye. Blurt, blurt! there's nothing remains to put thee to pain now, captain.

Idle. Pain? I protest, George, my heels are sorer than a Whitsun morris-dancer's.

Pye. All's past now; only to reveal that the chain 's in the garden, where thou know'st it has lain these two days.

Idle. But I fear that fox Nicholas has revealed it already.

Pye. Fear not, captain; you must put it to the venture now. Nay, 'tis time; call upon them, take pity on them; for I believe some of them are in a pitiful case by this time.

Idle. Sir Godfrey, Nicholas, kinsman. 'Sfoot, they're fast at it still, George.—Sir Godfrey.

Sir God. [*at the door*]. O, is that the devil's voice? How comes he to know my name?

Idle. Fear not, Sir Godfrey; all's quieted.

Loach[1] spares not for any expence, for the good fortune he had in the happy finding of his Rapier.

How *George* serued his Hostis.

GEORGE, lying at an old Widdows house, had[2] gone so farre on the score, that his credit would stretch no farther: for she had made a vow not to depart with drinke or victuals without ready mony. Which *George*, seeing the fury of his froward Hostis, in griefe kept his chamber, called to his Hostis, and told her, she should vnderstand that he was not without mony, how poorely soeuer he appeared to her, and that my diet shall testifie. In the meane time, good Hostis, quoth he, send for such a friend of mine. She did; so his friend came, to whom

Enter SIR GODFREY, *the* WIDOW, FRANCES, *and* NICHOLAS.

Sir God. What, is he laid?

Idle. Laid; and has newly dropped your chain in the garden.

Sir God. In the garden? in our garden?

Idle. Your garden.

Sir God. O sweet conjurer! whereabouts there?

Idle. Look well about a bank of rosemary.

Sir God. Sister, the rosemary-bank. Come, come; there's my chain, he says.

Wid. Oh, happiness! run, run."—*Puritan*, Act IV, Sc. 2.

(1) This passage is cited in Nares ed. 1859, for the word which is explained, like *Hichcocke* and *Bulfinch* suprâ, to signify a *simpleton*. None of these phrases seem to be otherwise known, or to have been used elsewhere.

(2) Old Ed. reads *and had*.

George imparted his minde, the effect whereof was this, to pawne his Cloake, Hose and Doublet, vnknowne to his Hostis: for, quoth *George*, this seuen nights doe I intend to keepe my bed. (Truly he spake, for his intent was, the bed should not keepe him any longer.) Away goes he to pawne his apparell; *George* bespeakes good cheere to supper, which was no shamble-butchers stuffe, but according to the place: for, his Chamber being remote from the house, at the end of the Garden, his apparell being gone, it appeared to him as the Counter; therefore, to comfort himselfe, he dealt in Poultry.[1] His friend brought the mony, [and] supped with him; his Hostis he very liberally paid, but cauilled with her at her vnkindnesse, vowing that, while he lay there, none should attend him but his friend. The Hostis replied: a Gods name, she was well contented with it; so was *George*, too: for none knew better than himselfe what he intended; but, in briefe, thus he vsed his kind Hostis. After his apparrell and mony was gone, he made bold with the Feather bed he lay on, which his friend slily conueyed away, hauing as villanous a Wolfe in his belly as *George*, though not altogether so wise: for that Feather-bed they deuoured in two dayes,

(1) A pun on the Compter or Counter in the Poultry, with the interior of which Peele was possibly not unacquainted.

feathers and all: which was no sooner digested, but away went the Couerlet, Sheets, and the Blanket; and at the last dinner, when *George's* good friend perceiuing nothing left but the bed-cords, as the Deuill would have it, straight came in his mind the fashion of a halter, the foolish kind knaue would needs fetch a quart of sacke for his friend *George;* which sacke to this day neuer saw Vintners Cellar; and so he left *George* in a cold Chamber, a thin shirt, a rauished bed, no comfort left him, but the bare bones of deceased Capons. In this distresse, *George* bethought him what he might doe; nothing was left him; and his eye wandered vp and downe the empty Chamber. By chance he spied out an old Armor, at which sight *George* was the joyfullest man in Christendome: for the Armour of *Achilles,* that *Vlysses* and *Aiax* stroue for, was not more precious to them, than this to him. For he presently claps it vpon his backe, the Halbert in his hand, the Moryon on his head, and so gets out the backe way, marches from Shorditch to Clarkenwell, to the no small wonder of those spectators that beheld him. Being arriued to the wished hauen he would be, an old acquaintance of his furnished him with an old Sute, and an old Cloake for his old Armour. How the Hostis looked, when she saw that metamorphosis

in her chamber, iudge those Bomborts that liue by tapping between the age of fifty and threescore.

How he serued a Tapster.

GEORGE was making merry with three or foure of his friends in Pye-corner, where the Tapster of the house was much giuen to Poetry. For he had ingrossed the *Knight of the Sunne*,[1] *Venus* and *Adonis*,[2] and other Pamphlets which the strippling had collected together, and knowing *George* to be a Poet, he tooke great delight in his company, and out of his bounty would bestow a brace of cannes of him. *George*, obseruing the humour of the Tapster, meant presently to worke vpon him. What will you say, quoth *George* to his friends, if out of this spirit of the Cellar I fetch a good Angell that shall bid vs all to supper. Wee would gladly see that, quoth his friends. Content your selfe, quoth *George*. The Tapster ascends with his two cannes, deliuers one to M. *Peele*, and the other to his friends, giues them kinde welcome; but *George*, in stead of giuing him thanks, bids him not to trouble him,

(1) *The Mirror of Princely Deeds and Knighthood*, 1585-1601, 4° 9 Parts. See a note in my Ed. of Lovelace's Poems, p. 13

(2) Shakespeare's Poem.

and begins in these termes. I protest, Gentlemen, I wonder you will vrge me so much, I sweare I haue it not about me. What is the matter, quoth the Tapster, hath any one angered you? No, 'faith, quoth *George*, Ile tell thee; it is this. There is a friend of ours in Newgate for nothing but onely the command of the Justices, and he, being now to be released, sends to me to bring him an Angell. Now the man I loue dearely well, and if he want ten Angels, he shall haue them, for I know him sure: but heres the misery. Either I must goe home, or I must be forced to pawne this;—and plucks an old Harry groat[1] out of his pocket. The Tapster lookes vpon it: why, and it please you Sir, quoth he, this is but a groat. No Sir, quoth *George*, I know it is but a groat: but this groat will I not lose for forty pounds: for this groat had I of my Mother, as a testimony of a Lease of a house I am to possesse after her decease: and if I should lose this groat, I were in a faire case: and either I must pawne this groat, or there the fellow must lie still. Quoth the Tapster: if it please you, I will lend you an Angell on it, and I will assure you it shall be safe. Wilt thou, quoth *George*? as thou art an honest man, locke it vp in thy Chest, and let me haue it, whensoeuer I

(1) *i.e.* A groat of Henry VIII.

call for it. As I am an honest man, you shall, quoth the Tapster. *George* deliuered him his groat: the Tapster gaue him ten shillings: to the Tauerne goe they with the mony, and there merrily spend it. It fell out in a small time after, the Tapster, hauing many of these lurches, fell to decay, and indeed was turned out of seruice, hauing no more coine in the world than this groat; and in this misery he met *George* as poore as himselfe. O, sir, quoth the Tapster, you are happily met; I haue your groat safe, though since I saw you last, I haue bid great extremity; and I protest, saue that groat, I haue not one penny in the world; therefore I pray you, Sir, helpe me to my mony, and take your pawne. Not for the world, quoth *George;* thou saist thou hast but that groat in the world. My bargaine was, that thou shouldst keepe that groat, vntill I demand it of thee; I aske thee none; I will do thee more good, because thou art an honest fellow; keepe thou that groat still, till I call for it: and so doing, the proudest Jacke in *England* cannot iustifie thou art not worth a groat, otherwise they might: and so, honest *Michael*, farewell. So *George* leaues the poor Tapster picking of his fingers, his head full of proclamations what he might doe; at last sighing he ends with this Prouerbe:

For the price of a barrel of Beere,
I haue bought a groats-worth of wit,
Is not that deare?

How *George* serued a Gentlewoman.[1]

GEORGE vsed often to an Ordnary in this Towne, where a kinswoman of the good wife's in the house held a great pride and vaine opinion of her own mother-wit: for her tongue was as a Jack continually wagging; and for she had heard that *George* was a Scholler, she thought she would find a time to giue him notice, that she had as much in her head, as euer was in her Grandfathers. Yet in some things she differed from the women of those dayes: for their naturall complexion was their beauty. Now this Titmouse, what she is scanted by nature, she doth replenish by Art, as her boxes of red and white daily can testifie. But to come to *George*, who arriued at the Ordnary among other Gallants, [he] throwes his cloake vpon the Table, salutes the Gentlemen, and presently calls for a cup of Canary. *George* had a paire of Hose on, that for some offence durst not bee seene in that hue they

(1) See Thoms' *Anecdotes and Traditions*, p. 23 (Camden Society). *A portion* of the story is there told of Sir John Heydon and the Lady Cary.

were first dyed in, but from his first colour being a youthfull green, his long age turned him into a mournfull black, and for his antiquity was in print: which this busie body perceiuing, thought now to giue it him to the quicke: and drawing neere M. *Peele*, looking upon his breeches: by my troth, Sir, quoth shee, these are exceedingly well printed. At which word, *George*, being a little moued in his mind, that his old Hose were called in question, answered: and by my faith, Mistris, quoth *George*, your face is most damnably ill painted. How mean you, Sir, quoth shee? Marry thus, Mistris, quoth *George*, That if it were not for printing and painting, my **** and your face would grow out of reparations. At which shee, biting her lip, in a parat fury went downe the staires. The Gentlemen laughed at the sudden answer of *George*, and being seated at dinner, the Gentlemen would needes haue the company of this witty Gentlewoman to dine with them, who with little denying came, in hope to cry quittance with *George*. When shee was ascended, the Gentlemen would needes place her by M. *Peele;* because they did vse to dart one at another; they thought it meet, for their more safety they, should bee placed neerest together. *George* kindly entertains her; and being seated, he desires her to reach him the Capon that

stood by her, and he would be so bold as to carue for his mony; and as she put out her arme to take the Capon, *George*, sitting by her, yerks me out a huge ****, which made all the company in a maze one looking vpon the other: yet they knew it came that way. Peace, quoth *George*, and iogs her on the elbow, I will say it was I. At which all the Company fell into a huge laughter, shee into a fretting fury, vowing neuer she should sleepe quietly, till she was revenged of *George* his wrong done vnto her: and so in a great chafe left their company.

FINIS.

JACK OF DOVER.

Jack of Dover, His Quest of Inquirie, or His Privy Search for the Veriest Foole in England. London, Printed for William Ferbrand, and are to be sold in Pope's Head Ally, over against the Taverne doore, neare the Exchange. 1604. 4°.

The Merry Tales of Jacke of Dover; or his Quest, &c. (*as in the former ed.*) Lond. 1615, 4°.

Both impressions are in the Bodleian Library.

It is extremely probable that of this little tract, several editions were published. On the 3rd August, 1601, Wm. Ferbrand had a licence to print "the second parte of Jack of Dover;" but the edition now reprinted is the oldest that is known to be extant.

It is evident that the term *Jack of Dover* is used here quite in a different sense from the one in which it is found in Chaucer (Prologue to the Cook's Tale). "Jack of Dover" was edited in 1842 for the Percy Society.

The title of "Quest of Inquirie," was perhaps recommended by the popularity of a tract, which appeared in 1595 under the title of

"A Quest of Inquirie,
For Women to know,
Whether the tripe-wife were trimmed
By Doll, yea or no.

Gathered by Oliver Oat-Meale."

Henry Fitzgeffrey, in his Satyres, ed. 1620, alludes to *Jack of Dover, his Quest of Inquiry,* in a passage in which he is describing the popular literature of the day.

JACKE OF DOVERS QUEST OF INQUIRIE.

WHEN merry Jacke of Dover had made his privie search for the Foole of all Fooles, and making his inquirie in most of the principall places in England, at his returne home was adjudged to be the foole himselfe: but now, wearied with the motley coxcombe, he hath undertaken in some place or other to finde out a verier foole than himselfe. But first of all comming to London he went into Paules church where, walking very melancholy in the middle ile with captaine Thingut and his fellowes, he was invited to dine at duke Humphries ordinarie where, amongst many other good stomackes that repayred to his bountifull feast, there came in a whole jury of pennilesse poets who, being fellowes of a merry disposition (but as necessary in a common-wealth as a candle in a straw-bed) hee accepted of their company; and as from poets commeth all kind of foolerie, so he hoped by their good directions to find out this Foole of all Fooles

so long lookt for. So thinking to passe away the dinner time with some pleasant chat, least (being overcloyde with too many delicates) they should surfet, he discovered to them his merry meaning, who being glad of so good an occasion of mirth, instead of a cup of sacke and sugar for disjestion, these men of litle wit began to make inquirie and to search for this aforesayde foole, thinking it a deede of charitie to ease him of so great a burthen as his motley coxcombe was, and because such weake braines as are now resident almost in every place might take benefite hereat. In this manner began the inquirie.

The Foole of Herforde.

Upon a time (quoth one of the jurie) it was my chaunce to be in the cittie of Herforde, when, lodging in an inn, I was tolde of a certain silly witted gentleman there dwelling, that wold assuredly beleeve all things that he heard for a truth, to whose house I went upon a sleeveles arrand, and finding occasion to be acquainted with him, I was well entertained, and for three dayes space had my bed and boord in his house, where amongst many other fooleries, I, being a traveller, made him beleeve that the steeple in

Burndwood[1] in Essex sayled in one night as far as Callis in Fraunce, and afterward returned againe to his proper place. Another time I made him beleeve that in the forest of Sherwood in Nottinghamshire were seene five hundred of the king of Spaines gallies, which went to besiedge Robbinhoodes Well, and that fourty thousand schollers with elderne squirts performed such a peece of service, as they were all in a manner broken and overthrowne in the forrest. Another time I made him beleeve that Westminster hall, for suspition of treason, was banished for ten years into Staffordshire. And last of all, I made him beleeve that a tinker should be bayted to death at Canterbury for getting two and twenty children in a yeere: whereupon, to proove me a lyer, he tooke his horse and rode thither; and I, to verrifie him a foole, tooke my horse and rode hither. Well, quoth Jack of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found that I looke for.

The Foole of Huntington.

And it was my chaunce (quoth another of the jurie) upon a time to be at Huntington, where

(1) *i.e.* Brentwood, which is equivalent in meaning to the word in the text. The place was formerly known also as *Burntwood* or *Burndwood*.

I heard tell of a simple shoomaker there dwelling, who having two litle boyes, whom he made a vaunt to bring up to learning, the better to maintaine themselves when they were men; and having kept them a yeere or two at schoole, he examined them, saying: my good boy (quoth he to one of them), what doest thou learne? and where is thy lesson? Oh, father, said the boy, I am past grace. And where art thou? quoth he to the other boy, who likewise answered, that he was at the divell and all his workes. Now, Lord blesse us, quoth the shoomaker, whither are my children learning? the one is already past grace, and the other at the divell and all his workes: whereupon he tooke them both from schoole, and set them to his owne occupation. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my mind was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of Fooles is not heere found that I looke for.

The Foole of Bedford.

Not many yeeres ago (sayd another of the jurie), it was my chaunce to be at Bedford, where, in the time of my continuance there, the wives of that same place strove to exceed one another in brave apparell, and shee deemed herselfe the best woman that could get her garments made of the

most finest and strangest fashion; but, amongst the rest, there was a certaine drapers wife, that although she could not put all other women downe in her upper garments, she meant to exceed them in her lower; and therefore, when other women had their stockings of wosted, jersie, silke, and such like, she got her selfe a paire made of the finest satten, and which shee continually put on, when she went abroad with her neighbours, and who but shee (for the same) was talkt of almost in every company. Thus for a long time bore she the bel away, and for that fashion exceeded all her neighbours wives. But now marke what happened in the end. Her husbande, being a jollie lustie olde man, on a time looking over the subsidy booke, founde himselfe therein five pound more than he was before; whereupon he presently went to maister Mayor of Bedford to get some abatement who, hearing of his wives fantasticke humour, and knowing how he kept her in bravery[1] beyond other women, would not grant him any, saying: Oh, sir (quoth Maister Mayor), is it not great reason that, sith your wife exceedes al other women in bravery, that you likewise exceede all other men in the Queenes bookes? for shee, a Gods name, must be in her satten stockings; neither wooll nor

(1) Old Edit. has *braverly*.

wosted will serve turne: whose fault is that, pray you? To whom he replyed, saying: Oh, pardon me, sir, I beseech your worship; I am an olde man, and not the first that have married with a wanton young woman, and youth coupled with age must needs have their owne swing. I tell your worshippe my good dayes be past; and now because I cannot please her above the knee, I must needes please her beneath the knee, at which merry speeches M. Mayor got the payment in the Queenes books for that time abated. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heare found that I looke for.

The Foole of Buckingham.

THERE was of late (quoth another of the jurie) a certaine young man dwelling in Buckingham, who had long time (in the way of mariage) made sute unto a very rich widdow in the same towne, and to that purpose had spent much money; but all in vaine; for he had purchased no more favour at her handes than he had, when first he began his sute. Whereupon the young man (not meaning as yet to give over the same) went another way to worke, made it knowne to a cosen of his, being a

merry gentleman of the same towne who, taking the matter in hand, went to this widdowes house, and tolde her of his kinsman, an olde suter of hers, how he had now provided himselfe otherwise of a wife, and meant not to trouble her any further, and that he intended the next Sunday following to be askt in the church, but that he doubted she would forbid the banes. Not I, by my troth, quoth the widdow, nor any one for me. Whereupon the old gentleman procured her to set her hand to a bond of two hundred pound with this condition, that neither she, nor any one for her, by any means should then or at any time after, forbid, or cause it to be forbidden: the which being done, away goes he, and wils his foresayd kinsman to haste to the church, and against the next Sunday following, bespeake the banes betwixt the widdow and himselfe. When Sunday came, the widdow gets her up betimes in the morrow, decking herselfe in her best apparell, and withall she hyes unto the church, to heare who it was that her olde lover should marry. But when service was done, [and] (contrary to her expectation) she heard that her owne name was askt unto him, she was so abashed, that she knew not what to do: yet durst not (for feare of forfeyting her bond) make any meanes to have the banes forbidden, but of force was content to let

them alone; and so at the day appoynted, she was maryed to the young man, who prooved a very carefull husband, and long lyved they togither in great love and unitie. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Northampton.

In like manner (quoth another of the jurie) there dwelled a certaine rich gentleman of late in the towne of Northampton who, being somewhat given to the old religion, was very charitable to the poore, and every day gave many a good almes at his doore; the which not a little greeved his wife, being a woman of a very covetous nature. But she, having by good huswifery gathered together a pretty stocke of money, came unto her husband (not knowing how to bestow it of her selfe) and delivered it to him, being a bag of good old angels, and withall requested him to lay it out (for her use) upon some house or land, that if God should call him away, shee might the better maintaine herselfe afterward. The good old gentleman, knowing his wives covetous nature, on this condition takes her bag of angels, promising with the same to buy her

a house for ever. But so it hapned, that within few daies after he changed his wives double gold into single silver, and alwayes when he went abroad (in a merry humour), he gave of the same money to the poore, so bountifully bestowing it that in a short time he had never a whit left. All this while the poore woman thought hee was espying her out a house; but at last, marvelling she heard no news thereof, tooke occasion to moove her husband of it, saying: I would gladly know, good husband [quoth she], where the house is you promised to buy with my money? Oh, good wife, quoth he, it is in heaven, wife: thy money hath purchased us for ever a house in heaven, a house that will never decay, but stand eternally: meaning, that the money he had given to the poore, had purchased them a house in heaven, where all good deeds are rewarded. But never after that time, would his wife give him any more money, but kept it secret alone to her selfe. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my mind was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not here found that I looke for.

The Foole of Oxford.[1]

THERE was upon a time (quoth another of the jurie) a certaine merry black-smith dwelling in Oxford, who upon a great festival-day, was invited to dine at a noblemans table, who kept a house some two miles off; and being a merry conceited fellow, and full of jestes, he was placed amongst both honorable and worshipfull personages. To which table, amongst many other dainties, there was served in two gurnet fishes; the one, being of an exceeding great bignes, was set before the nobleman himselfe; the other, being a very little one, was placed in the dish that stood just before this same black-smith who, being in his merry moode, and having a desire to taste of the bigger fish, tooke the little one in his hand, and laide it close to his eare, harkning to it as though it would have spoken: which when the nobleman perceived, he greatly marvailed, and demaunded the cause of his doing so. Oh, my good lord, quoth hee, from a friend of mine lately drowned in the seas, I would gladly heare some newes; concerning whom I have asked this little fish, and he sayth, that as yet he can tell little, by reason of his tender age,

(1) See Joe Miller's Jests, edit. 1739, p. 21.

but he hath an olde kinsman (he sayth) can tell more of the matter, which now lyeth there in the dish before you; therefore I beseech your honour let me talke with him a little. Herewithall the nobleman and his guestes were greatly delighted, and so reached him downe the bigger fish; wherein the merry black-smith had his desire, and withall was well satisfied and contented. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found that I looke for.

The Foole of Warwicke.

Not many yeeres ago (quoth another of the jurie), there was dwelling in Warwicke a plaine country farmer, but none of the wisest; who on a time rysing early in a morning, found his hose eaten and gnawne with rats; and being therewith greatly troubled in minde, thinking the same to be some token of misfortune comming towards him, went unto a neighbour of his to crave his advice and counsell therein, and to know what it signified, saying, that it was the strangest thing that ever he saw. But his honest neighbour, noting the simplicitie of his wit, presently made him this answere: surely, good neighbour (quoth he), this is no such

strange thing as you speake of; but if your hose had eaten the rattes, then had it been a strange thing indeed.[1] Hereupon the poore farmer, seeing himselfe thus flouted to his face, went his way all ashamed. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Coventrie.

Upon a time, there was (quoth another of the jury) a certaine petty-cannon[2] dwelling in Coventrie, to whose house, upon a high feastival day, there came an expeart and curious musition, but very poore (as commonly men of the finest qualities be), and in hope of a reward offered to shew him the rarest musicke that ever he heard. Wilt thou so? quoth the petty-cannon; well, shew thy best, and the more cunningly that thou playest, the greater reward thou shalt have. Hereupon the poore musition cheered up his spirits, and with his instrument plaide in a most stately manner before him a long season; whereunto the petty-cannon gave good care, and on a sodaine startes up, and gets him into his study, where he remained some three or

(1) See Tarlton's Jests, first printed about 1589, p. 237 of present vol.
(2) *i.e.* Minor Canon.

foure houres, not regarding the poore musition that all this while stood playing in the hall, hoping for some reward or other. Afterwarde, when it grew towards supper time, downe came the petty-cannon againe, and walkes two or three times one after another by the musition, but sayes never a word; at which the musition began to marvell; and having nothing all this while given him for all his laboure, he boldly asked his reward. Why, quoth the petty-cannon, the reward I promised thee, I have already payde. As how? quoth the musition; as yet was nothing given me. Yes, quoth the petty-cannon, I have given thee pleasure for pleasure; for I have as much delighted thee with hope, as thou hast done me with musick. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Lester.

A CERTAINE knight there was (quoth another of the jury), that on a time, as he rode through Lester, had an occasion to alight and make water, and walking afterward a foote through the streetes, there came unto him a poore begger-man and asked of his worship one penny for God's sake.

One penny, quoth the knight, that is no gyft for a man of worship to give. Why then, quoth the begger, give me an angell. Nay, that (sayd the knight) is no almes for a begger to take. Thus both wayes did he shake him off, as one worthy of no reward for his presumption. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this is likewise pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Nottingham.

THERE was of late in Nottingham (quoth another of the jury) a certain justice of peace who, one time ryding through the streete, he met with a swaggering companion called Cutting Tom who, in a braverie, tooke the wall of M. Justice, and almost tumbled both him and his horse downe into the dirt. Whereupon in an anger he caused the ruffian to be staide, and asked him what he was. Mary (quoth Cutting Tom), I am a man as you are. But quoth the justice: whom dost thou serve? Whom do I serve! quoth he, why I do serve God. Serve God! sayd the justice; what! dost thou mocke mee! goe carry the knave to prison, Ile teach him some other answer, then to say I serve God. To the jaile was he born, where

for that night he lay, and on the morrow [was] brought before him againe. Now, sirra, quoth the justice, are you better advised yet? tell me, who do you serve now? Why, quoth Cutting Tom, I serve God still. But, sayd the justice, dost thou serve no body else? Yes, quoth he, I serve my Lord President of Yorke. Gods body, knave, why didst not say so at first? Mary, quoth he, because I had thought you had loved God better than my Lord President: for now I see for his sake I am set at liberty, and not for Gods; therefore Ile serve God no more, but stil my Lord President. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Lincolne.

As I heard say (quoth another of the jurie), there dwelled of late a certaine poore labouring man in Lincolne, who upon a time, after his wife had so reviled him with tongue mettle, as the whole streete rung againe for wearinesse thereof, at last he went out of the house, and sate him downe quietly upon a blocke before his owne doore; his wife, being more out of patience by his quietnes and gentle sufferaunce, went up into the chamber, and out at

the window powred downe a p****pot upon his head; which when the poore man saw, in a merry moode he spake these words: now, surely, quoth he, I thought at last that after so great a thunder, we should have some raine. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere to be found that I looke for.[1]

The Foole of Yorke.

Of late there was dwelling in Yorke (quoth another of the jury) a certaine merry cloathyer, a passing good house-keeper, and one whose table was free for any man; but so it hapned on a time, amongst many other sitting at his table, there was a countrey gentleman named Maister Fuller, with whom as then he meant to be merry, and therefore finding occasion, he spake as foloweth: now, I pray you, Maister Fuller, quoth he (having as then divers sortes of wildfoule upon the table), which doe you thinke the better meat, of a partridge or a woodcocke? Mary, quoth he, I do thinke a partridge. Not in my minde, quoth the cloathyer: for I take

(1) This is of course merely the old story of Socrates and Xantippe made familiar to the English public by the *Mery Tales and Quick Answers* (1530), of which it is No. 49.

a woodcocke to be the better meate; for a woodcocke is fuller in the wing, fuller in the legge, fuller in the pinion, and fuller is the woodcocke in all places; at which the whole company laughed hartely, and M. Fuller heard himselfe called woodcocke by craft. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Durham.

Upon a time (quoth another of the jury) there was a certaine lewde pilfring fellow, that served a gentleman of Durham, whom he kept for no other purpose, but onely to make cleane the yardes, sweepe the streetes, fetch in water, and such other drudgeries. This fellow, upon a time having stolne and convaide away certaine trifling thinges out of his masters house, as he had done before in divers places where he dwelt, and being now detected for the same, and brought before his M., his excuse was, that by no meanes he could do withall, for it was his fortune to steale, and who (quoth he) can withstand his hard fortune? Why then, said his maister, it is also thy hard fortune to be whipt, which being likewise thy destiny, thou canst not prevent it. Here the servant alleadged that for-

tune was the cause of his fault. The master likewise returneth, that fortune was the cause of his punishment. To be short, it was the poore fellowes hard fortune to be well whipt, and so turned out of service. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Westchester.

UPON a time (quoth another of the jury), there was a widow woman dweling in Westchester, that had taken a certaine sum of mony of two cony-catchers, to keepe upon this condition, that she should not deliver it againe to the one without the other: but it so hapned that, within a while after, one of these coney-catchers fayned his fellow to be dead, and came in mourning cloathes to the woman and demaunded the money. The simple woman, thinking his words to be true, beleeved that his fellow was dead in deed, and there[u]pon delivered him the money. Now, within few dayes after commeth the other conicatcher, and of the woman likewise demaundeth the same money; but understanding of the delivery thereof before to his fellow without his consent (as the bargaine was made), he arrested

the poore woman to London, and brought her to great trouble; but, being at last brought to tryall before the judges of the court, she sodainely slipt to the barre, and in this manner pleaded her owne cause. My good Lordes (quoth she), here is a fellow troubles me without cause, and puts me to a needles charge. What need he seeke for triall, when I confesse the debt, and stand heere ready to deliver his money? Why, that is all, quoth the conicatcher, that I demaund. I, but (quoth the woman) do you remember your condition: which is, that I must not deliver it to the one without the other? therefore, go fetch thy fellow, and thou shalt have thy mony. Hereupon the conicatcher was so astonished, that he knew not what to say: for his fellow was gone, and he could not tell where to find him; by which meanes he was constrained to let his action fall, and by the law was condemned to pay her charges, and withall great dammages for troubling her without cause. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this, in my minde, was pretty foolery; but yet the foole of all fooles is not heare found, that I looke for.[1]

(1) A similar story occurs in *Mery Tales and Quick Answeres* (1530); but there it is Demosthenes who pleads the cause of a maid placed in the same predicament.

The Foole of Northumberland.

THERE was of late (quoth another of the jurie) a certaine simple fellow dwelling in Northumberland, that could not well remember his owne name, nor tell rightly to the number of just twentie, yet would many times give such good admonitions, as the wisest man in all the countrey could not give better; but amongst all other, this one is worthy of memory. For going in an evening through a greene fielde, it was his chaunce to over heare a lusty young batchelor making sute to a faire milke-mayd for a night's lodging, who for the same demaunded a brace of angelles; whereupon the foole, sodainly starting backe, merrely said unto him: "Oh, my goode friende (quoth he), I prithee buy not repentance so dear—"[1] signifying to the

(1) "Lais," says he (Sotion), "of Corinth, by the elegance and beauty of her person, obtained a prodigious deal of money; and it was notorious that she was visited by men of wealth from all parts of Greece; but no one was admitted who did not give her the sum she demanded, which, indeed, was extravagant enough. Hence, he (Sotion) remarked, arose that proverb so common in Greece, It is not for any man to sail to Corinth; that is, it was absurd for any man to visit Lais at Corinth, who was unable to give what she required. This woman was privately visited by Demosthenes, who desired her favours. But Lais asked a thousand drachmæ, or a talent; that is, in our money, equal to 100,000 sesterces. Demosthenes, struck with the petulance of the woman, and alarmed at the greatness of the sum, turned back; and as he was leaving her, said, I buy not repentance so dear.'"—Aulus Gellius *Noctes Atticæ*, transl by Beloe, i. 35-6.

will, that after dishonest pleasure, repentance followeth speedily. Well, quoth Jack of Dover, this in my minde was foolish wisdome, but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I looked for.

The Foole of Westmerland.

Of late was dwelling in Westmerland (quoth another of the jurie) a certaine simple taylor, that by his maister was sent some two mile off to a gentleman named Maister Taylor, to demaund a little money due unto his maister for making four sutes of apparell; but coming to the gentleman when he had not so much in the house as would discharge the debt, yet meaning not to abase his creddit so much as to tell the fellow so, he found this wittie shift to drive him off for that time: for, when the taylors man demanded the money, he asked the fellow what he was? and please your worship (quoth he), I am by occupation a taylor. A taylor is a knaves name (saith the gentleman); heeres every knave as well as myselfe wil be a taylor: but I prithee, friend, what taylor art thou? for there be divers sorts of taylers; there be taylors by name, there be marchant tailors, there be womens taylers, there be snipping taylors,

there be cutting taylors, there be botching taylors, and there be honest taylors, and there be thieving taylors. By this description of taylors he drove the poore fellow to such a quandary that he knew not what to say, but returned like a fool as he went, without either money or answere. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my mind was pretty foolery, but yet the foole of all fooles is not here found, that I look for.

The Foole of Lancaster.[1]

THERE was of late (quoth another of the jurie) a ploughman and a butcher dwelling in Lancaster who, for a trifling matter (like two fooles), went to law, and spent much money therein, almost to both their undoings; but at last, being both consented to be tride by a lawyer dwelling in the same town, each of them, in hope of a further favour, bestowed gyftes upon him. The ploughman first of all presented him a cupple of good fat hens, desiring Mr. Lawyer to stand his good friend, and to remember his suite in law; the which he courteously tooke at his handes, saying that what favour

(1) See Wright's *Latin Stories*, edited for the Percy Society, p. 73; *Mery Tales and Quick Answers* (1530), No. 22; and *Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson*, 1607.

he could show him, he should be sure of the uttermost. But now, when the butcher heard of the presenting of these hens by the ploughman, hee went and presently killed a good fatte hogge, and in like manner presented it to the lawyer, as a bribe to draw him to his side; the which he also tooke very courteously, and promised the like to him as he did before to the other. But so it fell out that, shortly after, the verdict passed on the butchers side; which when the ploughman had notice of, he came unto the lawyer, and asked him wherefore his two hens were forgotten. Mary, quoth he, because there came in a fatte hogge and eate them up. Now a vengeance take that hog! quoth the ploughman, that eate both my suit in law and hens together! Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I looked for.

The Foole of Worstershire.

THERE was on a time, remayning in Worstershire (quoth another of the jurie), a certain poet or vercifier, that had dedicated a booke of poetrie to a merrie gentleman there dwelling, thereby to purchase his favour and reward withall. When the

poet had presented the book unto him, the gentleman in outward show took it very kindly; but without any answere at all given to the poore scholler, he put it up into his pocket and went his wayes. Within a while after, the poet (to put him in minde thereof) gave him certaine excellent verses, the which he likewise tooke, and put into his pocket without any answere at all. In this manner, did the poore scholler oftentimes put the gentleman in minde of his goodwill, but all in vaine: for neither had he a reward nor answere at all backe. But now at last marke what hapned. When the gentleman saw he could not be rid of the poet by anie means, himselfe with his owne handes writ certaine verses in Latten, and when he spied him againe coming towards him, he sent him the verses by one of his servants: the scholler courteously tooke and read them, not only with a loude voyce, but with pleasing jesture and amiable countenance, praysing them with wonderfull admiration; and thereupon, coming nearer to the gentleman, he put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a few single two-pences, and offered them unto him, saying: it is no reward for your estate (right worshipfull), but if I had more, more would I give. Hereupon the gentleman in regard of the schollers good wit, called his purse-bearer,

and commanded foure angells forthwith to be given him. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie, but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I look for.

The Foole of Winsor.

Upon a time, there was in Winsor (quoth another of the jurie), a certaine simple outlandish doctor of phisicke, belonging to the Deane, who on a day being at dinner in Eton Colledge, in a pleasant humor asked of Maister Deane what strange matter of worth he had in the colledge, that he might see, and make report of when he came into his own countrey. Whereupon the deane called for a boy out of the schole of some six yeeres of age who, being brought before him, used this speach: m. Doctor, quoth he, this is the onely wonder that I have, which you shall quickly find, if you will aske him any question. Whereupon the D. calling the boy to him, said these words:— my pretty boy (quoth he), what is it that men so admire in thee? My understanding, quoth the boy. Why, sayd the Doctor, what dost thou understand? I understand myselfe, said the boy, for I know myselfe to be a childe. Why, quoth

the Doctor, couldest thou thinke that thou wert a man? Not so easely, M. Doctor, answered the boy, as to thinke that a man may be a child. As how, sayd the Doctor? By this, quoth the boy: for I have heard, that an old man decayed in wit, is a kind of child, or rather a foole. With that the Doctor, casting a frowning smile upon the boy, used these words: truly, thou art a rare childe for thy wit, but I doubt thou wilt proove like a sommer apple: soone ripe, soone rotten; thou art so full of wit now, that I feare thou wilt have little when thou art old. Like enough, sayd the boy; but will you give me leave to shew my opinion upon your wordes? Yes, my good wag (sayd he). Then M. Doctor, quoth the boy, I gather by your words, that you had a good wit when you were young.[1] The Doctor, biting his lip, went his way, very much displeased at the boyes witty reasons, thinking himselfe ever after to be a foole. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this, in my minde, was pretty foolery, but yet the foole of al fooles is not here found, that I look for.

(1) The same anecdote has been related as a precocious burst of wit on the part of R. B. Sheridan when a boy. It is to be found in jest-books anterior to its appearance in *Jack of Dover*.

The Foole of Darbie.

Upon a time, there chaunced (quoth another of the jurie), to come unto a gentlemans house at Darbie, a certaine goldsmith of London who, after dinner, looking well upon the gentlemans cupboard of plate where, amongst many other peeces very richly wrought, he had a chiefe likeing to two silver cups. The one was made in fashion of a tigar, the other of a crab-fish; whereupon he desired the gentleman to lend him for a day or two the cup made like a tigar, to make another by it; which having obtained, he carryed it away with him, and kept at his house full three months; which the gentleman nothing pleased with, sent to him for it. Which having gotten home, it fell out that within few dayes after, the same goldsmith sent to the gentleman againe, to borrow his other cup of the crab-fish; to whose messenger the gentleman made this pleasant answere: I prithee, my good friend, quoth he, commende me to thy maister, and tell him I would be glad to doe him any pleasure, but seeing my tiger, which I tooke to be one of the swiftest beastes in the world, hath been three monthes in going between London and Darbie, truley I feare my crab is so slow, that if I should let him creepe out of my doores, he would,

be three yeares in comming home againe, and therefore intreat him to pardon me. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my mind was pretty foolery; but yet the foole of all fooles is not here found, that I looke for.

The Fool of Shrewesburie.

In Shrewsburie, there was of late (quoth another of the jurie) a substantial innkeeper, that kept a certaine foole in his house, of whom he demanded on a time, of what profession he thought most men of the towne to be of? Who answered, that he thought they were phisitions. Phisitions! quoth the innkeeper; what wager wilt thou lay on that? Mary, answered the foole, I will lay five crownes, and that within few dayes I will approve it, or else I will pay the money. Well, said the innkeeper, thou shalt either pay it, or be well payd for it, if it be not so: but if thou make it good, thou shalt have five crownes of mee. Content, quoth the foole. So upon the next morning he put a clout under his chin and over his mouth, and laying his hand under his jawes, went hanging his head up and downe the towne, as if he had bin very sicke; but at last, comming into a cutlers shop, a friend of his, he made a great shew of the paine of the

toothach, asking of him a medicine for the same; who presently taught him one, with which he thankfully departed: and with this device he went almost to every house of the towne, to learne a medicine for the toothach, setting downe in a booke divers medicines, with their names that gave them: which being done, he returned to the innkeeper, with his clout about his mouth, seeming to be sore payned with the toothach, which the innkeeper perceiving, in pittie brake into this speech: alas! poore foole, never feare it, if it be but the toothach; Ile helpe thee presently. I pray you do (quoth the foole): for I am in cruell paine: which he no sooner taught him, but the foole, pulling off his clout, fell into a great laughing, with these words: this is the best medicine that ever I learned: for it hath not onely made me whole, but hath gotten me five crownes. As how? said the innkeeper. Mary, thus, quoth the fool. You layde a wager with mee, that most of the towne were not phisitions, and I have prooved that they be: for most part in every house I have learned medicines for my teeth, and they that give medicines can be no other then phisitions; in witnes whereof see heere in my booke what is set downe. The innkeeper, seeing himselfe thus overreacht, confessed the wager, and payde the foole his money.

Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my mind was pretty foolery, but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Winchester.

Not far from Winchester, there dwelled (quoth another of the jury) a certaine simple justice, to whom a country gentleman made complaint of the ill demeanors and disordered lives of many under officers in his libertie, requesting him that he would send for them, and put them in some feare: the which he promised to do. Whereupon he sent his warrant for all the bayliffes, constables, headborroughes and churchwardens, that were in his liberty; and putting them altogether in a great chamber, he put on a night gowne which was furred with blacke lambe skins, with the wrong side outward, and so with his hand before his face, as halfe blinded, ran backwards at them, crying "Boe bulbagger," as some use to feare children withal, and so, according to the gentlemans complaint, he feared them away. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery; but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Gloster.

UPON a time (quoth another of the jurie), a certaine fellow, wanting money, came unto Gloster, where hapning into the company of a sort of maister colliars, he sodainly began this speech: my good friends (quoth he), if any of you will gaine by a poore man, draw neare. I will give you that thing for a shilling a peece which, if you use it well, shall be worth a crowne to you; whereupon the colliars, in hope of benefite, bestowed some few shillings upon him, and he to every one of them gave fower yardes of fine threede, which of purpose he had in his pocket: but to every one that receaved the threed he gave this item: take heed, quoth he, when you see a foole or a knave, that you let him not come neare you by the length of this threed, and it will be worth a crowne the observing of it; whereat they all laughed to see themselves made fooles in this manner. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I look for.

The Foole of Devonshire.

AFTER this, travelling from Gloster, I tooke my jorney into Devonshire where, in the time of my

continuance there, I had intelligence of a plaine countrey ploughman there dwelling, who for his simpleness almost every one made a foole of; but amongst the rest a certaine covetous gentleman, having a desire to a good milch cow which this poore ploughman had, would very often times say in his hearing, that what gyftes soever any man gave him with a goodwill, should before the yeeres end be turned double againe. This poore ploughman, noting his wordes very often, and thinking to have two kine for his one before the yeeres end, which would, as he thought, be a great benefite to him, gave him his said cow; the covetous gentleman taking the same very gladly, meaning never to returne her backe, put her into his neathouse amongst his other kine. The poore ploughman hying himselfe home, daily expecting when his cow should come home double, at last unawares in an evening, he heard his cow low before his window, which by chaunce had broke out of the gentlemans stable, and an other fat oxe with her; which when the ploughman saw, he held up his handes blessing himselfe, saying: see how the Lord workes with this good gentleman: for he, pitying my estate, hath sent my cow double home in deed, the which I will here take at his handes very thankfully. So dryving them both into his house, he

killed the fat oxe and salted him up in powdring tubbes, and caryed his cow the next morning againe to the gentleman, saying: and please your worship, yester night you sent her home to my house according to your promise, which heere I give to you againe to day, hoping still of your wonted curtesies. The gentleman, not regarding his speeches, but thinking them to be mere foolishnesse in deede, tooke the poore mans cow againe, and put her into his stable amongst his beastes as before he did: but the cowe, not forgetting her old maisters house, came still once a weeke home with a fellow, and so continued until such time as the poore ploughman had sixe or seaven of the gentleman's best beeves in his powdring tubs; but, being discoverd, the gentleman could never by his owne wordes recover any thing at the poore mans handes. This in my minde was pretty foolerie: but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Cornewall.

THUS travelling with my privie search from Devonshire, I came to Cornewall, where after I had made my jorney, I was told of a humorous knight dwelling in the same countrey, who upon a time

having gathered together in one open market place a great assemblie of knightes, squires, gentlemen and yeomen, and whilest they stood expecting to heare some discourse or speach to proceed from him, he in a foolish manner (not without laughter) began to use a thousand jestures, turning his eyes this way, then that way, seeming alwayes as though he would have presently begun to speake ; and at last, fetching a deepe sigh, with a grunt like [a] hogge, he let a beastly loude ****, and tould them that the occasion of this calling of them together was to no other ende, but that so noble a **** might be honoured with so worthy a company as there was. This in my mind was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not yet found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Hampshire.

After this I tooke my jorney from Cornewall, and came into Hampshire, where remayning in the towne of Southampton, I heard of a certaine old begger woman who upon a time came a begging to a Dutchmans doore there dwelling, and seeing a jacke an apes[1] there on the stal mumping and moing at her, she, according to her wit, sayd : oh, my pretty boy, quoth she, I prithee mocke me not ;

(1) See *A C. Mery Talys*, No 6.

for I may be thy grandam by mine age: which word a young man of the house overhearing, sayd unto her: oh, mother, you mistake: for this is no child you speake unto. No, is it not? quoth she; I pray what is it then? Mary, sayd the fellow, it is a jack an apes. A jack an apes! quoth she; now, Jesus! what these Fleminges can make for money!—thinking verily it had been a thing made by mens hand. This in my minde was a pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Barkshire.

TRAVELLING after this from Southampton, I tooke my jorney into the country of Barkshire where, not far from Reading, I heard tel of a certaine lewde doctor of phisicke, that bore such affection to a mealemans wife of the same countrey, that shee by no meanes could be rid of him, whereupon she certified her husband thereof. He in this manner was revenged on him; thus it hapned. Upon a time this merry mealeman counterfeited himselfe to be starke mad, and caused his wife to send for this doctor with all speed; who no sooner received the message, as well to shewe his love to the woman he affected, as to have reward of her

husband, came with all speed to this counterfeit patient; the newes of whose comming was no sooner brought to the meale-man, who attended his comming in his bed, but presently he made such a show of madnesse, as if he had been possessed with a thousand devils; to whose presence the doctor being brought, with many chearfull words he comforted the meale-man, who stared in his face, as if he would have torn him in peeces: yet ceased not his friendes about him to yeeld the doctor many thankes, beseeching him to regard the manner of his fits, and to view the water he made that morning, to which he willingly agreed: for which purpose there was prepared in an urinall the water of a mare great with fole, which the doctor viewed and again revewed, having never seene the like before, casting many doubtes of the meale-mans recoverie, standing thus in a quandary, as one driven to a non-plus; which by the meale-mans friendes being perceived, they drew him secretly into another roome, earnestly desiring him to shew his opinion of the disease, whether it were dangerous or no. The doctor, being loath to speake what he found, yet to satisfie their mindes, he thus sayd: be it knowne, quoth he, that the strangenes of the water sheweth a thing contrary to nature: for by it I see he hath within his body

some lyving forme, and a child it is in my opinion. for which I am sorry, and desire you that be his good friendes, to pray for him, that God may take mercy on his soule. Hereupon the mealemans wife being then present, and meaning with the rest to follow still the jest, hearing of so strange a report, cryed out against her husband, fayning a desembling cry, and wishing herselfe never to have been borne, rather then to live a poynting stocke in the world: which speech being verie well delivered, as one possessed with a divell, she in a great rage flung away from the company, and would not be intreated to returne againe. The doctor, having heard so woefull a cry proceed from the saint he so dearly loved, thought all had bin faithfully ment, which was faynedly spoken; therefore, going secretly alone unto her where she sate, and in briefe termes of wooing, promised her, if she would grant to become his wife, he would sodainely end her griefe by the death of her husband: therefore [quoth he] say amen to my sute, and I will give him such a drinke as soone will dispatch his life. The woman, not as yet meaning to marre the pastime they intended, requested him to stay for her answere till the morrow, and to take a hard lodging in her house for that night, to which the doctor most willingly agreed, and so,

after supper was ended, he was conducted to his bedde, where he was no sooner warme, but the mealeman, playing his mad pranks, entered the chamber, breaking open the doore to the doctors admiration ; who in a fearefull manner asked what he wold have ? Villaine, quoth the mealeman, be still, or die upon my knife ! The D. knowing it was but follie to resist a mad man, most quietly yeelded to his will ; whereupon the mealeman, binding him hand and foote, called in his friendes, who came in disguised, and with burtchin rods so belabored the doctor, as they left him no skinne on his body. That done, they plundged him in a tubbe of salt brine over head and eares, that he forgot his love, and almost himselfe : so leaving him to his rest till morning ; and then they brought with them a surjion, who in the presence of them all cut out his stones ; which being done, and the wound drest, they caused him upon a mangie jade to be horst, and so sent him away to seeke his fortune. This in my mind was pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I look for.

The Foole of Essex.

After this, I tooke my journey from Berkshire, and came into Essex where, searching up and

downe the countrey, I was tolde of a certaine widow dwelling there that was evermore troubled with foure importunate suters, namely: a lawyer, a merchant, a souldier and a courtier; every one of them so earnest in their affections, that no nay would serve turne: for the widow they must needes have, whether she will or no. But she, bearing more love to the courtier then to all the rest, she like a wily wench rid them off in this manner. To the lawyer she first comes, and secretly comfortes him, saying, that above all others she had chosen him for her husband, and none but he; but, quoth she, you know how I am troubled with my other suters, and except we be secretly convaide to church without their knowledge, surely we shall by them be intercepted; therefore to morrow morning Ile have you tied up in a meale sacke heere in my house, and by a porter (which I will sende) shal be borne to Chelmsford,[1] where I in mans apparel will stay your comming, and so without any of their suspitions we will be maried togeather; which pollicie the lawyer so well lyked of, that he was got readie in the sacke by three a clocke the next morning. But now the widdow, in the meane time, had told the merchant, that shee would be his wife, and none but his, and that

(1) Old ed. has *Chensford.*

hee the same morning should come like a porter, and fetch her to church tyde up in a meale-sacke, the which he was very diligent to doe; and, attyred thus in a porters apparell, he was set to carry the lawyer in the sacke to Chelmsford instead of the widdow. Who being both deceived and gone forward on their journey, she sent the souldier after them, (disguised like a singer) to belabour their fooles coates soundly, with this condition, that at his returne she would make him her husband. This hope caused the souldier to be as willing to performe her desire, as she to command his labour. But now marke the jest! Whilst these three were sent like woodcocks to Chelmsford, the courtier and she were maryed together at Burntwood. Which in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found that I looke for.

The Foole of London.

At my first entrie into London, and making my privy search there for this aforesayd foole, I was told of a rich usurers sonne there dwelling, who at his fathers discease was left owner of a very sumptuous house, with great store of lands belonging thereunto; which humerous young man,

upon a time seeing one of his neighbours having built his house in forme of a castle, with ditch and rampires about it, he desired to have his made of the like fashion. The which being no sooner finished, but he saw another of his neighbors have a faire set of apple trees in the forme of an orchard, he desired to have the like, and caused his aforesaid house to be plucked downe, and planted in the place such a set of apple trees as the other man had; which being come to a good groath, he caused them also to be rooted up, saying, it were far better to have it a field of cabages: and in the ende his sumptuous house came to be a garden of cabages. Yet not suffised with this, he, in an other humor, bought all the geese in that country, supplanted his garden of cabages, and made it a faire greene for these creatures to graze upon; and [I,] being a friend of his, asked wherefore he did so. He answered that from geese came feathers, wherewith to make boulsters and beds, and of them he had greater neede then of cabages, or such like thinges, that grow in gardens. This was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Fooles of Paules, or Fooles in Generall.

WELL (quoth one of the jury), if we cannot finde the foole we looke for amongst these fooles before named, one of us will be the foole: for in my minde, there cannot be a verier foole in the world then is a poet: for poets have good wits, but can not use them; great store of money, but can not keepe it; and many friends, till they lose them: therefore we thinke fit to have a parliament of poets,[1] and to enact such lawes and statutes, as may proove beneficial to the commonweth of Jacke of Dovers motly coated fooles.

(1) "The Penniles Parliament of Threadbare Poets" is no doubt here referred to. The earliest impression now known is that of 1608, reprinted for the Percy Society as a sequel to *Jack of Dover;* but there can be little question that older editions once existed, and of these a copy or two may lurk in some unsuspected corner. The probability seems to be that the *Parliament of Threadbare Poets* was originally published in the same year as *Jack of Dover itself*, that is to say, in 1600-1. Though appended to *Jack of Dover* in the edition issued by the Percy Society, it is quite a distinct piece; and as it does not come within the category of a story or jest book, and is not very entertaining, the present editor did not think it worth publication.

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

MERIE TALES OF SKELTON.

P. 3. *How Skelton came late home to Oxford from Abington.*

A somewhat similar incident to this occurs in a collection of stories printed about 1620 under the title of "Pleasant Taunts, Merry Tales, Moderne Jests, and Witty Jeeres." "An unhappy Boy, lying in the streets, on a cold winter night, cryed: Fire, Fire: the people lookt out of their windowes, and cryde, where, where? Marry, quoth the Boy, I would I knew myselfe, for I would gladly warme me."

P. 7. *note* 2. Patents and monopolies.

In the Comedy of *A Knack To Know a Knave*, 1594, the following dialogue occurs among the "applauded merrimentes of the Wise Men of Goteham":—

"*King.* How now, Perin, who have we here?
Cobler. We, the townsmen of Goteham,
Hearing your Grace would come this way,
Did think it good for you to stay.
* * * * *
And we are come to you alone
To deliver our petition.
King. What is it, Perin, I pray thee reade.
Perin. Nothing, but to have a license to brew strong ale thrise a week, and he that comes to Goteham and will not spend a penie on a pot of ale, if he be a drie, that he may fast.
King. Well, Sirs, we grant your petition."

P. 8. *The Welshman sayde: wryte dryncke, &c.*

"One being desired to ask three things, which hee would have graunted, hee askt, 1st, as much ale as would serve him all his life; then what hee would have in the second place, as much tobacco as would serve his life; then, what in the third place, he stood still awhile: the King prest him to speak quickly; hee then said, more ale!"—Ward's *Diary*, p. 95.

P. 10. *Musket.*—

In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 3, there is the following passage :—

"*Mrs. Ford.* How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?

Robin. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent! have you been true to us?"

Here *musket* signifies "a young rogue," NOT "a young hawk," as some of the modern editors explain it.

P. 14. *It is merie in the hall, &c.*—

As to the antiquity of this proverbial expression, see Mr. Chappells' *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, new ed. 222-3, where it is traced back to the beginning of the fourteenth century.

P. 19, *Ka me, ka the.*—

So in Massinger's *City Madam*, 1658, act iv. sc. 2, Luke says :—

'Argue that hereafter ;'

In the mean time, Master Goldwire, you that made
Your ten-pound suppers ; kept your punks at livery
In Brentford, Staines, and Barnes and this, in London ;
Held correspondence with your fellow-cashiers,
Ka me, ka thee! and knew, in your accompts,
To cheat my brother ;—"

In Gifford's and Coleridge's editions of Massinger, *Barnet* is printed instead of *Barnes*.

P. 20. *Skelton saide, it is a great banner, &c.*

See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, ed. 1849, i. 200.

P. 28. *lyghted a sorte of little waxe candles.*

In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv. sc. 4, Mrs. Page proposes to dress up a certain number of little children as fairies, &c. for the purpose of playing a trick on Falstaff at Herne's Oak.

"*Mrs. Page.* That likewise have we thought upon, and thus :
Nan Page, my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads."

JESTS OF SCOGIN.

Introduction. Meredith Hanmer, in the Epistle dedicatory of his translation of Eusebius, 1577, speaks of "the stories of King Arthur, the monstrous fables of Garagantua, the Hundred Merry Tales, Skoggan, Fortunatus, with many other infortunate treatises."

See "A Brown Dozen of Drunkards (alias Drinkhards) whipt and shipt to the Isle of Gulls, for their abusing Mr. Malt the bearded son, and Barley-broth the brainlesse Daughter, of Sir John Barleycorn," 1648, 4°.

As to Andrew Borde, see *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, 1857, p. 799, 822. Henry Fitzgeffrey, in his *Satyrs*, first printed in 1617, enumerates *the Jests of Scoggin* among the popular tracts which were current in his day.

At the trial of Elizabeth Cellier for libel, 1793. &c.

By an oversight, discovered only when the sheet had been printed off, the date of 1793 was allowed to stand as that of the trial of Elizabeth Cellier, which took place in 1680, 32 Car. II. In the *Diary of the Rev. John Ward*, ed. Severn, p. 180, the name is printed *Collier;* but in the *State-Trials*, as edited by Cobbett, it stands *Cellier*. On the latter work I place no reliance, and I have not met with any original account of the proceedings.

The Prologue.—"There is nothing beside the goodnesse of God, that preserves health so much as honest mirth . . . as it doth plainly appear in the Directions for health."

The passage, to which Borde refers, occurs in the Preface of his *Dietary of Helth*, 1542, addressed to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, and is as follows:—"For myrth is one of the chefest thynges of Physycke, the which doth advertyse every man to be mery, and to be beware of pencyfulnes."

P. 54. *Casting of Water.*

This old practice is ridiculed in a rather droll, but very coarse, story related of Dr. Ratcliffe, the physician, in the *Complete London Jester*, 1763, ed. 1771, p. 26.

P. 56. *What shift Scogin and his fellow made, when they lacked money.*

It seems not improbable, that the force of this jest may lie in the circumstance that, in Lincolnshire (and the dictionaries intimate in other parts of the country), a sheep of a certain age is called a *hog*. The

precise age, again, is a matter on which there is a good deal of difference of opinion, but Mr. Halliwell (*Archaic Dictionary*, voce Hog) thinks that, when the term is used by early writers in this sense, a *yearling* is always intended.

P. 64. *Christ cross row letters—*

In *Laugh and Be Fat*, a collection of verses intended as "a Commentary upon the Oldcombian Banket," 1611, 4°, one of the writers says:—

> "But saucie K, I see, will have a place,
> When all the Crosse-row shall endure disgrace."

Here *Crosse-row* stands for *the alphabet.*

The French have a similar form of expression. Cotgrave (*Dict.* ed. 1650) explains *la croix de par Dieu* to be "the Christe-crosse-row, or, the hornebooke wherein a child learnes it!" Wynkyn de Worde printed a tract under the title of *Christe crosse me spede, A.B.C. A lytell proper Jeste.*

See Johnson's *New Book of New Conceits*, 1630 (Halliwell's *Lit. of* xvith *and* xviith *Centuries illustrated*, p. 211).

P. 65. *Opposition* is here used of course in a different sense from that in which the word occurs in Pepys' *Diary*, 6th ed. i. 6. "*Opposition*" was employed by the Diarist to signify the declamations held at St. Paul's School between the opponents and respondents. They are now called *appositions* (see Editor's note).

P. 78. *How the Priest was complained on, &c.* and *Note.*

Stories of this kind, being generally founded on fact, are of course very frequent. In his *Fabliaux*, adapted from Le Grand, Way has introduced the tale of the "Priest who had a Mother in spite of Himself." Here a similar kind of incident is also brought to a comic termination. See Way's *Fabliaux*, ed. 1796-1800, i. 49.

It seems to have been a common ground of complaint against the Roman Catholic priesthood from the time of Scogin to the time of Elizabeth, that they preferred unlawful, to lawful, unions. Gascoigne does not overlook this point in the *Steele Glas*, 1576:—

> "Not one of these (for twentie hundreth groats),
> Wil teach the text, that byddes him take a wife,
> And yet be combred with a concubine."

P. 109. *Hee may goe pipe in an ivy leafe.*

Here we have the modern phrase "to go and whistle" in its antient dress. Chaucer, in the *Knightis Tale*, introduces it as follows:—

> "To speke of real lynage and riches,
> Though that sche were a queen or a prynces,

Ilk of yow bothe is worthy douteles
To wedde when tyme is ; but, natheles,
I speke as for my Suster Emelye,
For whan ye have this stryf and jelousye ;
Ye woot youreself sche may not wedde two
Att oones, though ye frighten ever nu :
That oon of yow, or be him loth or leef,
He may go pypen in an ivy leef."

And again in *Troylus and Cresseide*, the writer says :—

" But, Troylus, thou mayst now, este or weste,
Pipe in an ivy leefe, if that the leste."

P. 113. *For I will face him downe, that I am his godfather, &c.*—In Pepys' *Diary*, under date of 11th April, 1661, there is the following :—

" By and by, we come to two little girls keeping cowes, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her aske my blessing, and telling her that I was her godfather, she asked me innocently whether I was not Ned Warding, and I said that I was, so she kneeled down, and very simply called, ' Pray, godfather, pray to God to bless me,' which made us very merry, and I gave her twopence."

P. 117. *Of him that thought Paules steeple had been so high, that one might looke over it.*

" Afterwards they proceeded, and came to S. Pauls Church, whose steeple was so hie, that it seemed to pierce the clowdes, on the top whereof, was a great and mighty weather-cocke, of cleane siluer, the which notwithstanding seemed as small as a sparrow to mens eyes,—it stood so exceeding high, the which goodly weathercocke was afterwards stolne away by a cunning cripple, who found means one night to climb vp to the top of the steeple, and tooke it downe. . . . "—*Pleasant History of Thomas of Reading*, by T. D., circa 1597, ed. Thoms, p. 41.

P. 119. *How Scogin chalked out his wife the way to church.*

The expression *to chalk*, which is here used in a literal sense, as it is also in an imitation of the story to be found in the *Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson*, 1607, subsequently served, in a general way, merely to signify *to mark out*. So in *Northward Hoe*, 1607, 4°, act v. sc. 1 :—

" *Phil.* No, as I'm virtuous, sir ; ask the two gentlemen.

Lever. No, in truth, sir. She told us that, inquiring at London for you or your son, your man *chalked out* her way to Ware.

In the *Tempest*, act v. sc. 1, this phrase is used in its later sense, merely as equivalent to *direct* or *guide* :—

"*Gonzalo.* I have inly wept,
Or should have spoken ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown:
For it is you that have *chalk'd forth the way*
That brought us hither."

P. 124. *The king said: thou must look him as well where he is not, as where he is, &c.*

"I have read that Attyla, king of Pamoria, slew eleven thousand virgines at the siege of Colonia; but a man might induce mee, without a sermon pareneticall for exhortation, that hee might seeke bothe where they were and were not, as Skoggin did the hare, and presse an army royall of arrand honest women," &c.—Melbancke's *Philotimus*, 1583 (see "British Bibliographer," iv. 446).

P. 127 *How Scogin told the Frenchmen, &c.*

One of the "Jests of the Man called Howleglas" was "How he wold flye from the house-top." "Flying" from the tops of churches appears to have been, long after Scogin's time, one of the expedients adopted by strolling adventurers to replenish their pockets at the expense of lovers of such novelties. Thus, in the *Complete London Jester*, 1763, ed. 1771, p. 98, we find the following account:—

"A Man who travell'd the Country, and got his Bread by flying upon a Rope off the Tops of Steeples &c. applied once to a learned Bishop for leave to fly from the Top of the Cathedral, and engaged some People of Weight to speak in his Favour; to whom his Lordship reply'd; '*Tis inconsistent with my Duty and the Nature of my Functions, to permit* any Man to fly from the Church; but your Friend may fly to it if he will.'"

P. 156. *How divers Gentlemen of the Court came to Scogin's house to make merry.*

This story is apt to remind the reader of the invitation of Catullus to his friend Fabullus, Lib. 1, Ep. 13:—

"Cœnabis bene, mi Fabulle, apud me
Paucis, si dii tibi favent, diebus;
Si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam
Cœnam, non sine candida puella,
Et vino, et sale, et omnibus cachinnis.
Hæc si, inquam, attuleris, Fabulle noster,
Cœnabis bene: nam tui Catulli
Plenus sacculus est aranearum;

Sed, contra, accipies meros amores,
Seu quid suavius elegantiusve est:
Nam unguentum dabo, quod meæ puellæ
Donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque;
Quod tu cum olfacies, deos rogabis,
Totum te faciant, Fabulle, nasum."

P. 160. *Friends, said Scogin, when I came into this world, &c.*

"Nudus ut in terram veni, sic nudus abibo,
Quid frustrâ sudo, funera nuda vident?"

Thomæ Mori et G. Lilii Progymnasmata (*T. M. Lucubrationes*, 1563, p. 174).

SACKE-FULL OF NEWES.

Introduction. An edition of this volume, London, printed by H. B. 1683, 12°, is in the Pepysian Library. It seems not unlikely that this book is referred to in the following passage from Decker and Webster's play of *Westward Hoe*, 1607, act v. scene 3:—

"*Mabel.* Your flesh and blood is very well recovered now, mouse.
Wafer. I know 't is; the collier has a *sack-full of news* to empty."

P. 176. *And I will cause the matter to be judged by the next man that cometh, &c.*

In the *History of Fryer Bacon* there is a similar incident, though the circumstances differ. See that work, ed. Thoms, p. 15. "Thou art a deceiver (said the gentleman) and gavest me money to cheat me of my soule, for else why wilt thou be thy own judge? let me have some other to judge between us. Content, said the Devill; take whom thou wilt. Then I will have (said the gentleman) the next man that commeth this way. Hereto the Devill agreed."

TARLTON'S JESTS.

Introduction. I ought to have mentioned that several of "Tarlton's Jests" are copied, for the most part without any variation, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, by Anthony Copley, of which the 1st edition was in 1595, 4°.

P. 201. *Tarlton's answere to a noblemans question.*

"One asked Tom of Chester what soldiers were like in the time of peace. Indeed, said Tom, they are like chimnies in summer."—*History of Tom of Chester*, n. d. (repr. in Mr. Halliwell's *Palatine Anthology*, 1850).

P. 211. *There was a crack-rope boy.*

Crack-rope is here and elsewhere employed to signify, not necessarily in an offensive sense, *urchin* or *rascal.* "A young crack-rope" was formerly equivalent to our "young rascal." So Webster, in *A Cure for a Cuckold*, act iii. scene 1, makes *Compass* say of a boy, who had done him some useful service:—"This was the honest crack-rope first gave me tidings of my wife's fruitfulness."

P. 218. *But ever after it was a by word thorow London:* God a mercy horse, &c.

Compare the following passage:—

Idlenes. By my leaue, in spite of my teath;
God a mercy horse!
This is that must needes be,
Quoth the good man, whenn he made his wyfe
Giue the basket."

Marriage of Wit and Wisdom, circa 1580 (Shaksp. Soc. ed. p. 27).

And in the very popular ballad: *Ragged, and torn, and true* (Chappell, 268), there are these lines:—

"The ostler to maintain
Himself with money in 's purse,
Approves the proverb true,
And says: Grammercy, horse."

Hence probably originated the phrase of *God-a-mercy penny*, which forms the burden of the Ballad entitled "There's nothing to be had without Money." Another production in the ballad form called "A Fair Portion for a fair maid," is directed to be sung to the tune of *God a mercy Penny.*

P. 229. *How Tarlton saved his head from cutting off.*

"His [Sir Thomas More's] house was at Chelsey, in Middlesex, where S^r^ John Danvers built his house. The chimney-piece of marble, in S^r^ John's chamber, was the chimney-piece of S^r^ Thomas More's chamber, as S^r^ John himselfe told me. Where the gate is now, adorned with two noble pyramids, there stood anciently a gate-house, w^ch^ was flatt on the top, leaded, from whence is a most pleasant prospect of the Thames and the fields beyond: at this place the L^d^ Chancellour More was wont to recreate himselfe, and contemplate. It happened one time, that a Tom of Bedlam came up to him, and had a mind to have thrown him from the battlements, saying, 'Leap, Tom, leap.' The Chancellour was in his gowne, and besides ancient, and not able to struggle with such a strong fellowe. My L^d^ had a little dog with him: sayd he, 'Let us first throwe the dog downe, and see what sport that will be;' so the dog was throwne over. 'This is very fine sport,' sayd my L^d^, 'fetch him up, and try once more;' while the madman was goeing downe, my L^d^ fastened the dore, and called for help, but ever after kept the door shutt."—Aubrey's *Lives of Eminent Men*, 1813, ii. 462–3.

See also Copley's *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614, 4°, p. 171.

P. 232. *Whether a daw sit, &c.*

These verses were either appropriated by Tarlton, or were falsely ascribed to him by the compiler of the *Jests:* for they may be found in John Heywood's *Epigrams*, 1562, 4°.

P. 253. *Some one wrote the following epitaph, &c.*

This witticism is inserted, with a few variations, in *Le Prince d'Amour*, 1660, p. 114. There the name of the author of the jest is not named; but it is merely said that "one, noting the epitaph, writ as followeth."

P. 253. *O cruell death, &c.*

Shakespeare seems to have had this story in his mind, when he wrote the following passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1598, act v. sc. 2:—

"*Kath.* Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wear it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? Do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow!"

JESTS OF GEORGE PEELE.

P. 286. *She-Sinon.*

I entertain little doubt as to the correctness of this reading. Mr. Halliwell, in his *Dictionary of Archaic Words*, has *sinnowed*, "gaily ornamented," and *sinnow*, "a woman very finely dressed." In support of the former signification, Mr. Halliwell cites a passage from Nash's *Pierce Penniles*, 1592; but I am quite persuaded that *Sinon*, and not *sinnow*, was the word written by the compiler of Peele's Jests: for *She-Sinon*, *i.e.* a traitress, is perfectly intelligible and appropriate, whereas *She-sinnow* (assuming Mr. Halliwell's definition, for which he gives no authority, to be accurate) is utterly meaningless in the present passage, where Peele's daughter, so far from being "a woman very finely dressed," is supposed to be in great poverty, and to be running about the street with dishevelled hair. Sinon is said to have been related to Ulysses, and to have accompanied the latter to the siege of Troy, which he was the means of betraying to his countrymen. A good account of him may be seen in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Classical Biography*, art. SINON. The expression *traitress* is now used more commonly than otherwise in a playful sense. Since the above was written, I have discovered that Mr. Dyce, in the revised edition of Peele, royal 8vo. has also the reading *She-Sinon*, of which I was not previously aware.

In *Diella*, &c. by R. L. 1596, sonnet xi. the lover says of his mistress:—

"She calls my love a Synon to her hart."

P. 293. *And he was in a manner an ingle to George.*

Decker, in his *Guls Horn Book*, 1609, ed. Nott, p. 171–2, appears to employ the word in its original and more offensive sense. "—— Salute at parting no man but by the name of 'Sir;' as though you had supped with knights; albeit you had none in your company but your perinado, or your inghle."

P. 294, *note* 1. *Brocke* . . .

A curious exemplification of the undefined meaning and application of this word, and of its wide range of meaning in writers long before the Elizabethan age, occurs in the *Freres Tale* (Chaucer's Works, by Bell, ii. 98), where the carter urges on his loitering horse with:—

"Hayt, brok; hayt, scot——"

The word is also used by Shakespeare as a term of contempt, and not in its literal and strict sense, where Sir Toby Belch says to Malvolio: "Marry, hang thee, *brock*."—(*Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 5.)

P. 297. *A Jest of George going to Oxford.*

In a note on this feat of Peele's I have observed the discrepancy between the account given in the *Jests* and the corresponding passage in the *Puritan*, 1607. I omitted to mention that, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv. sc. 5, Shakespeare has introduced an incident, which seems to show that he had in his recollection at the time the story of George Pyeboard. It is in the scene where Nym desires to ask the Wise Woman of Brentford for her assistance in discovering who had stolen Slender's chain.

"*Sim.* My master, Sir, Master Slender, sent to her; seeing her go through the streets, to know, Sir, whether one Nym, Sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spoke with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled Master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it."

See Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, ed. 1651, book 13, ch. 30.

P. 299. *For George would ride to a Shelter, &c.*

In the time of our author (Peele), a certain familiarity with the occult sciences was thought to be inseparable from the profession of a scholar. It was an idea which had come down from mediæval times, when Horace and Virgil were better known as necromancers than as the literary ornaments of the Augustan age. Shakespeare alludes to this union of the scholar with the wizard in a passage in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act ii. sc. 1, where Benedict, speaking of Beatrice, says:—"—— I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary——"

P. 309. *How mean you, hi? quoth shee, &c.*

"Sir John Heydon and the Lady Cary had good witts, and lov'd to be breaking of staves one upon another. Sir John comes in one day very briske, in a payre of printed velvett breeches (which was then the fashion), but some way defective, so as she had a flurt at them presently. 'Hold you contented, good Madame,' sayes he; 'for if it were not for Printing and Painting, your face and my breech would soone be out of fashion.'"—*Merry Passages and Jests*, collected by Sir N. L'Estrange. Thoms' *Anecdotes and Traditions*, p. 23-4.)

JACK OF DOVER.

Introduction.—A "Jack of Dover," in the vocabulary of the fishermen, is, I believe, a term for *a sole*, the soles of Dover being celebrated. Whether Chaucer, in the *Prologue to the Cokes Tale*, intends *a sole*, when he speaks of a *Jack of Dover*, is, however, a question, which I am content to leave to the new editor of Chaucer. But I may mention that it has also been pointed out to me by Mr. F. S. Ellis, of King Street, Covent Garden, the well-known bookseller, that a *dover* is still the cant word among inn-keepers for a dish *of any kind*, which has been warmed up a second time (Fr. *rechauffé*), and it appears to me likely enough that the original phrase was *Jack of Dover*, the two former words, with the liability to abbreviation common to all proverbial phrases, falling gradually into disuse. Still, however, the application of the expression to the present tract remains of rather doubtful propriety; but, at the same time, titles were given to old books and pamphlets on such extremely slight grounds, that it is scarcely worth while, for the immediate purpose, to pursue the inquiry farther.

Taylor the Water Poet, in his *Jack-a-Lent, His Beginning and Entertainment*, enumerates the various JACKS, who had preceded his hero, and mentions, among the rest, *Jack of Dover*.

"Of *Jacke an Apes* I list not to endite,
Nor of *Jack Daw* my Gooses quill shall write,—
Of *Jack* of *Newbery* I will not repeate,
Nor of *Jacke of both sides*, nor of *Skip-Jacke* create.
To praise the Turnspit *Jacke* my Muse is mum,
Nor of the entertainment of *Jacke Drum*
Ile not rehearse: nor of *Jacke Dogge*, *Jacke Date*,
Jacke Foole, or *Jacke a Dandy*, I relate:
Nor of Blacke *Jacks* at garth Buttry bars,
Whose liquor oftentimes breeds household wars:
Nor *Jacke of Dover* that Grand Jury *Jacke*,
Nor *Jacke Sawce* (the worst knaue amõgst the pack)."

P. 330. *The Foole of West Chester.*

Probably the portion of Chester without the walls was formerly so designated. Mr. Collier, in a note to the play of *John-a-Kent and John-a-Cumber*, by A. Munday (Shakesp. Soc. ed. p. 63), says that the whole town was once known as West Chester; but this, I think,

is doubtful, more especially as Munday himself seems to make a distinction between the two :—

> "We two, belyke, by your complotting wit
> Shall grant the Earl of Chester in his Court,
> And, spight of *Chester's* strong inhabitants,
> Thorow *West Chester* mekely in our handes."
>
> *John-a-Kent and John-a-Cumber*, act i. sc. 1.

In this passage West Chester evidently stands for the unfortified part of the town.

P. 337. *There was in Winsor a certaine simple outlandish Doctor.*

The compiler of "Jack of Dover," first printed perhaps before 1600, had very probably in his mind some living celebrity, when he wrote the present description, and it is by no means unlikely that Shakespeare was indebted to the same source for the original of the Dr. Caius, who figures in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. There is not, I believe, the slightest reason (except the identity of name) to suppose that the dramatist intended by the foolish French physician the eminent co-founder of Caius and Gonville College, Cambridge, who died in 1573.

P. 340. *The Fool of Shrewsburie.* "In Shrewsburie, there was of late," &c.

In the 19th Tale of the English *Gesta Romanorum*, p. 55, ed. Madden, the third question put to Temecius by "Andronicus, the Emperoure," is, "of what craft or of what myster beth moste men." To which Temecius replies :—"Sir," quod he, "of leche-crafte." "How of leche-crafte?" quod the Emperoure. "For there is no man," seid the knyght, "but that he is sumtyme seke, and sumtyme medlithe with medicynes."

P. 350. *The Foole of Essex.*

In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Ann Page makes separate appointments to meet Master Slender and Dr. Caius at the same place on the same day, and passes off on them two boys dressed up as women, while she elopes with her real lover Fenton, and marries him.

THE END.

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